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Griffiths, Brecon, photo.

Lower Newton. Birth place of Henry Vaughan.

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THE
WORKS
IN
VERSE AND PROSE COMPLETE
OF
HENRY VAUGHAN, SILURIST.
FOR THE FIRST TIME COLLECTED AND EDITED :
WITH
Memorial-Introduction: Essay on Life and Writings :
AND NOTES :
ALSO
FIFTEEN ORIGINAL PHOTO-CHROMO-LITHS AND FAC-SIMILES :
CHIEFLY FROM
PHOTOGRAPHS BY GRIFFITHS OF BRECON.

BY THE
REV. ALEXANDER B. GROSART,
ST. GEORGE'S, BLACKBURN, LANCASHIRE.

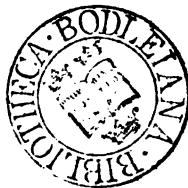
IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. I.
MEMORIAL-INTRODUCTION
AND
SACRED POETRY :
CONTAINING
SILEX SCINTILLANS, 1650-1655 :
THALIA REDIVIVA, 1678 :
FOLIA SILVULÆ, 1650-1678.

PRINTED FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION.

1871.

50 COPIES ONLY.



TO
Sir John Duke Coleridge
M. P.
HER MAJESTY'S SOLICITOR GENERAL
&c. &c. &c.

SIR JOHN,

In the outset you were kind enough spontaneously to express your interest in my work on the Worthies that form the (now) goodly Series of my privately-printed books: and successively I owe you many suggestive and pleasantly-worded letters, that came as so much sunlight into my study. By a gratifying coincidence too, while I was busied in preparations for it, you honoured me with your counsel to include HENRY VAUGHAN'S 'secular' as well as 'sacred' Poetry in the Fuller Worthies' Library. I was overjoyed to find my own decision confirmed by one whose judgment and taste few will challenge.

I have now the pleasure to offer you Vols. Ist and IIIrd.—first of Prose and Verse respectively,—and in the Autumn I hope to add Vols. IIId. and IVth.—Verse and Prose—so making a complete collective edition of the Works of the Silurist: and your approbation of what I have tried to do

a

worthily and without sparing myself any labour that was likely to yield fruit, whether for the perfecting of the text or Memoir or Essay or Notes, will be itself a life-treasured reward.

I like to keep up the ancient usage of an Epistle-dedicatory, and if I were to fall in with the ancient ways of the thing, I should revive for yourself the phrases of 'golden-mouthed' and 'silver-tongued', as the Fathers were wont to speak. I rejoice to find such a Chief as WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE surrounding himself with the 'mighties' that compose his CABINET—and may one temporarily retired be soon restored: it needeth not that he be named. Further, If the present occupant of the wool-sack secures the confidence and reverence of the Nation, the Nation may well be proud of two such sons as SIR JOHN DUKE COLERIDGE and SIR ROUNDELL PALMER, available and destined for the same august post (God sparing). CHARACTER—high and pure, and 'gentle' beyond gentility—does count, especially in union with intellect and eloquence that mate with the giants of the elder time.

I am, Sir John,

Very respectfully and faithfully,

ALEXANDER B. GROSART.



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Illustrations in Vol. I.

No. II. and IV, appear in usual large paper (8vo): the others exclusively in Illustrated 4to.

I. LOWER NEWTON, birth-place of HENRY VAUGHAN. Facing title-page. (from an original photograph by GRIFFITHS of Brecon)

II. Fac-simile of handwriting and autograph (from the original in Editor's possession by FRANCIS): - - - Facing page xii. facing title-page in 8vo.

III. Grave-stone of HENRY VAUGHAN - - - Facing page xlvi. (from original photograph by GRIFFITHS of Brecon)

IV. Facsimile of first title-page of SILEX SCINTILLANS (1650) shewing the Emblem. (from original by FRANCIS in 4to: by Maclure, Macdonald & Co. in 8vo.) - - - Facing page 7.



Preface.

IT is my privilege once more, as in FULLER, WASHBOURNE, the three FLETCHERS, SIR JOHN DAVIES, SIR JOHN BEAUMONT, LORD BROOKE, &c. &c., to be the FIRST to collect and edit the Works in Verse and Prose, sacred and secular, of HENRY VAUGHAN, Silurist.¹ For hitherto the pretty little volume of Selections from his Sacred Poetry, lovingly but most uncritically edited by the Rev. H. F. Lyte (1847) has been the only representative of his genius that can be said to be known. It would be difficult to over-estimate 'Silex Scintillans', as it were to be ingrate, not to recognise the service rendered by Mr. Lyte: but Vaughan's Secular Poems and translations and occasional pieces, especially those of "Olor Iscanus" and "Thalia Rediviva" have all the deeper and thought-rich characteristics of his Sacred, and veinings and

¹ See explanation of this cognomen in Memorial-Introduction, pages xx., xxxiii.

felicitous touches peculiar to themselves, while his Prose—original and interpretative—is rich, weighty, memorable, partaking of the meditative grace and graciousness and *aroma* of the great Elizabethan age. In an Essay on the Life and Life-Work and Writings of our Worthy, I give the result of a many-yearred Study of this very notable Thinker and Singer.¹

In the Book-Market the original and early editions of the eight small volumes that make up the Works, could not be purchased under fifty pounds, and in no public or private Library known to me, is there anything approaching a complete collection. As I write this the *uniquus* exemplar of the thin duodecimo of “Thalia Rediviva” (1678) entrusted to us by its possessor—the Rev. Thomas Corser, M.A., Rector of Stand, near Manchester—has fetched at his sale in London £8 8s., or double the cost of even our quarto

¹ Prefixed to Vol. IId. I have introduced into this Essay various things that were originally intended for the Memorial-Introduction, but which deepening and growing on me, demanded separate treatment in order not to over-load the Memoir. This is here noted because in annotating there are references to points as dealt with in the Memorial-Introduction that must now be looked for in the Essay.

illustrated edition of the entire Works, and weight for weight in pure gold.

Our edition, as in all our Worthies, reproduces the exact text of the Author throughout. It is the more necessary to announce this from the very unhappy blunderings of Mr. Lyte's volume, and of its reprint in 1858—though the latter was a decided advance on the previous one. I do not deem it expedient permanently to record all the errors of omission and of commission, of alteration and (so-called) 'improvement' perpetrated in the volumes of 1847 and 1858. Specimens were given in our Prospectus: others are necessarily adduced in our Essay as *supra*. Wherever annotation seemed called for it is given: and full and minute Indices are appended. Vols. Ist. and IId. contain the VERSE: Ist. Sacred IId. Secular. Vols. IIIId. and IVth. the PROSE. We have translated the Latin Poetry, never before in the slightest way done—aiming at fidelity to the thought rather than to the mere words. As an Appendix to Vol. IId. is a Memoir of the Silurist's twin-brother THOMAS, and his Poetry, English and Latin.

Our edition of these Works is furnished in three forms (*a*) In small 4to. with a number of original and specially-prepared land-scape and

other illustrations by FRANCIS' photo-chromolithograph process, from photographs taken chiefly by GRIFFITHS of BRECON expressly for us: negatives and stones alike being erased on completing our limited number of impressions. These are strictly limited to 50, and like our CRASHAW being prepared, were all taken up within a few weeks of the issue of our Proposals. At the close of the present Volume I give the names of those who have thus responded to our wish to do special honour to the memory of the Silurist: (*b*) Our usual large paper (8vo) in 106 copies and (*c*) Our small paper (12mo.) 156 copies.

It is my pleasant duty to acknowledge with all thankfulness the lavish co-operation of many friends towards rendering our VAUGHAN more worthy of welcome. In our Memorial-Introductions and in our Essay, the names of such appear in the places: but I must specify five particularly, viz. Dr. BRINSLEY NICHOLSON, Rev. J. H. CLARK, M.A., West Dereham, Norfolk, W ALDIS WRIGHT, Esq., M.A., Trinity College, Cambridge, his Honour THOMAS FALCONER, Esq., Judge of the County Court, Monmouthshire, and JOSEPH JOSEPH, Esq., F.S.A., Brecon.

And now as humbly yet gratefully conscious of herein supplying a real *desideratum*, I leave the

Works of HENRY VAUGHAN to make their own assured way to many heads and hearts of the best among us. If I were a saint-worshipper I should pray to our Worthy as the Catholic to Benedict in *Paradisus Animæ* :

“Oh make our life and death like thine
In rule of holy discipline,
That like to thine our crown may be.”

ALEXANDER B. GROSART.

15, ST. ALBAN'S PLACE,
BLACKBURN, LANCASHIRE,
1st. MARCH, 1871.





Memorial-Introduction.



LIKE the most potent force of Nature, the
life of

Henry Vaughan

was, in Bible phrase, '*hidden*'. There was the true fire of genius within him, but abiding rather as the silent electricity than as the out-flashing lightning, with its clamour of thunder. So that the outward facts of his Life are few and simple, and do not need long to tell. The inner facts on the other hand, are of deep and wide reach, and in a special Study of both the man and his Writings, I have sought to bring these out, so as to lead to a very much higher recognition of the Silurist than hitherto. To our Essay therefore we invite the Reader to turn for the significances of a lowly and beautiful Life and

¹ Essay on the Life and Writings of Henry Vaughan :
prefixed to Vol. IId.

an unique and remarkable Poetry—a LIFE a-thrill in the outset with a rapture of passion for some 'fair one', comparable with what we have found in the love-verse of LORD BROOKE and PHINEAS FLETCHER: and later, mellowed into a pathetically humble and intense Christian-hood, and a POETRY transfigured with the white light of personal experience, and autobiography, and personal interrogations and answerings on Nature and the God of Nature, anticipative of WILLIAM WORDSWORTH and SHELLEY. HERE I wish only briefly to record such slight and inadequate memorials as remain at this late day—following in the footsteps and now confirming and now correcting and enlarging the fine Memoir by the REV. H. F. LYTE, a Singer who in some of his Hymns has proved himself not unworthy of his master.

It were very easy to shew from manifold authorities, that the descent of our Worthy was through bluest of blue blood. But albeit, he was nicely careful to mark his line among the many lines of the VAUGHANS, by placing 'Silurist' after his name,¹—of which more anon—he has pro-

¹ Mr. Lyte says Vaughan was so designated by his contemporaries: but it was his own elected title, as is evidenced by its appearance so early as in his Latin Verses to Dr. Powell and in his own title-pages.

nounced his verdict on such boasts too suggestively, to make it of any great importance to trace its source and flowings. Interpreting as is his wont rather than translating SEVERINUS, he thus abases heraldic vanities, in one of the gems of 'THALIA REDIVIVA'—recovered and reprinted by us :

All sorts of men, that live on Earth,
 Have one beginning and one birth.
 For all things there is one Father,
 Who lays out all, and all doth gather.
 He the warm sun with rays adorns,
 And fills with brightness the moon's horns.
 The azur'd heav'ns with stars He burnish'd,
 And the round world with creatures furnish'd.
 But MEN—made to inherit all,—
 His own sons, He was pleas'd to call,
 And that they might be so indeed,
 He gave them souls of divine seed.
 A NOBLE OFFSPRING SURELY THEN
 WITHOUT DISTINCTION, ARE ALL MEN.

O WHY SO VAINLY DOE SOME BOAST
 THEIR BIRTH AND BLOOD, AND A GREAT HOSTE
 OF ANCESTORS, WHOSE COATS AND CRESTS
 ARE SOME RAV'NOUS BIRDS OR BEASTS !
 IF EXTRACTION THEY LOOK FOR,
 AND GOD, THE GREAT PROGENITOR :
 NO MAN THOUGH OF THE MEANEST STATE
 IS BASE, OR CAN DEGENERATE ;

Unless, to vice and lewdness bent,
He leaves and taints his true descent.

Leaving then the *minutiae* of descent to be followed out in the dignified county-Histories, as JONES's *Brecknockshire*,¹ and 'Royal' and 'Noble' and 'Gentry' family-histories and the treasures of the Harleian MSS. and the like in the British Museum—all easily accessible—I content myself with the more prominent names and things.

FIRST. The name VAUGHAN under the deft manipulation, or to speak more justly, the affluent lore of Dr. William Bell in his Puck and his Folklore, illustrated from the Superstitions of all Nations², has a substratum of semi-mythic, semi-historical associations, that carry us back wonderingly to the earliest forms of human beliefs, linking it to the 'numen Baug or Vaug, as a synonym or addition to the Penine Jupiter' and to 'the small town of Baug' in India, with its

¹ Mr. Lyte not more severely than righteously rebukes the culpable ignorance and blundering of Jones in his scanty notices of our Vaughan and his brother. The modern Welsh are astoundingly un-literary, to put it mildly. I have had simply to put aside as worthless, Welsh notices of our Worthy. It were endless to correct their mistakes.

² 3 vols. cr. 8vo. 1862.

sacred caves, and—*mirabile dictu!*—‘the district of *Buch-an* in Scotland, with its root ‘Puch’, and so through the entire history and mystery as Puritan FRANCIS ROBERTS would have said, of the ophitic worship and of ‘Puck.’ Then, in another direction, as explanatory of the coat-of-arms of the Vaughans of Brecknockshire—whence our Vaughan came—viz., in heraldic phraseology ‘sable three boys heads, *couped* at the shoulder, argent, armed, or, each having a snake wreathed round his neck, proper’ [=as it appears in nature, or as a whole, the ground black and the boys heads and snakes, of the natural colours] we have this Note of the same Antiquary and Scholar:¹ “The name Vaugh or Baughan or on (the boy), was no doubt suggestive of this coat, and most appropriately.”²

¹ Vol. I. pp 107-9. Miss Cooke, as onward, has kindly sent me elaborate explanations of the various ways in which the shields of the VAUGHANS are executed and of the meanings of the heraldic phraseology. I must refer readers desirous to know these to the Heraldry treatises. But I note that the Vaughan legend or motto is ‘*Innocentes sicut pueri, sagaces sicut serpentes*’ and in Welsh ‘*Asyre lán diogel ei plerchen*’ = of a good conscience, guileless, is the possessor’.

² In the “History of Gavel-Kind by Silas Taylor, Gent

To those of us who are of the Exsoterics in such recondite learning, it is somewhat perplexing to find 'Vaugh' transmuted into 'Baug' that is Vaughan into Baugan, or conversely. Had it been Vaugan it might have passed: but one shrugs shoulders incredulously over Vaughan as = Baug, Buch, Puck, especially when the corollary is a binding up of the name with old, dim, awful religious rites. And yet in the British Museum we came on a German translation of one of Vaughan's twin-brother's magic-chemic books dated so late as 1705, wherein he appears as THOMAS DE VAGAN. Be all this as it may, no

(4to 1623) the legend is thus given: "Moreiddig Warwyn: he was born with an adder about his neck, for which cause he forsook his paternal coat, and gave the three children's heads, their necks enwrapped about with so many snakes proper &c. and of him are issued the Vaughans of Brecknockshire, and many other gentlemen who are termed Tylwyth Moreiddig" (p 22). May one be profane enough to ask if in Welsh the word for 'navel-string' anywise resembles 'snake'? Here probably lies the solution of the 'mystery', though in suggesting it I may draw down upon myself wrath as vehement as ever Edie Oohiltree did by his homely demolition of 'The Antiquary's' grand vision. Guillim adds gravely in telling the snake tradition, "a matter not impossible, but very improbable": (edition 1660, p 247).

student will regret consulting the work whence these "endless genealogies" have been fetched.

SECOND, The following tabulated statement—wherein we include only the main names—leads up to one unexpected name and relationship, of rare biographic interest—as will appear in the sequel.

I. SIR ROGER VAUGHAN of *Bredwardine*, married GLADWS, daughter of Sir David Gam, who formed one of the retinue of King Henry V, in his expedition to France, and was killed at the battle of Agincourt. The widow ('Gladws or Gladwys') subsequently married Sir William ap Thomas, and by him became the mother of William Herbert, earl of Pembroke.

This Sir Roger Vaughan, who as above is believed to have fallen at Agincourt, and with Sir David Gam, to have been knighted on the field while dying, had by Gladwys:

1. WALTER, (Query—'Watkin'?) his eldest son, who is mentioned among the gentry of Herefordshire, in the return of the Commissioners, 12 Henry VI: (Fuller's *Worthies*, Herefordshire.)

2. THOMAS, generally styled Thomas ap Rosser Vychan, or 'Vighann' as the clerk of Court wrote the addition in the rolls of the manor:

3. ROGER, afterwards Sir Roger Vaughan, of Tretower, who comes as the next leading name:

II. SIR ROGER VAUGHAN of *Tretower*, who with his brother Thomas joined the army of 10,000 Welshmen under the command of the Earl of Pembroke and met his death in the battle,—so disastrous to the Welsh,—of Danesmore, near Banbury, 26th, July 1469.

This Roger Vaughan married (1) DENYS, daughter of Thomas ap Philip Vaughan, (2) Margaret daughter of Lord Audley and widow to Lord Powys.

III. SIR THOMAS VAUGHAN Knt of *Tretower*, who by order of the Duke of Gloucester, afterwards Richard IIIId., was beheaded at Pomfret, with the Earl Rivers and others, in 1483, for their fidelity to the young king Edward V. This is the Vaughan—as hereafter noted—of Shakespeare's 'Richard IIIId.'

This Sir Thomas Vaughan, married CISEL or Cissil [=Cecilia?] daughter of Morgan ap Jenkin Philip of Gwent Iscoed.

IV. HENRY VAUGHAN, of *Tretower*: married Anne, daughter of Christopher Throgmorton, by a daughter of Sir John Harley of Brampton

Bryan Knt.¹ Richard Harley, Esq., son of Sir John Harley, had previously come into the family, having married Catherine, daughter of Sir Thomas Vaughan of Tretower (*supra*). The Harleys onward also intermarried with the Vaughans, and Hergest Court Vaughan-estates are held now by Lady Langdale through this line.

V. CHRISTOPHER VAUGHAN, of *Tretower*, eldest son, married GULADIS, daughter of John ap Morgan, sister of Edward Games. [= Gam, as *supra*.]

VI. WILLIAM VAUGHAN, of *Tretower*, GREAT-GREAT-GRANDFATHER.

He married the LADY FRANCES, daughter of Thomas Somerset, 3d son of Henry, earl of Worcester, [= great-great-grandmother not great-grandmother as in Mr. Lyte's Memoir].

VII. CHARLES VAUGHAN: GREAT-GRANDFATHER.

He married a daughter of Thomas Norton by a daughter of William Aubrey LL.D.

¹ The mother of Henry Lok the Poet was an Anne Vaughan, and the family intermarried with the Throgmortons. See our Memorial-Introduction to Henry Lok in the Fuller Worthies' Miscellanies, Vol. II.

VIII. THOMAS VAUGHAN of *Tretower* and
Newton: GRANDFATHER: [= brother to Charles]:

IX. HENRY VAUGHAN of *Tretower* and
Newton: FATHER.

X. TWIN-SONS: HENRY VAUGHAN 'Silurist'
and THOMAS VAUGHAN.¹

¹ These genealogical details and others throughout, have been gathered from very many authorities, including MSS. in the Haileian collections and very extensive ones made by Mr. Joseph Brecon, as below, and a capital tractate by R. W. Banks, Esq., of Kington, on the Family of Vaughan of Hergest (1871). I would offer my best thanks to Miss Cooke of the Green, Shellesey Kings, Worcester and her brother W. H. Cooke, Esq., who are the last representatives of the preeminently renowned PICARD family, who held the Vaughan estate of the Tower, Scethrog, long prior to the Vaughans, these estates passing to the Vaughans it is believed by intermarriage as follows: Margaret widow of William Vaughan, eldest son of Charles Vaughan, eldest son of William Vaughan who married Frances d. of Thomas 3rd son of Henry earl of Worcester, married for her second husband Morgan, and their posterity assumed the name of Vaughan. Her g. grand son by her 2nd husband (called) Charles Vaughan, died 1707, m. Margaret d. of Hugh Powel who brought the mansion of Scethrog to her husband. It were well if this Family-History were fully and accurately written. I have also to acknowledge ready help rendered by Joseph Joseph, Esq., F.S.A., Brecon, Rev. J H. Clark, M.A., West Dereham, and Dr. Tregelles of Plymouth.

These may suffice: and the memorable *bit* to which these names lead up—as intimated—is, that HENRY VAUGHAN and GEORGE HERBERT were of kin by marriage. SIR JOHN DANVERS, step-father of the “sweet Singer” of “The Temple”, had for grandmother the Lady Lucy (Somerset), daughter of the second Earl of Worcester, who married John Neville, fourth Lord Latimer, and she was sister to Eleanor (Somerset), the wife of SIR EDWARD VAUGHAN of Tretower, *not* named above, as I am unable to place him in the Pedigrees.

Thus through the marriage of the second Earl of Worcester with a daughter of the Herbert family, viz.; as his second wife Magdalen widow of Richard Herbert, Esq., of Montgomery Castle, the two Poets were related, if remotely—George Herbert also having married Jane, d. of Charles Danvers, Esq., of the Danby family, as the Peerages tell. We place this beside that other thing of the Poets of the “Progress of the Soul” and of “The Task”—Donne and Cowper—being of same blood. Our Worthy’s reverence for GEORGE HERBERT as his spiritual ‘father’ in the crisis of his life, probably made him aware of this link between them.¹ Subsidiary to the more notice-

¹ I am none the less obliged to the present Sir

able relationship is another worth mentioning, viz, that it is probable that *the* SIR CHARLES EGERTON, Knight, to whom Vaughan addresses the Epistles-dedicatory of the "Mount of Olives," and of "Flores Solitudinis" and with whom he claims blood-kindred, was of the Vaughan-Somersets.¹

To those familiar with the family-history of

Philip Egerton, of Oulton, that I am unable at present to verify his family-data on *the* Sir Charles Egerton *supra*, which he has been so good as to send me. It seems extraordinary that little or nothing should be known of our Vaughan's Sir Charles Egerton. He is called by him 'knight': no 'Knighthood' authority gives his name. It may have been a foreign unrecognized honour. See Essay prefixed to Vol. IId for all we have been able to collect on him: where also are given curious details of the Spanish Guevaras in England, in relation to Vaughan's rendering of Guevara's "Countrie Life."

¹ It is to be noted here in view of after-facts that Jane 4th daughter of Henry Somerset, second earl of Worcester, married Sir Edward Mansell, and that their daughter Mary married Christopher Turberville, Esq., of Penline Through the third daughter Anne again, married to Thomas Percy, 7th earl of Northumberland, and Lucy, their daughter, married to Sir Edward Stanley, of Tonge, came the celebrated 'Venetia', wife of Sir Kenelme Digby.

Wales, these names, related and inter-related, will recal classic events and regions, and vast territorial possessions, as held by the VAUGHANS. From Cradoc Fraich-Fras, knight of the Round Table of King Arthur to Agincourt—and from the Picards of the Tower, Scethrog,—whose names appear on the Roll of Battle Abbey and in traditions of fair Picardy, reach back to almost mythological-times,—to the Civil Wars of the Commonwealth, and on through the ‘Princes’ of Wales and other historic personages, our Poet’s family were of the foremost in position and achievement, although WORDSWORTH’S portrait of another holds of him :

.....“ The calm delight
Of unambitious piety he chose,
And learning’s solid dignity ; though born
Of knightly race, nor wanting powerful friends.”

The chief residence of the VAUGHANS of whose ‘clan’ the Silurist came, was TRETOWER CASTLE in the parish of Cwmdy. What now remains of this many-legended stronghold—hoary still, if shattered and ruinous—is shewn in our reproduced-photograph.¹ When Tretower fell into decay from the absence of its lords “in lists

¹ In illustrated 4to only : Vol. IIIrd.

and tented fields" of their stormy periods, the Family migrated to Skethrock or Scethrog, so named from Brochwel Ys-cythrog, prince of Powys, to whom it had descended from his mother, who was a daughter of Brychan of Brycheinog, and subsequently through conquest to the famous PICARDS already named.¹ More memorable still, MALONE makes it appear that Shakespeare here found, on a personal visit, the word 'Puck'. Certes Cwm-Pooky ('Goblin's Vale') remains, a "sweet stream-fed glen" as DANTE ROSSETTI sings: but seeing that 'Puck' occurs in the Romance of Cœur de Lion and Piers the Plowman, in Arthur Golding's Ovid and in Spenser's 'Epithalamium', one must hesitate to accept the tradition, while wishing to believe it.

The whole of the places enumerated and about to be enumerated, lie within SILURIA, and as already indicated it must have been with a definite intention to mark this that the Poet wrote 'Silurist' after his name. This affirmed his claim to be of the great line of the Vychans in Siluria. Nor was it mere vanity. For in itself the name Vychan—in English Vaughan—simply means 'little' or 'junior'—being a common epithet borne by a son whose father was

¹ See reproduced-photograph in Vol. IIIrd 4to.

of the same Christian name, or by a son of a second marriage whose Christian name was the same—by an odd Welsh custom—as a son of the first marriage. So that by ‘Silurist’ HENRY VAUGHAN ranked himself of the Vychanaid (Vaughans) of Brecknockshire—a princely race.

Proud descent! and remembered by our Poet. Nevertheless all was worn meekly as ever “Castara” did her’s — adopting the gentle Habington’s words :

“Such his genius, as no arts
Have enriched with borrow’d grace;
His high birth no pride imparts,
For he blushes in his place :
Folly boasts a glorious blood,
He is noblest being good.”

The grandfather of our Worthy (Thomas Vaughan of Tretower) was the first of the Family to pass from Tretower to Scethrog or Newton—about five miles distant, in the parish of Llan-saintfread. The Poet adheres in the dating of his Epistles-dedicatory to the elder name ‘Skethrock near Usk’—more mindful of the ‘Rock’ against which his loved Usk murmured than of the ‘Rog’ of ‘Ys-cythrog’. Here the son of Thomas—his name HENRY—whose wife is somehow not known—had the gift of twin-sons, viz : Henry, our

“sweet-Singer” and Thomas—in the year 1621-22. The Registers of Llansaintfread have all perished previous to 1718¹—spite of the Church and Parish being under the vigil of St. Fread—and hence the name. But the grave-stone inscription ‘aged 73’ in 1695, takes us back to 1621-22 as the birth-date.

If ever Poet had a poet’s birth-place it was the Silurist; and in our Essay we shew its influence on his genius, and with what “seeing eyes”, celestially penetrative, he looked around him. Girdled with great mountains—the Brecknockshire Beacons ‘far off’—and grandly and variously-wooded, and glittering with ‘secret waters’ where ‘the lilies breathe’, it presents such scenery as few countries can match, reminding one of Switzerland and the Tyrol. The church LLANSAINTFREAD and the village of SCETHROG and the house of LOWER NEWTON are admirably taken in our reproduced-photographs.² You have a lovely glimpse of the Usk at Skethrog, fronting the title-page of Volume III.² Scethrog has long been a

¹ The present Rector of Llansaintfread (Rev. Thomas Watkins, M.A.) made every possible enquiry for me with creditable interest in the fame of the Poet.

² As before, in illustrated 4to only.

comparatively lowly farm-house. The Traveller along the old-fashioned road between Crickhowel and Brecon will do well to 'turn aside' and look at it. Failing that, our photograph—prefixed as the frontispiece of the present volume—gives its presentment to the very life.¹ To us this Birth-place is better than pseudo-consecrate places. One marvels how WILLIAM and MARY HOWITT missed such a shrine for their "Homes and Haunts."

At the age of eleven *i. e.*, in 1631-2, Masters Henry and Thomas were sent for their education—following on home-tuition probably—to the Rev. Matthew Herbert, rector of Llangattock, within pleasantly easy reach of 'Scethrog'. Very beautiful is the love and reverence and gratitude through long after-years of the 'twins' for their Teacher. Among the Secular and in the Appendix of Thomas Vaughan's Verse, several finely-touched Latin poem-addresses to him bear witness thereto. The Reader might do worse than pause to read these in the original and in our translation of the former.² Another noticeable and to-be-noticed Latin poem "Ad Posteris", with meekly-

¹ As before, in illustrated 4to only.

² See also in the places, slight notices of the good Matthew Herbert.

proud, proudly-meek self-consciousness gathers into itself nearly all the Facts of our Poet's life thus far. It too ought now to be read.¹

Leaving LLANGATTOCK after 'six years' residence there, the twin-brothers in 1638 or in their eighteenth year, proceeded to Oxford and 'entered' at Jesus College. The Registers of the time are exceedingly faulty and inaccurate in the College and indeed of the University, and the name of Vaughan is somewhat frequent. But in both, a 'Henry Vaughan' appears under 1638, who may be accepted as the Silurist, inasmuch as in 'Eucharistica Oxoniensia' (1641) there is a 'copy' of English Verses to the King signed 'H. Vaughan, Ies. Col.' while to distinguish himself from him another Henry Vaughan signs 'Fellow' of Jesus. The Volume is entitled "In Caroli Regis e Scotia reditum gratulatoria" and our Poet's 'Congratulation' is quaintly characteristic—breathing his life-long mystic-Royalism and homage to the 'divinity' that doth 'hedge a king', and for which to imprisonment he suffered. This Poem seems to have been altogether overlooked. It is given by us among his Secular Poetry. It

¹ See Secular Poetry in Vol. II

is really the sole memorial of his being a 'son' of Jesus College.

Of his employment while at the University and of his associates, his address "To his Books" and on the 'Library of SIR THOMAS BODLEY,' in *Thalia Rediviva*, suggest even thus early bookish tastes, while the 'testimonies' after the manner of the age prefixed to "Olor Iscanus" and "Thalia Rediviva" and poems therein addressed to various individuals, probably preserve the names of former-fellow-students *e.g.* "I. Rowlandson," "friend James", "to his retired friend" "R. W.", "I. W." "N. W.", "I. Ridsley", "R. Hal", "T. Lewes." There is no record of his having taken any degree at his College. The "Eucharistica Oxoniensia" being dated 1641 informs us that in that year or at least 1640, he was still in residence. The years remind us of epoch-making events preceding and immediately succeeding. When he left Oxford is not known. Whither he went on leaving seems to be determined by his evident familiarity with literary society in London, as—to cite only a single witness—his "Rhapsodie" in the immortal "Globe Tavern" reveals. Alexander Chalmers says his father sent him to London to study law. More of this elsewhere.

By 1641 he was in his twenty-first year, and his first volume, "Poems by Henry Vaughan, Gent", which appeared in 1646, in its intensity and wistfulness of love-verse gives attestation to the "old old story" having held of him. Who his "Amoret" and "Etesia"—one or two?—were, has not been ascertained. Let us hope a bundle of Letters may some day come to light up present shadows. His "wild blood" led him evidently far, though the penitence of his after-withdrawal of the "Poems" of 1646 is exaggerate to grotesqueness.

The year 1646 in which these 'Poems' went forth is memorable also to the student of the great dominating Life of the century, from a Letter written by Oliver Cromwell to his daughter full of all softest charities and tenderness and love and faith. As by a lucky accident we have in our Library (from that of the Marquis of Hastings) a copy of THOMAS VAUGHAN'S "Magia Adamica", with the Book-plate of the Protector—pointing perhaps to some untraced interest in the Writer—we have reproduced it in fac-simile (in Vol. IIId.), and beside it place a fac-simile of above Letter. Given the opportunity thus to reproduce it, and correct Carlyle's text, we should hardly have been pardoned if we had *not* availed our-

selves of it, even though the connection of Vaughan be too slight in itself to associate it with him.

Dates are sorrowfully lacking: but having either in London or Edinburgh, or in some continental University taken his diploma of Doctor of Medicine—search and research far and wide, in which I have been generously aided, have failed to come on his name anywhere—he began his ‘practice’ in the town of BRECON—then ‘Brecknock’, as in Shakespeare’s “gone to *Brecknock*” (Richard III. iv. 2.)—who has also introduced Sir Thomas Vaughan and his “fair son Edward”—(Richard III. ii. 4, v. 1.) His Verse-Letter to his “retired friend” acquaints us that he found in the county-town uncongenial society—with every allowance for a touch of misanthropy, and if I err not professional jealousies manifested toward him. We find him accordingly by 1647 (at latest) once more dating from “Sketh-rock”. Here he became the Village and ‘Country’ Doctor; and what that means, is it not written in the *Horæ Subsecivæ* of Dr. John Brown? From hence too went forth successively his small thought-packed, genius-charged Volumes.¹ Our reproduced-photographs give life-like presentations of the Village of Scethrog and of Lower

Newton.¹ I simply name now their titles : “Silex Scintillans” (1650)—“Olor Iscanus” (1651)—“Mount of Olives” (1652)—“Flores Solitudinis” (1654)—“Silex Scintillans” Part Second (1655) — “Hermetical Physick” (1655) and “Thalia Rediviva” (1678.) On all these books we dwell adequately and critically in their places. Thither we refer the reader.²

HENRY VAUGHAN was married, and had issue ; but again the light is dim. Mr. LYTE says : “He was twice married, and had by his first wife, two sons and three daughters, and by the second, one daughter”.³ The most persistent research all round and among all likely sources, has failed to confirm this—none of Mr. Joseph’s elaborate Pedigrees noticing a second marriage. But inasmuch as Mr. LYTE assures us he made personal enquiries with all carefulness, we feel inclined to accept the statement on *his* authority. The name of neither wife has been transmitted. Of two daughters alone have I discovered anything. One named ‘Luce’ was married to Jenkin Jones of

¹ As before, in illustrated 4to only : the former in Vol. IIIrd.

² Essay as before.

³ Edition of Silex Scintillans (1847) : Biographical Sketch p. xlvii.

A true and perfect Inventory
of the goods Chattells and personall
estate of Thomas Bassett late of
the County and port of Dyth in the
County of Kent widdow taken valued
and appraised by vs whose names are
Executo Subscribers this eight and
twentieth day of July Anno Dni 1680
as followeth

Supris her purse and ready money ² 10
In Silver ² — — — — —
Item for wearing apparrell to witt ³ 20

It in good debts due to y^e deid ⁴ 14 6
It in desperate debts ⁵ — — — — —
It things unseason forgotten and ⁶ 10 6
omitted ⁷ — — — — —
Sume Betull of this ⁸ 20 6
Inventory is ⁹ — — — — —
Appraised by vs
James Arthur
Peter Johnson

Exhibiturum fuit huiusmodi.
Inventory deditur tertio
die Augusti Anno Dni 1680.
per Ex:em pro vero et legitimo
Inventory per subscos tando
Lamon de addepts gregi Si or
Hen. Vaughan Leg: ¹⁰

Trebinshwn ; another named Rachel was married to John Turberville. The former had a daughter named 'Denys' which is to be noted as the first Christian female name of the Vaughan family in our genealogical description earlier. A grand-daughter died single in 1780 aged 92. She no doubt played on her grand-father's knee while a little one. Turberville occurs in the Vaughan-Somerset pedigree (*ante*): and otherwise the Vaughans and Turbervilles were related. In our collection of MSS. is a quaint old "Roll" in parchment, giving a 'Will'-inventory of certain household possessions left by the Bassetts of Glamorganshire, which Bassetts intermarried with the Turbervilles, as all the Pedigrees show: a *Thomas Basset* published Rice Vaughan's "Coin and Coinage" (1675).¹ Fortunately this document furnishes us with the handwriting and autograph of the Silurist, and it is the only one known at present. We have reproduced a portion in facsimile: and it is worth studying, for there is character in the elaborate signature.²

¹ See Epistle-dedictory, at close of Vol. IIId. and relative Note.

² Given in the illustrated 4to. and large paper (8vo). It may be proper to state here, that Mr. Basil. M. Pickering, Publisher, London, advertised a copy of 'Olor Iscanus'

Of the "three sons" nothing,—not even their names—has hitherto been recorded. Until the chaos of the Will-Office at Hereford,—a scandal at this time of day—be assorted and consultable, there is slender hope of definite information. Possibly the Will may still emerge hereafter. Meantime, I hazard a guess based on one authentic bit of fact. I am inclined to think that William Vaughan censor of the College of Physicians, physician to William III, was one of the sons of our Worthy mentioned by Mr. Lyte. For by the kindness of Dr. W. N. du Rieu, conservator of the Manuscripts of the Library of the University of Leyden—where this 'WILLIAM VAUGHAN' was educated—I have these entries :

1 "Rectore magnifico J. Coccejo, 1668,
die 17 m. Julii in Album inscriptus est

with two autographs of our Henry Vaughan. We sent for the book, but the writing bore on the face of it, not to be his. Both signatures proved on examination subsequently by Joseph Joseph, Esq., F.S.A., Brecon, to be those of Henry Vaughan of Pembray, in Caermarthen-shire, of whose handwriting and autograph Mr. Joseph possesses several specimens, prior and subsequent to the death of the Silurist. I was indebted to Mr. JOSEPH for the above document, obtained by him from Messrs. LINCOLN & SON, London, autograph-dealers.

Guilielmus Vaughan, *Anglus*, anno ætatis 20. medicus: habitavit Leidæ in domo Synolph. Moser, Hout-street."

2. The Library possesses his "Disputatio Medica Inauguralis de Febre Continua quam favente Deo O. M. ex auctoritate Rectoris Magnifici A. Heidani ut pro gradu doctoratus summisque in medicina honoribus et privilegiis riti consequendis eruditorum examini subjecit Guilielmus Vaughan, Londinas die 26 Septemb. loco horisque solitis Lugd. Batav. apud Viduam et Haeredes Johannis Elsevirii 1671" 13 fol 4o. Dedicatio "Viro spectatissimo amicissimo D. Henrico Ashurst, armigero."

The 'age 20' in 1668 represents 1648 as the birth-date and that fits in with the love-verse of the Poems of 1646. So that I infer 'Amoret' to have been wooed and won and 'William' to have been their first-born. It is pleasant to find the 'Disputatio' dedicated to RICHARD BAXTER's friend, HENRY ASHURST.

If I be correct in my surmise—and I feel pretty certain of it—there is here furnished a long-wanted link in the chain of descent of living representatives of the Silurist. The William Vaughan of Leyden had a son Henry, of Queen's College, Cambridge, Vicar of Leominster, Hereford-

d

shire. He again had a son named Henry, Surgeon in Leominster. He too had a son, James, born about 1740, 'physician' at Leicester: died 1813. He was father of Sir Henry Halford, Bart., M.D., Physician to George IIIrd, and IVth, and to William IVth, and Victoria Ist. Originally (as *supra*) Vaughan, he assumed the name of Halford in 1809: died 1844. His son was Sir Henry Halford, Bart., M.P.: born 1797: died 1868. His son is the present Baronet, Sir Henry St. John Halford.

Again, the late Sir John Vaughan (who died in 1839) a Judge in the Court of Common Pleas, was a brother of Sir Henry Halford, the physician: and DR. VAUGHAN the venerated preacher of the Temple, is the son of another brother (Rev. E. Thomas Vaughan). I make a present of our little discovery and recovery at Leyden concerning 'William Vaughan' to the Family: and as Lord Spencer was reminded to cherish the renown brought to his house from EDMUND SPENSER, it must be allowed us to pronounce it no small honour to the Halfords and Vaughans to 'descend' from the Silurist through his son. Sure we are DR. CHARLES VAUGHAN of the Temple—one of the most luminous of living sacred authors—will gladly own allegiance to the Poet of the Usk. The

present EARL of ASHBURNHAM by a remoter line holds inheritances from the VAUGHANS.

Another of the three sons I think we have also found in HENRY VAUGHAN, who writes an interesting Epistle-dedicatory to RICE VAUGHAN's "Coin and Coinage" (1675). We have reprinted this Epistle at close of Vol. III d: and thither we refer the Reader for his burial-entry.

Sad it is that no Letters or other MSS have come down to illumine the long years of 1646-7 or thereabouts, to 1695, in which latter year our Poet died "April the 23d, aged 73." The inscription on his grave-stone, which was his own composition, assures us of the lowly spirit in which he 'departed' as he had lived. Here it is :

Henricus Vaughan M.D.

Siluris :

Servus inutilis

Precator maximus

Hic jaceo

Gloria! † miserere.

"An unprofitable servant, a sinner to the uttermost, here I lie. Glory [to God!] †Have mercy on me!" Our reproduced-photograph

places the whole humble 'grave-stone' before the Reader.¹

Such is the imperfect Story of the outer Life of HENRY VAUGHAN. None can mourn our scanty materials more than ourselves, fuller though they be relatively to our precursor's. Yet we have done our fruitless best to get more. But the outward Facts are the mere clothing of the "deep things" of his Life. His genius, his true utterance, his innerness, his outlook and insight, his supreme worth, demand separate and ample, treatment. Our Essay prefixed to Volume IId. is an attempt to meet the call. There too are brought together interpretative notices of the Events and Names of his age to which he was related.

ALEXANDER B. GROSART.

¹ In illustrated 4to. only. The stone is from the celebrated quarry of Bwlch-yr-Arllwys in the adjoining parish of Cwmdau. It is of unusual size and thickness, measuring 7ft. 2in. by 2ft. 10in. and 4½ inches thick. The lettering is not that usual in the district.



Griffiths, Brown, photo

Grave-stone of Henry Vaughan, Ihusaintfrend.

The Works of
Henry Vaughan, Silurist.

—
VOL. I.
—

Sacred Poetry.

Notr.

THE following is the original title-page of 'Silex Scintillans', engraved on copper, as reproduced by us (in large paper):

[An Emblem.]
Silex Scintillans :
OR
Sacred Poems
AND
Priuate Eiaculations
BY

Henry Vaughan Silurist.

London : Printed by T. W. for H. Blunden
at y^e Castle in Cornhill. 1650. [12o.]

Collation : ' Authoris (de se) Emblema ' one page—
title-page—The Dedication, one page [all blank on
reverse]—Poems pp. 7—110.

In 1655 the preceding was re-issued, with a second
Part. The following is the fresh title-page :

[No Emblem.]
Silex Scintillans :
SACRED
POEMS
And private
EJACULATIONS

The second Edition, In two Books
By *Henry Vaughan*, Silurist.

NOTE.

Job chap. 35, ver. 10, 11.

Where is God my Maker, who giveth Songs in
the night ?

Who teacheth us more then the beasts of the
earth, and maketh us wiser then the fowls of
heaven ?

London, Printed for *Henry Crips*, and *Lodo-
wick Lloyd*, next to the Castle in Cornhil,
and in *Popes-head Alley*. 1655. [12o.]

Collation: Title-page, reverse blank—The Author's
Preface to the following Hymns, ten and a half pages—
reverse of last half page, blank—Texts, two and a half
pages—Poem to Jesus begins on reverse of last half page
and occupies three and a half pages—On reverse of the
last half page are the lines beginning "Vain wits", &c.—
Silex Scintillans, pp. 7—110—No title-page to second
Part or Book, and no fly-leaf—new pagination pp. 1—84
—at end an Alphabetical Table containing the several
titles, &c., three and a half pages. For further details,
including notice of a curious reprint of four pages only in
Part I., see our Memorial-Introduction. G.



AUTHORIS (DE SE) EMBLEMA.



*Entásti, fateor, sine vulnere, sapius, & me
Consultu voluit Vox, sine voce, frequens;
Ambivit placido, diviniór aura meatu,
Et frustra sancto murmure præmonuit.
Surdus eram, mutusque Silex: Tu, (quanta tuorum
Cura tibi est!) aliá das renovare víd;
Permutas Curam: Jamq; irritatus Amorem
Posse negas, & vim, Vi, superare paras;
Accedis propior, molemq; et Saxeá rumpis
Pectora, fitq; Caro, quod, fuit ante Lapis.
En lacerum! Cælosq; tuos ardentia tandem
Fragmenta, et liquidas ex Adamante genas!
Sic olim undantes Petras, Scopulosq; vomentes
Curásti, O populi providus usq; tui!
Quam miranda tibi manus est! Moriendo, revixi:
Et fractas jam sum ditior inter opes.¹*

¹ For translation of above by the Editor, see Part IV. of this Volume: also our Memorial-Introduction. The engraved title-page of *Silex Scintillans*, 1650, containing the Emblem, is reproduced, as above, in our l. p. copies. G.



Silex Scintillans :
OR
SACRED POEMS
and
Private Evaculations
By
Henry Vaughan Silvest

LONDON, Printed by J. C. for H. Blunden
at y^e Castle in Cornhill . 1650

*See Emblemata (de se) Authoris (page 6): and our
Translation (pp. 327-8)*

*Reproduced by the Photo-Chromo-lith. process
for Grosart's Vaughan.*



THE AUTHOR'S PREFACE TO THE
FOLLOWING HYMNS.¹

THAT this Kingdom hath abounded with those ingenious persons, which in the late notion are termed Wits, is too well known. Many of them having cast away all their fair portion of time, in no better employments, then a deliberate search, or excogitation of idle words, and a most vain, insatiable desire to be reputed poets; leaving behinde them no other monuments of those excellent abilities conferred upon them, but such as they may — with a predecessor of theirs—term parricides, and a soul-killing issue,² for that is the Βραβεῖον³ and laureate

¹ First prefixed to the re-issue of 'Silex Scintillans' in 1655. G.

² This sounds like one of Greene's phrases. Query—Is it a reminiscence of the following in "A Groat's Worth of Wit"?—"and as you would deal with so many *parricides*, cast them into the fire." G.

³ = *prize*, in the public games, as a wreath or garland Cf. I Corinthians, ix. 24. G.

crown, which idle poems will certainly bring to their unrelenting¹ authors.

And well it were for them, if those willingly studied and wilfully published vanities could defile no spirits, but their own; but the case is far worse. These vipers survive their parents, and for many ages after—like epidemic diseases—infect whole generations, corrupting always and unhallowing the best-gifted souls and the most capable vessels: for whose sanctification and well fare, the glorious Son of God laid down His life, and suffered the precious blood of His blessed and innocent heart to be poured out. In the mean time it cannot be denied, but these men are had in remembrance, though we cannot say with any comfort, 'their memorial is blessed';² for, that I may speak no more than the truth—let their passionate worshippers say what they please—all the commendations that can be justly given them will amount to no more than what Prudentius the Christian-sacred poet bestowed upon Symmachus;³

*Os dignum, æterno tinctum quod fulgeat auro,
Si mallet laudare Deum, cui sordida monstra*

¹ = un-repentant. G.

² Cf. St. Matthew xxvi. 13. G.

³ Prudenti contra Symmachi orationem, lib. i. 636 &c.:
Vaughan gives 'tentat' for 'tentet'. G.

*Prætulit, & liquidam temeravit crimine vocem.
Haud aliter, quàm cum rastris quis tentet eburnis
Cænosum versare solum, &c.*

In English thus,

A wit most worthy in tryed gold to shine,
Immortal gold ! had he sung the divine
Praise of his Maker : to Whom he preferr'd
Obscene, vile fancies, and prophanely marr'd
A rich, rare stile, with sinful, lewd contents ;
No otherwise, then if with instruments
Of polish'd ivory, some drudge should stir
A dirty sink, &c.

This comparison is nothing odious, and it is as true as it is apposite ; for a good wit in a bad subject, is—as Solomon said of the fair and foolish woman—‘ Like a jewel of gold in a swine’s snout,’ Prov. xi. 22. Nay, the more acute the author is there is so much the more danger and death in the work. Where the sun is busie upon a dunghill, the issue is always some unclean vermine. Divers persons of eminent piety and learning—I meddle not with the seditious and schismatical—have, long before my time, taken notice of this malady ; for the complaint against vitious verse, even by peaceful and obedient spirits, is of some antiquity in this Kingdome. And yet, as if the evil consequence attending this inveterate error were but

a small thing, there is sprung very lately another prosperous device to assist it in the subversion of souls. Those that want the genius of verse, fall to translating; and the people are—every term—plentifully furnished with various foreign vanities; so that the most lascivious compositions of France and Italy are here naturalized and made English: and this,—as it is sadly observed—with so much favor and success, that nothing takes—as they rightly phrase it—like a Romance. And very frequently—if that character be not an Ivybush¹—the buyer receives this lewd ware from persons of honor, who want not reason to forbear; much private misfortune having sprung from no other seed at first, then some infectious and dissolving² Legend.

To continue—after years of discretion—in this vanity, is an inexcusable desertion of pious sobriety: and to persist so to the end, is a wilful despising of God's sacred exhortations, by a constant, sensual volutation³ or wallowing in impure

¹ = if the translator's (or author's) name or the name 'Romance' and the like, be not a pseudonym concealing the true and substantial name and nature of the book, behind it. G.

² = lust-exciting. G.

³ = Latin *volutatio*, from *voluta* or *volvo*, to 'wallow'. G.

thoughts and scurrilous conceits, which both defile their authors, and as many more as they are communicated to. If 'every idle word' shall be accounted for,¹ and if 'no corrupt communication should proceed out of our mouths',² how desperate—I beseech you—is their condition, who all their life time, and out of meer design, study lascivious fictions: then carefully record and publish them, that instead of grace and life, they may minister sin and death unto their readers? It was wisely considered, and piously said by one, that he 'would read no idle books; both in regard of love to his own soul, and pity unto his that made them'; 'for,' said he, 'if I be corrupted by them, their composer is immediatly a cause of my ill: and at the day of reckoning—though now dead—must give an account for it, because I am corrupted by his bad example, which he left behinde him: I will write none, lest I hurt them that come after me; I will read none, lest I augment his punishment that is gone before me. I will neither write, nor read, lest I prove a foe to my own soul: while I live, I sin too much; let me not continue longer in wickedness then I do in life'. It is a sentence of sacred authority, that

¹ St. Matthew xii. 36. G. ² Ephesians iv. 29. G.

' he that is dead is freed from sin ' ;¹ because he cannot in that state, which is without the body, sin any more ; but he that writes idle books makes for himself another body, in which he always lives, and sins—after death—as fast and as foul, as ever he did in his life ; which very consideration deserves to be a sufficient antidote against this evil disease.

And here, because I would prevent a just censure by my free confession, I must remember, that I myself have, for many years together, languished of this very sickness ; and it is no long time since I have recovered. But—blessed be God for it—I have by His saving assistance suppress my greatest follies, and those which escaped from me, are—I think—as innoxious, as most of that vein use to be ; besides, they are interlined with many virtuous, and some pious mixtures. What I speak of them is truth : but let no man mistake it for an extenuation of faults, as if I intended an Apology for them, or my self, who am conscious of so much guilt in both, as can never be expiated without special sorrows, and that cleansing and precious effusion of my Almighty Redeemer : and if the world will be

¹ Romans vi. 7. G.

so charitable as to grant my request, I do here most humbly and earnestly beg that none would read them.

But an idle or sensual subject is not all the poyson in these pamphlets. Certain authors have been so irreverently bold, as to dash Scriptures, and the sacred Relatives¹ of God with their impious conceits; and—which I cannot speak without grief of heart—some of those desperate adventurers may—I think—be reckoned amongst the principal or most learned writers of English verse.

Others of a later date, being corrupted—it may be—by that evil genius, which came in with the publique distractions, have stuffed their books with oathes, horrid execrations, and a most gross and studied filthiness. But the hurt that ensues by the publication of pieces so notoriously ill, lies heavily upon the Stationer's account, who ought in conscience to refuse them, when they are put into his hands. No loss is so doleful as that gain, that will endamage the soul; he that prints lowdness and impieties, is that mad man in

¹ Query—misprint for 'Narratives'? or is it a coinage of Vaughan's = relations, or practically narratives? For more on this word and the (probable) allusions in the context, see our Memorial-Introduction. G.

the Proverbs, who 'casteth fire-brands, arrows, and death.'¹

The suppression of this pleasing and prevailing evil lies not altogether in the power of the magistrate; for it will flie abroad in manuscripts, when it fails of entertainment at the press. The true remedy lies wholly in their bosoms, who are the gifted persons, by a wise exchange of vain and vitious subjects, for divine themes and celestial praise. The performance is easie, and were it the most difficult in the world, the reward is so glorious, that it infinitely transcends it: for 'they that turn many to righteousness shall shine like the stars for ever and ever'²: whence follows this undeniable inference, that the corrupting of many, being a contrary work, the recompense must be so too; and then I know nothing reserved for them, but 'the blackness of darkness for ever';³ from which—O God—deliver all penitent and reformed spirits!

The first, that with any effectual success attempted a diversion of this foul and overflowing stream, was the blessed man, Mr. George Herbert, whose holy life and verse gained many pious

¹ Proverbs xxvi. 18. G. ² Daniel xii. 3. G.

³ Jude 13, and cf. 2 Peter, ii., 17. G.

converts—of whom I am the least—and gave the first check to a most flourishing and admired wit of his time. After him followed diverse, —*Sed non passibus æquis*,¹ they had more of fashion than force. And the reason of their so vast distance from him, besides differing spirits and qualifications—for his measure was eminent—I suspect to be, because they aimed more at verse, than perfection, as may be easily gathered by their frequent impressions and numerous pages. Hence sprang those wide, those weak, and lean conceptions, which in the most inclinable Reader will scarce give any nourishment or help to devotion; for not flowing from a true, practick piety, it was impossible they should effect those things abroad, which they never had acquaintance with at home; being onely the productions of a common spirit, and the obvious ebullitions of that light humor, which takes the pen in hand, out of no other consideration, than to be seen in print. It is true indeed, that to give up our thoughts to pious themes and contemplations—if it be done for pietie's sake—is a great step towards perfection; because it will refine, and dispose to devotion and sanctity. And further, it will procure

¹ Virgil, Aeneid, 2. 724. G.

for us—so easily communicable is that loving Spirit—some small prelibation of those heavenly refreshments, which descend but seldom, and then very sparingly, upon men of an ordinary or indifferent holyness; but he that desires to excel in this kind of hagiography, or holy writing, must strive—by all means—for perfection and true holyness, that ‘a door may be opened to him in heaven’ [Rev. 4. 1.] and then he will be able to write—with Hierotheus¹ and holy Herbert—a true hymn.

To effect this in some measure, I have begged leave to communicate this my poor talent to the Church, under the protection and conduct of her glorious Head: Who if He will vouchsafe to own it and go along with it—can make it as useful now in the publick, as it hath been to me in private. In the perusal of it, you will—peradventure—observe some passages, whose history or reason may seem something remote; but were they brought nearer, and plainly exposed to your view

¹ Hierotheus is said to have been Bishop of Athens. Some of his hymns are mentioned by pseudo-Dionysius Areopagita. See Fabricius, *Bibl. Græc.* xi. 636 (ed Harles). In the life of Dionysius Areopagita by Symeon Metaphrastes (*Dionys. Opera*, ed. Paris, 1644, tom. ii., p. 325), H. is said to have been his instructor. G.

—though that perhaps might quiet your curiosity—yet would it not conduce much to your greater advantage. And therefore I must desire you to accept of them in that latitude, which is already allowed them. By the last poems in the book—were not that mistake here prevented—you would judge all to be fatherless, and the edition posthume; for—indeed—‘I was nigh unto death’,¹ and am still at no great distance from it; which was the necessary reason for that solemn and accomplished² dress, you will now finde this impression in.

But ‘the God of the spirits of all flesh’³ hath granted me a further use of mine then I did look for in the body; and when I expected, and had—by His assistance—prepared for a ‘message of death’, then did He answer me with life; I hope to His glory and my great advantage; that I may flourish not with leafe onely, but with some fruit also; which hope and earnest desire of His poor creature, I humbly beseech Him to perfect and fulfil for His dear Son’s sake, unto Whom, with

¹ Philippians II. 30. G.

² = finished, completod. Cf. Shakespeare’s “is full accomplished” (Cymbeline v., 5.) G.


³ Numbers xvi., 22. G.

Him and the most Holy and loving Spirit, be ascribed by angels, by men, and by all His works, all Glory, and Wisdom, and Dominion, in this the temporal and in the Eternal Being. Amen.

Newton by Usk, near Sketh-rock,
Septem. 30, 1654.





 *LORD, the hope of Israel, all they that forsake Thee shall be ashamed; and they that depart from Thee, shall be written in the earth, because they have forsaken the Lord, the fountain of living waters.*

Heal me, O Lord, and I shall be healed; save me, and I shall be saved, for Thou art my health, and my great deliverer.

I said in the cutting off of my days, I shall go to the gates of the grave; I have deprived myself of the residue of my years.

I said, I shall not see the Lord, even the Lord in the Land of the living: I shall behold man no more with the inhabitants of the world.

O Lord! by Thee doth man live, and from Thee is the life of my spirit: therefore will Thou recover me, and make me to live.

Thou hast in love to my soul delivered it from the pit of corruption; for Thou hast cast all my sins behind Thy back.

For Thy name's sake hast Thou put off thine anger; for Thy praise hast Thou refrained from me, that I should not be cut off.

For the grave cannot praise Thee, death cannot celebrate Thee : They that go down into the pit, cannot hope for Thy truth.

The living, the living, he shall praise Thee, as I do this day : the Father to the children shall make known Thy truth.

O Lord ! Thou hast been merciful, Thou hast brought back my life from corruption : Thou hast redeemed me from my sin.

They that follow after lying vanities, forsake their own mercy.

Therefore shall Thy songs be with me, and my prayer unto the God of my life.

I will go unto the altar of my God, unto God, the joy of my youth ; and in Thy fear will I worship towards thy holy temple.

I will sacrifice unto Thee with the voice of thanksgiving ; I will pay that which I have vowed ; salvation is of the Lord.





To my most merciful, my most loving, and dearly
loved REDEEMER, the ever blessed, the onely
HOLY and JUST ONE,
JESUS CHRIST,
*The Son of the living GOD, and the sacred
Virgin Mary.*

I.

MY God! Thou that did'st dye for me,
These Thy death's fruits I offer Thee
Death that to me was life and light,
But dark and deep pangs to Thy sight.
Some drops of Thy all-quickning blood
Fell on my heart; those made it bud,
And put forth thus, though Lord, before
The ground was curst and void of store.
Indeed I had some here to hire
Which long resisted Thy desire,
That ston'd Thy servants, and did move
To have Thee murthred for Thy love ;
But Lord, I have expell'd them, and so bent,
Beg Thou wouldst take Thy tenant's rent.

II.

Dear Lord, 'tis finished ! and now he
That copyed it, presents it Thee.

'Twas Thine first, and to Thee returns,
 From Thee it shin'd, though here it burns.
 If the sun rise on rocks, is't right,
 To call it their inherent light ?
 No, nor can I say, this is mine,
 For, dearest Jesus, 'tis all Thine,
 As Thy cloaths,—when Thou with cloaths wert
 clad—

Both light from Thee, and virtue had ;
 And now—as then—within this place
 Thou to poor rags dost still give place.
 This is the earnest Thy love sheds,
 The candle¹ shining on some heads,
 Till at Thy charges they shall be,
 Cloath'd all with immortality.

III.

My dear Redeemer, the world's light,
 And life too, and my heart's delight !
 For all Thy mercies and Thy truth,
 Shew'd to me in my sinful youth,
 For my sad failings and my wilde
 Murmurings at Thee, when most milde ;
 For all my secret faults, and each
 Frequent relapse and wilful breach,
 For all designs meant against Thee,
 And ev'ry publish'd vanity,

¹ Job xxix., 3. G.

Which Thou divinely hast forgiven,
 While Thy blood wash'd me white as heaven ;
 I nothing have to give to Thee,
 But this Thy own gift, given to me.
 Refuse it not ; for now Thy token
 Can tell Thee where a heart is broken.¹

REV[ELATIONS] CAP. I. VER. 5, 6, 7.

*Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our
 sins in His own blood.*

*And hath made us kings and priests unto God and
 His Father ; to Him be glory and dominion, for ever
 and ever. Amen.*

*Behold He cometh with clouds, and every eye shall
 see Him, they also which pierced Him ; and all kin-
 reds of the earth shall wail because of Him : even so.
 Amen.*

¹ See our Memorial-Introduction for the first form of
 this dedicatory-poem. G.





¶



AIN wits and eyes
Leave, and be wise :
Abuse not, shun not holy fire,
But with true tears wash off your mire.
Tears and these flames will soon grow kinde,
And mix an eye-salve for the blinde.
Tears cleanse and supple without fail,
And fire will purge your callous veyl.
Then comes the light ! which when you spy,
And see your nakedness thereby,
Praise Him, Who dealt His gifts so free
In tears to you, in fire to me.¹

¹ Appeared first in 1655 edn. G.



Sacred Poetry.

PART I.

Silex Scintillans :

1650.



Silex Scintillans, &c.

REGENERATION.

1.



WARD, and still in bonds, one day
I stole abroad ;
It was high-Spring, and all the way
Primros'd, and hung with shade :
Yet was it frost within ;
The surly winds
Blasted my infant buds, and sinne
Like clouds ecclips'd my mind.

2.

Storm'd thus, I straight perceiv'd my Spring
Meere stage and show ;
My walke a monstrous, mountain'd thing,
Rough-cast with rocks, and snow ;
And as a pilgrim's eye,
Far from reliefe,
Measures the melancholy skye,
Then drops, and rains for grieffe :

3.

So sigh'd I upwards still ; at last
 'Twixt steps and falls,
 I reach'd the pinnacle, where plac'd
 I found a paire of scales ;
 I tooke them up, and layd
 In th' one, late paines ;¹
 The other, smoake and pleasures weigh'd,
 But prov'd the heavier graines.

4.

With that, some cryed, ' A way ' ; straight I
 Obey'd, and led
 Full East, a faire, fresh field could spy ;
 Some call'd it, Jacob's Bed ;²
 A virgin-soile, which no
 Rude feet ere trod ;
 Where—since He stept there—only go
 Prophets, and friends of God.

5.

Here I repos'd ; but scarce well set,
 A grove descryed

¹ Not the pains following late though surely on evil pleasures, but 'pains' only lately taken to work out a holier life. G.

² Query—a mystical Beth-el, 'none other but the house of God and the gate of heaven' ? (Genesis xxviii. 17).

Of stately height, whose branches met
 And mixt, on every side ;
 I entred, and once in,
 —Amaz'd to see't—
 Found all was chang'd, and a new Spring
 Did all my senses greet.

6.

The unthrift¹ sunne shot vitall gold,
 A thousand peeces ;
 And heaven, its azure did unfold
 Chequer'd with snowie fleeces ;
 The aire was all in spice,
 And every bush
 A garland wore : Thus fed my eyes,
 But all the Earth² lay hush :

7.

Only a little fountain lent
 Some use for eares,
 And on the dumbe shades language spent,
 The musick of her teares ;³

¹ = lavish, now spend-thrift. Shakespeare uses it, *e.g.*
 “*unthrift* love.” (Merchant of Venice, v. 1.) G.

² I have ventured to substitute ‘Earth’ for ‘Eare’,
 regarding the latter as a misprint. See context. G.

³ Cf. “Vanity of Spirit” onward, ‘shrill spring
 tuned.’ G.

I drew her neere, and found
The cisterne full
Of divers stones, some bright and round,
Others ill-shap'd, and dull.

8.

The first—pray marke—as quick as light
Danc'd through the fload ;
But, th' last more heavy then the night,
Nail'd to the center stood ;
I wonder'd much, but tyr'd
At last with thought,
My restless eye, that still desir'd,
As strange an object brought.

9.

It was a bank of flowers, where I descried
—Though 'twas mid-day—
Some fast asleepe, others broad-eyed,
And taking in the ray ;
Here musing long, I heard
A rushing wind,
Which still increas'd, but whence it stirr'd,
No where I could not find.

10.

I turn'd me round, and to each shade
Dispatch'd an eye,


To see if any leafe had made
 Least motion or reply ;
 But while I listning sought
 My mind to ease
 By knowing, where 'twas, or where not,
 It whisper'd ' Where I please '.
 Lord, then said I, ' On me one breath,
 And let me dye before my death !'

CANT[ICLES] CAP. 5. VER. 17.

*Arise, O North, and come thou South-wind, and
 blow upon My garden, that the spices thereof may
 flow out.*

DEATH. A DIALOGUE.

Soule.

 IS a sad Land, that in one day
 Hath dull'd thee thus ; when death
 shall freeze
 Thy bloud to ice, and thou must stay
 Tenant for yeares, and centuries ;
 How wilt thou brook't?—

Body.

I cannot tell ;—
 But if all sence wings not with thee,

And something still be left the dead,
 I'le wish my curtaines off, to free
 Me from so darke, and sad a bed :

A neast of nights, a gloomie sphere,
 Where shadowes thicken, and the cloud
 Sits on the sun's brow all the yeare,
 And nothing moves without a shrowd.

Soule.

'Tis so : But as thou sawest that night
 Wee travell'd in, our first attempts
 Were dull and blind, but custome straight
 Our feares and falls brought to contempt.

Then, when the gastly twelve was past,
 We breath'd still for a blushing East,
 And bad the lazie sunne make haste,
 And on sure hopes, though long, did feast.

But when we saw the clouds to crack,
 And in those cranics light appear'd,
 We thought the day then was not slack,
 And pleas'd ourselves with what wee feard.

Just so it is in death. But thou
 Shalt in thy mother's bosome sleepe,
 Whilst I each minute grone to know
 How neere Redemption creepes.

Then shall we meet to mixe again, and met,
'Tis last good-night ; our Sunne shall never set.

JOB. CAP. 10. VER. 21, 22.

*Before I goe whence I shall not returne, even to
the land of darknesse, and the shadow of death ;
A Land of darknesse, as darknesse it selfe, and of
the shadow of death, without any order, and where
the light is as darknesse.*

RESURRECTION AND IMMORTALITY.

HEB[REWS.] CAP. 10. VER. 20.

*By that new and living way, which He hath pre-
pared for us, through the veile, which is His flesh.*

BODY.

1.



FT have I seen, when that renewing
breath
That binds and loosens death,
Inspir'd a quickning power through the dead
Creatures a bed,
Some drowsie silk-worme creepe,
From that long sleepe,
And in weake, infant hummings chime, and knell
About her silent cell,

c

Untill at last full with the vitall ray
 She wing'd away,
 And proud with life, and sence,
 Heaven's rich expence,
 Esteem'd—vaine things !—of two whole elements
 As meane, and span-extents.¹
 Shall I then thinke such providence will be
 Lesse friend to me ?
 Or that He can endure to be unjust
 Who keeps His Covenant even with our dust.

SOULE.

2.

Poore, querulous handfull ! was't for this
 I taught thee all that is ?
 Unbowel'd Nature shew'd thee her recruits,
 And change of suits,
 And how of death we make
 A meere mistake ;
 For no thing can to Nothing fall, but still
 Incorporates by skill,
 And then returns, and from the wombe of things
 Such treasure brings,

¹ =spaces that may be measured by a span. See
 Memorial-Introduction for remarks on the passage. G.

As Phenix-like renew'th
 Both life and youth ;
 For a preserving spirit doth still passe
 Untainted through this masse,
 Which doth resolve, produce, and ripen all
 That to it fall ;
 Nor are those births, which we
 Thus suffering see,
 Destroy'd at all ; but when Time's restles wave
 Their substance doth deprave,¹
 And the more noble essence finds his house
 Sickly, and loose,
 He, ever young, doth wing
 Unto that spring,
 And source of spirits, where he takes his lot,
 Till Time no more shall rot
 His passive cottage ; which—though laid aside—
 Like some spruce² bride,
 Shall one day rise, and cloath'd with shining light

¹ = impair. For a historically important use of the word, see our edn. of the Works of DR. RICHARD SIBBES *s. v.* For more on the text cf. also our Memorial-Introduction. G.

² Nice, neat : has a deteriorated meaning now. MILTON has it in *Comus*, line 985 "revels the *spruce* and jocond Spring." G.

All pure, and bright,
 Re-marry to the soule; for 'tis most plaine
 Thou only fal'st to be refin'd againe.

3.

That I that here saw darkly in a glasse
 But mists, and shadows passe,
 And, by their owne weake shine, did search the
 springs
 And course of things,
 Shall with inlightned rayes
 Peirce all their wayes ;
 And as thou saw'st, I in a thought could goe
 To Heav'n, or Earth below
 To reade some starre, or min'rall, and in state
 There often sate ;
 So shalt thou then with me,
 — Both wing'd and free,—
 Rove in that mighty and eternall light,
 Where no rude shade, or night
 Shall dare approach us ; we shall there no more
 Watch stars, or pore
 Through melancholly clouds, and say,
 ' Would it were Day !'
 One everlasting Saboth there shall runne
 Without succession, and without a sunne.

DAN[IEL] CAP. 12. VER. 13.

But goe thou thy way untill the end be, for thou

*shalt rest, and stand up in thy lot, at the end of the
dayes.*

DAY OF JUDGEMENT.



WHEN through the North a fire shall rush
And rowle into the East,
And like a fire torrent brush
And sweepe up South and West,—

When all shall streame and lighten round,
And with surprizing flames
Both stars and elements confound,
And quite blot out their names,—

When thou shalt spend Thy sacred store
Of thunders in that heate,
And low as ere they lay before
Thy six-dayes' buildings beate,—

When like a scrowle the heavens shal passe
And vanish cleane away,
And nought must stand of that vast space
Which held up night, and day,—

When one lowd blast shall rend the deepe,
And from the wombe of Earth
Summon up all that are asleepe
Unto a second birth,—

When Thou shalt make the clouds Thy scat,
 And in the open aire
 The quick¹ and dead, both small and great,
 Must to Thy bane repaire ;

O then it wilbe all too late
 To say, ' What shall I doe ?'
 Repentance there is out of date,
 And so is Mercy too.

Prepare, prepare me then, O God !
 And let me now begin
 To feele my loving father's rod
 Killing the man of sinne !

Give me, O give me crosses here,
 Still more afflictions lend ;
 That ill, though bitter, is most deare
 That brings health in the end.

Lord, God ! I beg nor friends, nor wealth,
 But pray against them both ;
 Three things I'de have, my soule's chief health,
 And one of these same loath :²

¹ 'Living' : see Mr. W. A. Wright's Bible Word-Book. s. r. G.

² On the suggestion of my friend Dr. Brinsley Nicholson, I have substituted 'same' here for 'some' which Mr. Lyte had altered to 'somed'. The Poet wishes for three

A living faith, a heart of flesh,
 The world anemie ;
 This last will keepe the first two fresh,
 And bring me where I'do be.

1 PET[ER] 4. 7.

*The end of all things is at hand ; be ye therefore
 sober, and walching in prayer.*

RELIGION.



Y God, when I walke in those groves
 And leaves, Thy Spirit doth still fan,
 I see in each shade that there growes
 An angell talking with a man.

Under a juniper, some house,
 Or the coole mirtle's canopie ;
 Others beneath an oake's greene boughs,
 Or at some fountaine's bubling eye.

Here Jacob dreames, and wrestles ; there
 Elias by a raven is fed ;
 Another time by th' angell, where
 He brings him water with his bread.

things, faith, a heart and the world, giving them each an
 attribute, and one of these same [the world] 'I would
 loathe'. Some, or sɔmed, or seem, yields no intelligible
 sense. G.

In Ab'rham's tent the wingèd guests
 —O how familiar then was heaven!—
 Eate, drinke, sit downe, and rest
 Until the coole and shady even.

Nay thou Thy Selfe, my God, in fire,
 Whirle-winds and clouds, and the soft voice,
 Speak'st there so much, that I admire¹
 We have no conf'rence in these daies.

Is the truce broke? or 'cause we have
 A Mediatour now with Thee,
 Doest Thou therefore old treaties warr,
 And by appeales from Him decree?

It is't so, as some green² heads say,
 That now all miracles must cease?

¹ = Wonder. G

I can't recal the place but feel sure that I have met with 'green-heads' as = young, raw, inexperienced. A Divine (I think) having in early days vehemently assailed the vices of the period, in old age re-affirmed his statements, with the words, 'now what a green-head said long since, an old-head repeats'. Shakespeare and others of course frequently use 'green' in the natural sense of young and foolish *e. g.* "you green boy" (King John II. 2.) "you speak like a green girl" (Hamlet I. 3.) "when I was green in judgement" (Ant. and Cleop. I. 6). G.

Though Thou hast promis'd they should stay
The tokens of the Church, and peace.

No, no ; Religion is a spring,
That from some secret, golden mine
Derives her birth, and thence doth bring
Cordials in every drop, and wine.

But in her long, and hidden course,
In passing through the Earth's dark veins,
Growes still from better unto worse,
And both her taste and colour stains ;

Then drilling¹ on, learns to encrease
False ecchoes and confused sounds,
And unawares doth often seize
On veins of sulphur under ground ;

¹ Now means ' *borine* ': drill is a small stream or *rill*, the latter from *rille* a channel. Richardson *s.v.* gives this illustration: "There was no water on this island, but at one place on the east side, close by the sea; there it *drills* slowly down from the rocks, where it may be received in vessels" (Dampier, *Voyages*, an. 1684.) Dr. Johnson quotes from Thomson:

" *Drilled* through the sandy stratum every way
The waters with the sandy stratum rise".

Todd quotes Sir T. Herbert &c. &c. For more on the word see our Memorial-Introduction. G.

So poison'd, breaks forth in some clime,
 And at first sight doth many please ;
 But drunk, is puddle, or meere slime,
 And 'stead of phisick, a disease.

Just such a tainted sink we have,
 Like that Samaritan's dead well ;¹
 For must we for the kernall crave
 Because most voices like the shell ?²

Heale then these waters, Lord ; or bring Thy
 flock,
 Since these are troubled, to the springing Rock ;
 Looke downe Great Master of the feast ; O shine,
 And turn once more our water into wine !


CAN[TICLES] CAP. 4. VER. 12.

*My sister, my spouse is as a garden inclosed, as a
 spring shut up, and a fountain sealed. †*

¹ The allusion is no doubt to the Well of Sychar (St. John IV. 6). The word 'dead' reminds of 'the living water.' (v. 10, 14) If I err not the Well of Sychar was a 'cistern' of dead as distinguished from springing or flowing water (Bôr) rather than a *Well* proper (Beër). Cf. with the text the poem of "The Dawning" (lines 31-32 *et seqq.*) G.

² Probably a tacit allusion to the Dead Sea fruit or (legendary) apples of Sodom. See more on these four lines in Memorial-Introduction. G.

THE SEARCH.


 IS now cleare day : I see a rose
 Bud in the bright East, and disclose
 The pilgrim-sunne; all night have I
 Spent in a roving extasie
 To find my Saviour; I have been
 As far as Bethlem, and have seen
 His inne, and cradle : Being there
 I met the wise-men, askt them where
 He might be found, or what starre can
 Now point Him out, grown up a man ?
 To Egypt hence I fled, ran o're
 All her parcht bosome to Nile's shore,
 Her yearly nurse; came back, enquir'd
 Amongst the doctors, and desir'd
 To see the Temple, but was shown
 A little dust, and for the town
 A heap of ashes, where some seel
 A small bright sparkle was a-bed,¹
 Which would one day—beneath the pole—
 Awake, and then refine the whole.
 Tyr'd here, I came to Sychar; thence

¹ Misprinted 'a bed'. Vaughan like Crashaw is chary of compound words, even in so slight a form as this = within the ashes, as in a raked-up fire. The idea is frequent in our Poet. G.

To Jacob's well, bequeathèd since
Unto his sonnes—where often they
In those calme, golden evenings lay
Watring their flocks, and having spent
Those white dayes, drove home to the tent
Their well-fleec'd traine ;—and here—O fate !—
I sit, where once my Saviour sate :
The angry spring in bubbles swell'd
Which broke in sighes still, as they fill'd,
And whisper'd ' Jesus had been there,
But Jacob's children would not heare.'
Loath hence to part, at last I rise,
But with the fountain in my eyes,
And here a fresh search is decreed ;
He must be found where He did bleed.
I walke the garden, and there see
Idœas of His agonie,
And moving anguishments, that set
His blest face in a bloody sweat ;
I climbed the hill, perus'd the crossc,
Hung with my gaine, and His great losse :
Never did tree beare fruit like this :
Balsam of soules, the bodye's blisse.
But, O His grave ! where I saw lent
—For He had none—a monument,
An undefil'd, a new heav'd one ;
But there was not the corner-stone.

Sure—then said I—my quest is vaine,
Hee'le not be found where He was slaine ;
So mild a lamb can never be
'Midst so much bloud, and crueltie.
I'le to the wilderness, and can
Find beasts more mercifull then man ;
He liv'd there safe, 'twas His retreat
From the fierce Jew, and Herod's heat ;
And forty dayes withstood the fell,
And high temptations of Hell ;
With seraphins there talkèd He,
His Father's flaming ministrie ;
He heav'nd their waiks, and with His eyes
Made those wild shudes a paradise.
Thus was the desert sanctified
To be the refuge of His bride :
I'le thither then ; see, it is day !
The sun's broke through to guide my way.
But as I urg'd thus, and writ down
What pleasures should my journey crown,
What silent paths, what shades, and cells,
Faire, virgin-flowers, and hallow'd wells
I should rove in, and rest my head
Where my deare Lord did often tread,
Sugring all dangers with successe,
Methought I heard one singing thus ;

1.

Leave, leave thy gadding thoughts ;
Who pores
and spies
Still out of doores,
descries
Within them nought.

2.

The skinne and shell of things,
Though faire,
are not
Thy wish, nor pray'r,
but got
By meere despair
of wings.

3.

To rack old elements,
Or dust ;
and say,
Sure here He must
needs stay,
Is not the way
nor just.

Search well another world ; who studies this,
Travels in clouds, seckes manna, where none is.

ACTS, CAP. 17, VER. 27, 28.

That they should seeke the Lord, if happily they might feel after Him, and find Him, though He be not far off from every one of us, for in Him we live, and move, and have our being.

ISAAC'S MARRIAGE.¹

GEN[ESIS] CAP. 24, VER. 63.

And Isaac went out to pray in the field at the even-tide, and he lift up his eyes, and saw, and behold, the camels were comming.



RAYING! and to be married! It was
rare,
But now 'tis monstrous; and that pious
care,

Though of ourselves, is so much out of date,
That to renew't, were to degenerate.
But thou a chosen sacrifice wert given,
And offer'd up so early unto heaven,
Thy flames could not be out; religion was
Ray'd into thee, like beames into a glasse,
Where, as thou grewst, it multiply'd, and shin'd

¹ See our Memorial-Introduction for curious details of alterations in 1655 text from that of 1650. G.

The sacred constellation of thy mind.
But being for a bride, prayer was such
A decried course, sure it prevail'd not much.
Had'st ne'r an oath, nor complement? thou wert
An odde, coarse sutor; Hadst thou but the art
Of these our dayes, thou could'st have coynd thee
twenty

New sev'rall oathes, and complements too plenty.
O sad, and wild excesse! and happy those
White dayes, that durst no impious mirth expose!
When conscience by lewd use had not lost sense,
Nor bold-fac'd custome banish'd innocence!
Thou hadst no pompous traine, nor antick crowd
Of young, gay swearers, with their needlesse, lowd
Retinue; All was here smooth as thy bride,
And calm like her, or that mild evening-tide.
Yet hadst thou nobler guests: angels did wind,
And rove about thee, guardians of thy minde:
These fetch'd thee home thy bride, and all the way
Advis'd thy servant what to do, and say;
These taught him at the well, and thither brought
The chaste and lovely object of thy thought.
But here was ne'r a complement, not one
Spruce, supple cringe, or study'd look put on.
All was plaine, modest truth: Nor did she come
In rowles and curles, mincing and stately dumb;
But in a virgin native blush and fears

Fresh as those roses which the Day-spring wears.
 O sweet, divine simplicity ! O grace .
 Beyond a curled lock, or painted face !
 A pitcher too she had, nor thought it much
 To carry that, which some would scorn to touch ;
 With which in mild, chast language she did wooe
 To draw him drinke, and for his camels too.

And now thou knewst her coming, it was time
 To get thee wings on, and devoutly climbe
 Unto thy God ; for marriage of all states
 Makes most unhappy, or most fortunates.
 This brought thee forth, where now thou didst
 undress

Thy soul, and with new pinions refresh
 Her wearied wings, which so restor'd did flye¹
 Above the stars, a track unknown and high ;
 And in her piercing flight perfum'd the ayer,
 Scatt'ring the myrrhe and incense of thy pray'r.
 So from Lahai-roi's² well, some spicie cloud,
 Woo'd by the sun, swels up to be his shrowd,
 And from her³ moist wombe weeps a fragrant
 showre,

¹ Misprinted ' flee ' G.

² A wel in the South Country where Jacob dwelt, betweene Cadesh and Bered ; Heb. the wel of him that liveth and seeth me. V.

³ Misprinted ' his ' the printer's eye or memory being

Which, scatter'd in a thousand pearls, each flowre
 And herb partakes; where having stood awhile
 And something coold the parch'd and thirstie isle,
 The thankfull Earth unlocks her selfe, and blends
 A thousand odours, which—all mixt—she sends
 Up in one cloud, and so returns the skies
 That dew they lent, a breathing sacrifice.

Thus soar'd thy soul, who—though young—
 didst inherit

Together with his bloud thy father's spirit,
 Whose active zeal and tried faith were to thee
 Familiar ever since thy infancie.

Others were tym'd¹ and train'd up to't, but thou
 Diddst thy swift years in piety out-grow.
 Age made them rev'rend, and a snowie head,
 But thou wert so, e're Time his snow could shed.
 Then, who would truly limne thee out, must paint
 First a young patriarch, then a marri'd saint.

taken by 'his shrowd' above. Mr. Lyte made the required
 correction. G.

¹ = brought to the Church at the time appointed.
 "So soon as they were able to learn the solemn vow, pro-
 mise and profession made for them." Second rubric at
 end of Catechism and Exhort. Bapt. service. G.

THE BRITISH CHURCH.



H! He is fled!
 And while these here their mists and
 shadowes hatch,
 My glorious Head
 Doth on those hills of mirrhe and incense watch.¹
 Hast, hast, my deare!
 The souldiers here
 Cast in their lotts againe.
 That seamlese coat,
 The Iewes touch'd not,
 These dare divide, and staine.

2.

O get thee wings!
 Or if as yet—untill these clouds depart,
 And the day springs—
 Thou think'st it good to tarry where Thou art,
 Write in Thy bookes
 My ravish'd looks,
 Slain flock, and pillag'd fleeces,
 And haste Thee so
 As a young roe
 Upon the mounts of spices.²

¹ Song of Solomon, iii. 6. G.

² Song of Solomon, viii. 14. G.

O rosa campi ! O lilium convallium ! quomodo
nunc facta es pabulum aprorum !¹

THE LAMPE.



IS dead night round about : Horror doth
creepe

And move on with the shades ; stars nod
and sleepe,

And through the dark aire spin a fire thread,
Such as doth gild the lazie glow-worm's bed.

Yet burn'st thou here, a full day ; while I spend
My rest in cares, and to the dark world lend
These flames, as thou dost thine to me ; I watch
That houre, which must thy life and mine dispatch ;
But still thou dost out goe me, I can see
Met in thy flames all acts of piety ;
Thy light, is Charity ; thy heat, is Zeale ;
And thy aspiring, active fires reveale
Devotion still on wing ; Then, thou dost weepe
Still as thou burn'st, and the warme droppings
creepe

¹ O Rose of the Plain ! [= of Sharon] O Lily of the
Valleys ! how art thou become the food of wild boars ! Cf.
the same sentiment onward in the poem of "The Holy
Communion" : " O Rose of Sharon ! O the Lily of the
Valley ! How art Thou now, Thy flock to keep, Become
both food and Shepheard to Thy sheep ". G.

To measure out thy length, as if thou'dst know
 What stock, and how much time were left thee
 now ;

Nor dost thou spend one teare in vain, for still
 As thou dissolv'st to them, and they distill,
 They're stor'd up in the socket, where they lye,
 When all is spent, thy last and sure supply :
 And such is true Repentance ; ev'ry breath
 Wee spend in sighes, is treasure after death.
 Only one point escapes thee ; that thy oile
 Is still out with thy flame, and so both faile ;
 But whensoe'ie I'm out, both shalbe in,
 And where thou mad'st an end, there I'le begin.

MARK, CAP. 13. VER. 35.

*Watch you therefore, for you know not when the
 Master of the house cometh, at Even, or at mid-night,
 or at the Cock-crowing, or in the morning.*

MAN'S FALL, AND RECOVERY.



AREWELL, you everlasting hills! I'm
 cast
 Here under clouds, where stormes and
 tempests blast
 This sully'd flowre,
 Rob'd of your calme ; nor can I ever make,

Transplanted thus, one leafe of his t' awake ;
 But ev'ry houre
 He sleepe, and droops ; and in this drowsie state
 Leaves me a slave to passions, and my fate ;
 Besides I've lost
 A traine of lights, which in those sun-shine dayes
 Were my sure guides, and only with me staves,
 — Unto my cost—
 One sullen¹ beame, whose charge is to dispense
 More punishment than knowledge to my sense ;
 Two thousand yeares
 I sojourn'd thus. At last Jeshurun's king
 Those famous tables did from Sinai bring ;
 These swell'd my feares,
 Guilts, trespasses, and all this inward awe ;
 For sinne tooke strength and vigour from the Law.
 Yet have I found
 A plenteous way—thanks to that Holy One !—
 To cancell all that e're was writ in stone.
 His saving wound
 Wept bloud, that broke this adamant,² and gave

¹ Here = gloomy, dark, the 'shadow' overcoming the 'beame'. Frequent in Shakespeare: also in Milton "swinging slow with *sullen* roar" (Il Penseroso, line 76) "*sullen* Moloch" (on Nativity 205) *et alibi*. G.


² = stone-hard heart. It is sometimes used, so early as Chaucer, for the load-stone, as by Shakespeare, "iron to

To sinners confidence, life to the grave ;
 This makes me span
 My fathers' journeys, and in one faire step
 O're all their pilgrimage and labours leap.
 For God—made Man—
 Reduc'd th' extent of works of faith ; so made
 Of their Red Sea, a spring ; I wash, they wade.

ROM[ANS] CAP. 18. VER. 19.

As by the offence of one, the fault came on all men to condemnation ; so by the righteousness of One, the benefit abounded towards all men to the justification of life.

THE SHOWRE.

'  WAS so ; I saw thy birth. That drowsie
 lako
 From her faint bosome breath'd thee the
 disease
 Of her sick waters, and infectious ease.
 But now at even,
 Too grosse for heaven,
 Thou full'st in teares, and weep'st for thy mistake.

adamant" (Troilus and Cres. iii. 2) "draw me you hard-hearted *adamant*" (1 Henry vi. i. 4). G.

2.

Ah! it is so with me : oft have I prest
 Heaven with a lazie breath ; but fruitles this
 Peirc'd not ; love only can with quick accesse
 Unlock the way,
 When all else stray,
 The smoke and exhalations of the brest.

3.

Yet, if as thou doest melt, and with thy traine
 Of drops make soft the Earth, my eyes could weep
 O're my hard heart, that's bound up and asleep ;
 Perhaps at last,
 —Some such showres past—
 My God would give a sun-shine after raine.

DISTRACTION.



KKNIT me, that am crumbled dust ! the
 heape
 Is all dispers'd and cheape ;
 Give for a handfull but a thought,
 And it is bought ;
 Hadst thou
 Made me a starre, a pearle, or a rain-bow,
 The beames I then had shot
 My light had lessend not ;

But now
 I find my selfe the lesse, the more I grow ;
 The world
 Is full of voices ; man is call'd, and hurl'd
 By each ; he answers all,
 Knows ev'ry note and call ;
 Hence, still
 Fresh dotage tempts, or old usurps his will.
 Yet hadst Thou clipt my wings, when coffin'd in
 This quicken'd masse of sinne,
 And saved that light, which freely Thou
 Didst then bestow,
 I feare
 I should have spurn'd, and said Thou didst for-
 beare :
 Or that Thy store was lesse :
 But now since Thou didst blesse
 So much,
 I grieve, my God ! that Thou hast made me such.
 I grieve ?
 O, yes ! Thou know'st I doe ; come, and relieve,
 And tame, and keepe downe with Thy light,
 Dust that would rise, and dimme my sight !
 Lest left alone too long
 Amidst the noise and throng,
 Oppressèd I,
 Striving to save the whole, by parcells dye.

THE PURSUITE.



LORD! what a busie, restles thing
 Hast thou made man!
 Each day and houre he is on wing,
 Rests not a span;
 Then having lost the sunne, and light,
 By clouds surpriz'd,
 He keeps a commerce in the night
 With aire disguis'd.
 Hadst Thou given to this active dust
 A state untir'd,
 The lost sonne had not left the huske,
 Nor home desir'd.¹
 That was Thy secret, and it is
 Thy mercy too;
 For when all failes to bring to blisse,
 Then this must doe.
 Ah! Lord! and what a purchase will that be,
 To take us sick, that sound would not take Thee!

¹ The 'Prodigal' in the parable. St. Luke c. xv. G.

MOUNT OF OLIVES.



WEETE, sacred hill! on whose fair
 brow
 My Saviour sate, shall I allow
 Language to love
 And idolize some shade, or grove,
 Neglecting thee? such ill-plac'd wit,
 Conceit, or call it what you please,
 Is the braine's fit,
 And meere disease.

2.

Cotswold¹ and Cooper's² both, have met
 With learnèd swuines, and eccho yet
 Their pipes, and wit;
 But thou sleep'st in a deepe neglect,
 Untouch'd by any; and what need
 The sheep bleat thee a silly lay,
 That heard'st both reed
 And sheepward³ play?

¹ Probably if not certainly, the allusion is to CLEMENT BARRSDALE, among whose numerous writings in verse and prose is the following: "Nympha libertis or the *Cotswold-Muse*" &c. (1651). G.

² Sir John Denham's "Cooper's Hill," appeared in 1642: 2d edition with additions, in 1650. G.

³ As 'bcarward' in Shakespeare: (*Much Ado*, ii. 1.) G.

3.

Yet if poets mind thee well,
 They shall find thou art their hill,
 And fountaine too.
 Their Lord with thee had most to doe;
 He wept once, walkt whole nights on thee:
 And from thence—His suff'rings ended—
 Unto glorie
 Was attended.

4.

Being there, this spacious ball
 Is but His narrow footstoolle all;
 And what we thinke
 Unsearchable, now with one winke
 He doth comprise; But in this aire
 When He did stay to beare our ill
 And sinne, this hill
 Was then His chaire.

THE INCARNATION AND PASSION.¹

ORD! when Thou did'st Thyselfe undresse,
 Laying by Thy robes of glory,
 To make us more, Thou wouldst be lesse,
 And becam'st a wofull story.

¹ See Memorial-Introduction for parallels from Fletcher. G.

To put on clouds instead of light,
 And cloath the morning-starre with dust,
 Was a translation of such height
 As, but in Thee, was ne'r exprest.

Brave wormes and earth ! that thus could have
 A God enclos'd within your cell,
 Your Maker pent up in a grave,
 Life lockt in death, heav'n in a shell !

Ah, my deare Lord ! what could'st Thou spye
 In this impure, rebellious clay,
 That made Thee thus resolve to dye
 For those that kill Thee every day ?

O what strange wonders could Thee move
 To slight Thy precious bloud, and breath !
 Sure it was love, my Lord ; for love
 Is only stronger far than death !

THE CALL.



OME, my heart ! come, my head,
 In sighes, and teares !
 'Tis now, since you have laine thus dead,
 Some twenty years ;
 Awake, awake,
 Some pitty take

Upon your selves !
 Who never wake to grone, nor weepe,
 Shall be sentenc'd for their sleepe.

2.

Doe but see your sad estate,
 How many sands
 Have left us,¹ while we careles sate
 With folded hands ;
 What stock of nights,
 Of dayes, and yeares
 In silent flights
 Stole by our eares ;
 How ill have we our selves bestow'd,
 Whose suns are all set in a cloud !

3.

Yet come, and let's peruse them all,
 And as we passe,
 What sins on every minute fall
 Score on the glasse ;
 Then weigh, and rate
 Their heavy state,
 Untill
 The glasse with teares you fill ;
 That done, we shall be safe and good :
 Those beasts were cleane, that chew'd the cud.

¹ = measured by the sand-glass. G.

¶¹ [EARLY TAKEN.]

HOU that know'st for whom I mourne,
 And why these teares appeare,
 That keep'st account till He returne
 Of all His dust left here ;
 As easily Thou mightst prevent,
 As now produce, these teares,
 And adde unto that day he went
 A faire supply of yeares.
 But 'twas my sinne that forc'd Thy hand
 To cull this prim-rose out,
 That by Thy early choice forewarn'd
 My soule might looke about.
 O what a vanity is man !
 How like the eye's quick winke
 His cottage failes ; whose narrow span
 Begins even at the brink !
 Nine months thy hands are fashioning us,
 And many yeares—alas !—
 E're we can lisp, or ought discusse
 Concerning Thee, must passe ;
 Yet have I knowne Thy slightest things,
 A feather, or a shell,

¹ This is one of various Laments on the death of a very dear friend. See our Memorial-Introduction. G.

A stick, or rod, which some chance brings
 The best of us excell;¹
 Yea, I have knowne these shreds out last
 A faire-compacted frame,
 And for one twenty we have past,
 Almost outlive our name.
 Thus hast Thou plac't in man's outside
 Death to the common eye,
 That heaven within him might abide,
 And close eternitie;
 Hence youth and folly—man's first shame—
 Are put unto the slaughter,
 And serious thoughts begin to tame
 The wise-man's madnes, laughter.²
 Dull, wretched wormes! that would not keepe
 Within our first faire bed,
 But out of Paradise must creepe
 For ev'ry foote to tread!³
 Yet had our Pilgrimage bin free,
 And smooth without a thorne,

¹ That is = *outlast*. Is it DONNE who in one of his Sermons works out finely the contrast between long-transmitted 'fragile' glass vessels and man's transitoriness? I can't now recal the place: but it exists somewhere. G.

² Ecclesiastes II. 2. G.

³ = to tread [upon.] G.

Pleasures had soil'd¹ Eternitie,
 And tares had choakt the corne.
 Thus by the crosse Salvation runnes ;
 Affliction is a mother,
 Whose painful throws yield many sons,
 Each fairer than the other.
 A silent teare can peirce Thy throne,
 When lowd ioyes want a wing ;
 And sweeter aires streame from a grone,
 That any arted² string.
 Thus, Lord, I see my gaïne is great,
 My losse but little to it ;
 Yet something more I must intreate,
 And only Thou canst doe it.
 O let me—like him—know my end !
 And be as glad to find it :
 And whatsoe'r Thou shalt commend
 Still let Thy servant mind it !
 Then make my soule white as his owne,
 My faith as pure and steddy,
 And deck me, Lord, with the same crowne
 That has crownd him already !

¹ I read 'soil'd' but in the original it looks like 'foil'd'—only f and s throughout are indistinct. G.

² = string skilfully set and played upon. G.

VANITY OF SPIRIT.



QUITE spent with thoughts, I left my cell,
and lay

Where a shrill spring tun'd to the early
day.

I beg'd here long, and gron'd to know
Who gave the clouds so brave a bow,
Who bent the spheres, and circled in
Corruption with this glorious ring ;
What is His name, and how I might
Descry some part of His great light.

I summon'd Nature ; peirc'd through all her
store ;

Broke up some seales, which none had touch'd
before ;

Her wombe, her bosome, and her head,
Where all her secrets lay a bed,
I rifled quite ; and having past
Through all the creatures, came at last
To search myselfe, where I did find
Traces, and sounds of a strange kind.

Here of this mighty spring I found some drills,¹
With ecchoes beaten from th' eternall hills.

Weake beames and fires flash'd to my sight,
Like a young East, or moone-shine night,

¹ = rills. See foot-note *ante*. G.

Wich shew'd me in a nook cast by
 A pcece of much antiquity,
 With hyeroglyphicks quite dismembred,
 And broken letters scarce remembred.
 I tooke them up, and—much joy'd—went about
 T' unite those pceeces, hoping to find out
 The mystery ; but this neer done,
 That little light I had was gone.
 It griev'd me much. At last, said I,
 ' Since in these veyls my eclips'd eye
 May not approach Thee—for at night
 Who can have commerce with the light?—
 I'le disapparell, and to buy
 But one half glaunce, most gladly dye.¹

THE RETREATE.



APPY those early dayes, when I
 Shin'd in my angell-infancy !
 Before I understood this place
 Appointed for my second race,
 Or taught my soul to fancy ought
 But a white, celestiall thought ;

¹ A reminiscence of Augustine's famous wish that he might die, if only so he might see God. In 'Confessions.' G.

When yet I had not walkt above
A mile or two, from my first love,
And looking back—at that short space—
Could see a glimpse of His bright-face ;
When on some gilded cloud, or flowre
My gazing soul would dwell an houre,
And in those weaker glories spy
Some shadows of eternity ;
Before I taught my tongue to wound
My conscience with a sinfull sound,
Or had the black art to dispence
A sev'rall sinne to ev'ry sence,
But felt through all this fleshly dresse
Bright shootes of everlastingnesse.

O how I long to travell back,
And tread again that ancient track !
That I might once more reach that plaine,
Where first I left my glorious traine ;
From whence th' inlightned spirit sees
That shady City of palme trees.
But ah ! my soule with too much stay
Is drunk, and staggers in the way !
Some men a forward motion love,
But I by backward steps would move ;
And when this dust falls to the urn,
In that state I came, return.

¶ [YEARNING].



OME, come ! what doe I here ?
 Since he is gone
 Each day is grown a dozen year,
 Amd each houre, one ;
 Come, come !
 Cut off the sum :
 By these soil'd teares !
 —Which only Thou
 Know'st to be true—
 Dayes are my faeres.

2.

Ther's not a wind can stir,
 Or beam passe by,
 But strait I think—though far—
 Thy hand is nigh.
 Come, come !
 Strike these lips dumb :
 This restles breath,
 That soiles Thy name,
 Will ne'r be tame
 Untill in death.

3.

Perhaps some think a tombe
 No house of store,

But a dark and seal'd up wombe,
 Which ne'r breeds more.
 Come, come !
 Such thoughts benum :
 But I would be
 With him I weep
 A-bed, and sleep,
 To wake in Thee.

¶ MIDNIGHT.



WHEN to my eyes,
 —Whilst deep sleep others catches—
 Thine hoast of spyes,
 The starres, shine in their watches,
 I doe survey
 Each busie ray,
 And how they work, and wind ;
 And wish each beame
 My soule doth stream
 With the like ardour shin'd ;
 What emanations,
 Quick vibrations,
 And bright stirs are there !
 What thin ejections,
 Cold affections,
 And slow motions here !

2.

Thy heav'ns—some say—
 Are a fire-liquid light,
 Which mingling aye
 Streames, and flames thus to the sight.
 Come then, my God!
 Shine on this bloud
 And water, in one beame;
 And Thou shalt see
 Kindled by Thee
 Both liquours burne, and streame.
 O what bright quicknes,
 Active brightnes,
 And celestiall flowes,
 Will follow after
 On that water,
 Which Thy Spirit blowes!

MATH[EW] CAP 3. VER. 11.

*I indeed baptize you with water unto repentance,
 but He that commeth after me, is mightier than I;
 Whose shooes I am not worthy to beare; He shall
 baptize you with the Holy Ghost, and with fire.*

¶ CONTENT.

PEACE, peace ! I know 'twas brave ;¹
 But this coarse fleece,
 I shelter in, is slave
 To no such peece.
 When I am gone,
 I shall no ward-robcs leave
 To friend, or sonne,
 But what² their own homes weave.

2.

Such, though not prou l nor full,
 May make them weep,
 And moun to see the wooll
 Outlast the sheep :
 Poore, pious weare !
 Hadst thou bin rich, or fine,
 Perhaps that teare
 Had mourn'd thy losse, not mine.

3.

Why then these curl'd, puff'd points,
 Or a laced story ?

¹ This was written on some 'brave' or rich and handsome piece of apparel left him by his friend, or rather offered by his executors. G.

² = But like to what. G.

Death sets all out of joint,
 And scornes their glory .
 Some love a rose¹
 In hand, some in the skin ;
 But, crosse to those,
 I would have mine within.

¶ [SAINTS AS STARS].



FOY of my life while left me here !
 And still my Love !²
 How in thy absence thou dost steere
 Me from above !
 A life well lead
 This truth commends,
 With quick or dead
 It never ends.

2.

Stars are of mighty use ; the Night
 Is dark, and long ;

¹ It seems doubtful whether this was suggested by roses (or rosettes as we now call them) or ribbond on the dress : perhaps it is more likely he speaks of his friend as Shakespeare did of W. H. as a rose, and as back a little, a 'primrose'. G.

² = loved one. G.

The rode foul ; and where one goes right,
 Six may go wrong.
 One twinkling ray,
 Shot o'r some cloud,
 May clear much way,
 And guide a croud.

3.

God's saints are shining lights : who stays
 Here long must passe
 O're dark hills, swift streames, and steep ways
 As smooth as glasse ;
 But these all night,
 Like candles, shed
 Their beames, and light
 Us into bed.

4.

They are—indeed—our pillar-fires,
 Seen as we go ;
 They are that Citie's shining spires
 We travell to :
 A swordlike gleame
 Kept man, for sin
 First *out* ; this beame
 Will guide him *in*.

THE STORM.



SEE the use : and know my bloud
 Is not a sea,
 But a shallow, bounded fload,
 Though red as he ;
 Yet have I flows, as strong as his,
 And boyling stremes that rave
 With the same curling force, and hisse,
 As doth the mountain'd wave.

2.

But when his waters billow thus,
 Dark storms, and wind
 Incite them to that fierce discussæ,
 Else not inclin'd. :
 Thus the enlarg'd, irragèd air
 Uncalmes these to a fload ;
 But still the weather that's most fair
 Breeds tempests in my bloud.

3.

Lord, then round me with weeping clouds,
 And let my mind
 In quick blasts sigh beneath those shrouds,
 A spirit-wind ;
 So shall this storme purge this recluse .

Which sinfull ease made foul,
 And wind and water to Thy use
 Both wash and wing my soul.

THE MORNING WATCH.



JOYES ! Infinite sweetnes ! with what
 flowres
 And shoots of glory, my soul breakes and
 buds !
 All the long houres
 Of night and rest,
 Through the still shrouds
 Of sleep, and clouds,
 This dew fell on my breast ;
 O how it blouds,
 And spirits all my earth ! heark ! in what rings,
 And hymning circulations the quick world
 Awakes, and sings !
 The rising winds,
 And falling springs,
 Birds, beasts, all things
 Adore Him in their kinds.
 Thus all is hurl'd
 In sacred hymnes and order ; the great chime
 And symphony of Nature. Prayer is
 The world in tune,
 A spirit-voyce,

And vocall joyes,
 Whose eccho is heav'ns blisse.
 O let me climbe
 When I lye down ! The pious soul by night
 Is like a clouded starre, whose beames, though sed
 To shed their light
 Under some cloud,
 Yet are above,
 And shine and move
 Beyond that mistie shrowd.
 So in my bed,
 — That curtain'd grave—though sleep, like ashes,
 hide
 My lamp and life, both shall in Thee abide.

THE EVENING-WATCH.

A DIALOGUE.

Body.

AREWELL ! I goe to sleep ; but when
 The day-star springs, I'le wake agen.

Soul.

Goe, sleep in peace ; and when thou lyeest
 Unnumber'd in thy dust, when all this frame
 Is but one dramme, and what thou now descriest

In sev'rall parts shall want a name,
Then may His peace be with thee, and each dust
Writ in His book, who ne'r betray'd man's trust.

Body.

Amen! but hark, eer we two stray,
How many hours do'st think 'till day?

Soul.

Ah go; thou'rt weak, and sleepeie. Heav'n
Is a plain watch, and without figures winds
All ages up; Who drew this circle, even
He, fills it; dayes and hours are blinds.
Yet this take with thee; The last gasp of Time
Is thy first breath, and man's eternall prime.

¶ [BEREAVEMENT].



SILENCE and stealth of dayes! 'Tis now,
Since thou art gone,
Twelve hundred houres, and not a brow
But clouds hang on.
As he that in some cave's thick damp,
Lockt from the light,
Fixeth a solitary lamp,
To brave the night,
And walking from his Sun, when past

That glim'ring ray,
Cuts through the heavy mists in haste
Back to his day ;
So o'r fled minutes I retreat
Unto that hour,
Which shew'd thee last, but did defeat
Thy light, and pow'r.
I search, and rack my soul to see
Those beames again ;
But nothing but the snuff to me
Appeareth plain :
That, dark and dead, sleeps in its known,
And common urn ;
But those, fled to their Maker's throne,
There shine, and burn,
O could I track them ! but souls must
Track one the other ;
And now the spirit, not the dust,
Must be thy brother.
But I have one pearle, by Whose light
All things I see ;
And in the heart of earth and night
Find heaven, and thee.

CHURCH SERVICE.



LEST be the God of harmony and love!

The God above!

And Holy Dove!

Whose interceding, spirituall grone

Make restless mones

For dust, and stones;

For dust in every part,

But a hard, stonie heart.

2.

O how in this Thy quire of souls I stand,

—Propt by 'Thy hand—

A heap of sand!

Which busie thoughts—like winds—would scatter
quite,

And put to flight,

But for Thy might;

Thy hand alone doth tame

Those blasts, and knit my frame;

And in this musick, by Thy martyrs' bloud

Seal'd and made good,

Present, O God,

The eccho of these stones,

My sighes and grones!

BURIALL.



THOU! the first-fruits of the dead,
 And their dark bed,
 When I am cast into that deep
 And senseless sleep:
 The wages of my sinne;
 O then,
 Thou great Preserver of all men!
 Watch o're that loose,
 And empty house,
 Which I sometimes¹ liv'd in.

2.

It is—in truth—a ruin'd peece,
 Not worth Thy eyes;
 And scarce a room, but wind and rain
 Beat through, and stain
 The seats, and cells within;
 Yet Thou
 Led by Thy love wouldst stoop thus low,
 And in this cott,
 All filth and spott,
 Didst with Thy servant inne.²

¹ = some time. Cf. Indices of words in our Lord Brooke
 &c. &c. G.

² = dwell. Cf. Index of words in our Phineas Fletcher,
 as in Giles Fletcher, &c. &c. G.

3.

And nothing can, I hourelly see,
 Drive Thee from me.
 Thou art the same, faithfull and just
 In life, or dust.
 Though then—thus crumm'd—I stray
 In blasts,
 Or exhalations, and wasts,
 Beyond all eyes,
 Yet Thy love spies
 That change, and knows Thy clay.

4.

The world's Thy boxe : how then—there tost—
 Can I be lost ?
 But the delay is all : Tyme now
 Is old, and slow ;
 His wings are dull, and sickly. :
 Yet he
 Thy servant is, and waits on Thee.
 Cutt then the summe :
 Lord, haste, Lord, come,
 O come, Lord Jesus, quickly !

ROM[ANS] CAP. 8. VER. 23.

*And not only they, but our selves also, which have
 the first fruits of the Spirit, even wee our selves grone*

*within our selves, waiting for the adoption, to wit,
the redemption of our body.*

CHEARFULNESS.



ORD, with what courage, and delight
I doe each thing,
When Thy least breath sustaines my
wing!
I shine, and move
Like those above,
And—with much gladnesse
Quitting sadnesse—
Make me faire dayes of every night.

2.


Affliction thus mecre pleasure is ;
And hap what will,
If Thou be in't, 'tis welcome still.
But since Thy rayes
In sunnic dayes
Thou dost thus lend,
And freely spend,
Ah ! what shall I return for this ?

3.

O that I were all soul ! that Thou
Wouldst make each part

Of this poor, sinfull frame, pure heart !
 Then would I drown
 My single one ;
 And to Thy praise
 A consort raise
 Of hallelujahs here below.

¶ [FAR OFF].

URE, there's a tye of bodyes ! and as they
 Dissolve—with it—to clay,
 Love languisheth, and memory doth rust
 O'r-cast with that cold dust ;
 For things thus center'd, without beames, or action,
 Nor give, nor take contaction ;¹
 And man is such a marygold, these fled,
 That shuts, and hangs the head.

2.

Absents within the Line conspire,² and sense
 Things distant doth unite ;
 Herbs sleep unto the East, and some fowles thence
 Watch the returns of light.

¹ = the act of touching, now 'contact.' G.

² The meaning here is somewhat obscure, but see our Memorial-Introduction for several parallel uses of 'line'.
 G.

But hearts are not so kind : false, short delights
 Tell us the world is brave,
 And wrap us in imaginary flights
 Wide of a faithfull grave.
 Thus Lazarus was carried out of town ;
 For 'tis our foes chief art
 By distance all good objects first to drown,
 And then bescege the heart.
 But I will be my own death's-head ;¹ and though
 The flatt'rer say, ' I live,'
 Because incertainties we cannot know,
 Be sure, not to believe.

PEACE.



Y soul, there is a countrie
 Far beyond the stars,
 Where stands a wingèd centrie
 All skilfull in the wars :
 There, above noise, and danger,
 Sweet Peace sits crown'd with smiles,

¹ A reference either to the old Egyptian custom of bringing in a death's head at feasts, or less probably, to a death's head memorial-ring. G.

And One born in a manger
 Commands the beauteous files.
 He is thy gracious friend
 And—O my soul awake!—
 Did in pure love descend,
 To die here for thy sake.
 If thou canst get but thither,
 There grows the flowre of Peace,
 The Rose that cannot wither,
 Thy fortresse, and thy ease.
 Leave then thy foolish ranges ;
 For none can thee secure,
 But One, who never changes,
 Thy God, thy life, thy cure.

THE PASSION.



MY chief good !
 My dear, dear God !
 When Thy best bloud
 Did issue forth forc'd by the rod,
 What pain didst Thou
 Feel in each blow !
 How didst Thou weep,
 And Thy self steep
 In Thy own precious, saving teares !
 What cruel smart
 Did teare Thy heart !

How didst Thou grone it
 In the spirit,
 O Thou, whom my soul loves, and feares !

2.

Most blessed Vine!
 Whose juice so good
 I feel as wine,
 But Thy faire branches felt as bloud,
 How wert Thou prest
 To be my feast!
 In what deep anguish
 Didst Thou languish !
 What springs of sweat and bloud did drown Thee !
 How in one path
 Did the full wrath
 Of Thy great Father
 Crowd and gather,
 Doubling Thy griefs, when none would own Thee !

3.

How did the weight
 Of all our sinnes,
 And death unito
 To wrench, and rack Thy blessed limbes !
 How pale, and bloudie
 Lookt Thy body !
 How bruis'd, and broke

With every stroke !
 How meek, and patient was Thy spirit ?
 How didst Thou cry,
 And grone on high
 ' Father forgive,
 And let them live !
 I dye to make my foes inherit !'

4.

O blessed Lamb ;
 That took'st my sinne,
 That took'st my shame,
 How shall thy¹ dust Thy praises sing !
 I would I were
 One hearty tear !
 One constant spring !
 Then would I bring
 These, two small mites,² and be at strife
 Which should most vie,
 My heart, or eye,
 Teaching my years

¹ = 'my' i. e. the Poet's, therefore (to distinguish) not printed with a capital T : and similarly elsewhere. G.

² The old Puritans love to tell of the 'two mites' that every one may 'render' to the Lord, body and soul. G.

In smiles and tears
To weep, to sing, Thy death, my life.

Rom[ans] cap. 8. ver. 19.

*Etenim res create exerto capite observantes ex-
pectant revelationem filiorum Dei.*

AND do they so ? have they a sense
Of ought but influence ?
Can they their heads lift, and expect,
And grone too ? why th' elect,
Can do no more ; my volumes sed
They were all dull, and dead ;
They judg'd them senselesse, and their state
Wholly inanimate.
Go, go ; Seal up thy looks,
And burn thy books !

2.

I would I were a stone, or tree,
Or flowre by pedigree,
Or some poor high-way herb, or spring
To flow, or bird to sing !
Then should I—tyed to one sure state—
All day expect my date ;
But I am sadly loose, and stray

A giddy blast each way ;
 O let me not thus range !
 Thou canst not change.

3.

Sometimes I sit with Thee, and tarry
 An hour or so, then vary.
 Thy other creatures in this scene
 Thee only aym, and mean ;
 Some rise to seek Thee, and with heads
 Erect, peep from their beds ;
 Others, whose birth is in the tomb,
 And cannot quit the womb,
 Sigh there, and grone for Thee,
 Their liberty.

4.

O let me not do lesse ! shall they
 Watch, while I sleep or play ?
 Shall I Thy mercies still abuse
 With fancies, friends, or newes ?
 O brook it not ! Thy bloud is mine,
 And my soul should be Thine ;
 O brook it not ! why wilt Thou stop
 After whole showres one drop ?
 Sure, Thou wilt joy to see
 Thy sheep with Thee.

THE RELAPSE.



MY God, how gracious art Thou ! I had slipt
 Almost to Hell,
 And on the verge of that dark, dreadful
 pit
 Did hear them yell ;
 But O Thy love ! Thy rich, almighty love,
 That sav'd my soul,
 And checkt their furie, when I saw them move,
 And heard them howl !
 O my sole Comfort, take no more these wayes,
 This hideous path,
 And I wil mend my own without delayes :
 Cease thou Thy wrath !
 I have deserv'd a thick, Egyptian damp,
 —Dark as my deeds—
 Should mist¹ within me, and put out that lamp
 Thy Spirit feeds ;
 A darting conscience full of stabs, and fears ;
 No shade but yewgh,
 Sullen, and sad eclipses, cloudie spheres,
 These are my duc,
 But He that with His blood—a price too deere—
 My scores did pay,

¹ = come as a *mist* within me. G.

Bid me, by vertue from Him, challenge here
 The brightest day ;
 Sweet, downie thoughts, soft lilly-shades, calm
 streams,
 Joyes full, and true,
 Fresh, spicie mornings, and eternal beams,—
 These are His due.

THE RESOLVE.



HAVE consider'd it ; and find
 A longer stay
 Is but excus'd neglect. To mind
 One path, and stray
 Into another, or to none,
 Cannot be love ;
 When shall that traveller come home,
 That will not move ?
 If thou would'st thither, linger not,
 Catch at the place ;
 Tell youth, and beauty they must rot,
 They'r but a case ;
 Loose, parcell'd hearts wil freeze : the sun
 With scatter'd locks
 Scarce warms, but by contraction
 Can heat the¹ rocks.

¹ 'The' as needed by the scansion of the verse, is supplied. G.

Call in thy powers ; run, and reach
 Home, with the light ;
 Be there, before the shadows stretch,
 And span up night ;
 Follow the cry no more :¹ there is
 An ancient way,
 All strewed with flowres and happiness,
 And fresh as May ;
 There turn, and turn no more ; Let wits,
 Smile at faire eies,
 Or lips ; but who there weeping sits,
 Hath got the prize.

THE MATCH.

DEAR friend² whose holy, ever-living lines
 Have done much good
 To many, and have checkt my blood,
 My fierce, wild blood, that still heaves, and in-
 clines,

¹ = the common cry, and therefore the multitude. The expression is taken from hunting terms. Similarly a little onward in "Rules and Lessons" (st. 9. line 1st) we have "seek not the same steps with the crowd".
² George Herbert. See our Memorial-Introduction for more on him. G.

But is still tam'd,
 By those bright fires which thee inflam'd ;
 Here I joyn hands, and thrust my stubborn heart
 Into thy Deed,
 There from no duties to be freed ;
 And if hereafter youth, or folly thwart
 And claim their share,
 Here I renounce the pois'nous ware.

II.

ACCEPT, dread Lord, the poor oblation ;
 It is but poore ;
 Yet through Thy mercies maybe more.
 O Thou ! that canst not wish my soul's damnation,
 Afford me life,
 And save me from all inward strife !
 Two lifes I hold from Thee, my gracious Lord,
 Both cost Thee deer ;
 For one, I am Thy tenant here ;
 The other, the true life, in the next world
 And endless, is :
 O let me still find *that in this* !
 To Thee therefore my thoughts, words, actions
 I do resign ;
 Thy will in all be done, not mine.
 Settle my house, and shut out all distractions

That may unknit
 My heart, and Thee planted in it ;
 Lord Jesu ! Thou didst bow Thy blessed head
 Upon a tree :
 O do as much, now unto me !
 O hear, and heal Thy servant ! Lord, strike dead
 All lusts in me,
 Who only wish life to serve Thee !
 Suffer no more this dust to overflow
 And drown my eies ;
 But seal, or pin them to Thy skies.
 And let this grain, which here in tears I sow,
 Though dead, and sick,
 Through Thy increase grow new, and quick.¹

RULES AND LESSONS.



WHEN first thy eies unveil, give thy soul
 leave
 To do the like ; our bodies but forerun
 The spirit's duty. True hearts spread, and heave
 Unto their God, as flow'rs do to the sun.
 Give Him thy first thoughts then ; so shalt thou
 keep
 Him company all day, and in Him sleep.

¹ Living : as elsewhere. G.

Yet never sleep the sun up. Prayer shou'd
 Dawn with the day. There are set, awful hours
 'Twixt heaven and us. The manna was not good
 After sun-rising; fair-day¹ sullies flowres.

Rise to prevent² the sun; sleep doth sins glut,
 And heaven's gate opens when this world's is
 shut.

Walk with thy fellow-creatures: note the hush
 And whispers amongst them. There's not a spring,
 Or leafe but hath his morning-hymn. Each bush
 And oak doth know I AM. Canst thou not sing?

O leave thy cares, and follies! go this way,
 And thou art sure to prosper all the day.

Serve God before the world; let Him not go,
 Until thou hast a blessing; then resigne
 The whole unto Him; and remember who
 Prevail'd by wrestling ere the sun did shine.³

Poure oyle upon the stones;⁴ weep for thy sin;
 Then journey on, and have an eie to heav'n.

¹ Misprinted 'far'. G.

² = anticipate. See Mr. W. A. Wright's Bible
 Word-Book, *s. v.* G.

³ Genesis xxxii. 24-26. G.

⁴ Genesis xxviii. 18. G.

Mornings are mysteries ; the first world's youth,
 Man's resurrection, and the Future's bud
 Shroud in their births : The Crown of life,
 light, truth
 Is stil'd their 'starre,' the 'stone,' and 'hidden
 food.'¹

Three blessings wait upon them, two of which
 Should move ; they make us holy, happy, rich.

When the world's up, and ev'ry swarm abroad,
 Keep thou thy temper ; mix not with each clay :
 Dispatch necessities ; life hath a load
 Which must be carri'd on, and safely may.
 Yet keep those cares without thee, let the heart
 Be God's alone, and choose the better part.

Through all thy actions, counsels, and discourse,
 Let mildness and Religion guide thee out ;
 If truth be thine, what needs a brutish force ?
 But what's not good and just ne'r go about.
 Wrong not thy conscience for a rotten stick ;
 That gain is dreadful, which makes spirits sick.

To God, thy countrie, and thy friend be true :
 If priest, and people change, keep thou thy ground.

¹ Cf. Revelations xxii. 16 : Isaiah xxviii. 16 and Revelations ii. 17. G.

Who sels Religion, is a Judas Jew :
 And oathes, once broke, the soul cannot be sound.
 The perjurer's a devil let loose : what can
 Tie up his hands, that dares mock God, and man ?

Seek not the same steps with the crowd ; stick thou
 To thy sure trot ; a constant, humble mind
 Is both his own joy, and his Maker's too ;
 Let folly dust' it on, or lag behind.
 A sweet self-privacy in a right soul
 Out-runs the Earth, and lines the utmost pole.

To all that seek thee, bear an open heart ;
 Make not thy breast a labyrinth or trap :
 If tryals come, this wil make good thy part,
 For honesty is safe, come what can hap ;
 It is the good man's feast ; the prince of flowres,
 Which thrives in storms, and smels best after
 showres.

Seal not thy eyes up from the poor, but give
 Proportion to their merits, and thy purse ;
 Thou mai'st in rags a mighty prince relieve,
 Who, when thy sins call for't, can fence a curse :

¹ See our Memorial-Introduction on this and other new
 or strangely used words. G.

Thou shalt not lose one mite. Though waters
stray,
The bread we cast returns in fraughts¹ one day.

Spend not an hour so, as to weep another,
For tears are not thine own ; if thou giv'st words,
Dash not thyself,² thy friend, nor Heav'n ; O
smother
A vip'rous thought ; some syllables are swords.
Unbitted tongues are in their penance double ;
They shame their owners, and the hearers
trouble.

Injure not modest blood, whose spirits rise
In judgement against lewdness ; that's base wit
That voyds but filth, and stench. Hast thou no
prize

But sickness or infection ? stifle it.

Who makes his jest of sins, must be at least
If not a very devill, worse than a beast. ;

Yet fly no friend, if he be such indeed,

¹ Ecclesiastes xi. i. : fraughts = freights. G.

² 'Thyself' supplied. Mr. Lyte inserted, without note,
'with them'. 'Thyself' seems preferable. Cf. last two
lines of the stanza

———"in their penance double
They shame *their owners*." G.

But meet to quench his longings, and thy thirst ;
 Allow your ioyes Religion ; that done, speed,
 And bring the same man back, thou wert at' first.

Who so returns not, cannot pray aright,
 But shuts his door, and leaves God out all night.

To highten thy devotions, and keep low
 All mutinous thoughts, what busines e'r thou hast,
 Observe God in His works ; here fountains flow,
 Birds sing, beasts feed, fish leap, and th' Earth
 stands fast ;

Above are restles motions, running lights,
 Vast circling azure, giddy clouds, days, nights.

When Seasons change, then lay before thine eys
 His wondrous method ; mark the various scenes
 In heav'n ; hail, thunder, rain-bows, snow, and ic e
 Calmes, tempests, light, and darknes, by His means ;

Thou canst not misse His praise ; each tree,
 herb, flowre

Are shadows of His wisdom, and His pow'r.

To meales when thou doest come, give Him the
 praise

Whose arm supply'd thee ; Take what may suffice,
 And then be thankful ; O admire His ways
 Who fils the world's unempty'd granaries !

¹ Misprinted 'all. G.

A thankles feeder is a theif, his feast
A very robbery, and himself no guest.

High-noon thus past, thy time decays; provide
Thee other thoughts; away with friends, and
mirth;

The sun now stoops, and hasts his beams to hide
Under the dark, and melancholy Earth.

All but precludes thy end. Thou art the man
Whose rise, hight, and descent is but a span.

Yet, set as he doth, and 'tis well. Have all
Thy beams home with thee: trim thy lamp, buy
oyl,

And then set forth; who is thus drest, the Fall
Furthers his glory, and gives death the foyl.

Man is a Summer's day; whose youth and fire
Cool to a glorious evening, and expire.

When night comes, list thy deeds¹; make plain
the way

'Twixt heaven, and thee; block it not with delays;
But perfect all before thou sleep'st; then say
Ther's one sun more strung on my bead² of days.

What's good, score up for ioy; the bad wel
scann'd

Wash off with tears, and get thy Master's hand.

¹ = make a list of, or recal. G. ² = rosary. G.

Thy accounts thus made, spend in the grave one
 hour

Before thy time ; be not a stranger there,
 Where thou may'st sleep whole ages : life's poor
 flow'r

Lasts not a night sometimes. Bad spirits fear
 This conversation ; but the good man lyes
 Intombèd many days before he dyes.

Being laid, and drest for sleep, close not thy eyes
 Up with thy curtains ; give thy soul the wing
 In some good thoughts ; so when the day shall rise,
 And thou unrak'st thy fire, those sparks will bring
 New flames ; besides where these lodge, vain
 heats mourn
 And die ; that bush where God is, shall not burn

When thy nap's over, stir thy fire, unrake
 In that dead age : one beam i'th' dark outvies
 Two in the day ; then from the damps, and ake
 Of night, shut up thy leaves ; be chaste ; God prys
 Through thickest nights ; though then the sun
 be far
 Do thou the works of day, and rise a star.

Briefly, ' doe as thou would'st be done unto ',
 ' Love God, and love thy neighbour ' ; ' watch, and
 pray.'

These are the words, and works of life ; This do,
And live ; who doth not thus, hath lost Heav'n's
way.

O lose it not ! look up, wilt change those lights
For chains of darknes, and eternal nights ?

CORRUPTION.



SURE, it was so. Man in those early days
Was not all stone, and earth ;
He shin'd a little, and by those weak
rays,
Had some glimpse of his birth.
He saw heaven o'r his head, and knew from
whence
He came—condemnèd—hither ;
And, as first love draws strongest, so from hence
His mind sure progress'd thither.
Things here were strange unto him : swet, and
till ;¹

¹ = toil : spelled 'till' for rhyme with 'still', as contemporaries and earlier were wont to do with their orthography. But query—Does our Post use 'till' as a substantive of the verb 'till', and as a variant of tillage ? He might have plausibly defended himself by the example of 'trill' and 'drill'. Vaughan does not scruple to use verb-forms as substantives, and *vice versa*. G.

All was a thorn or weed ;
 Nor did those last, but—like himself—dyed still
 As soon as they did seed ;
 They seem'd to quarrel with him ; for that act,
 That fel' him, foyl'd them all ;
 He drew the curse upon the world, and crackt
 The whole frame with his fall.¹
 This made him long for home, as loath to stay
 With murmurers, and foes ;
 He sighed for Eden, and would often say
 ' Ah ! what bright days were those !'
 Nor was heav'n cold unto him ; for each day
 The vally, or the mountain
 Afforded visits, and still Paradise lay
 In some green shade, or fountain.
 Angels lay leiger² here ; each bush, and cell,
 Each oke, and high-way knew them ;
 Walk but the fields, or sit down at some wel,
 And he was sure to view them.
 Almighty Love ! where art Thou now ? mad man
 Sits down, and freezeth on ;
 He raves, and swears to stir nor fire, nor fan,
 But bids the thread be spun.

¹ *Sic* : = fall in the past tense ; used as a causative = made him fall. G.

² = (God's) ambassadors. G.

I see, Thy curtains close-drawn ; Thy bow
 Looks dim too in the cloud ;
 Sin triumphs still, and man is sunk below
 The center,¹ and his shroud.
 All's in deep sleep, and night: thick darknes lyes
 And hatcheth o'r Thy people—
 But hark ! what trumpet's that ? what angel cries
 ' Arise ! Thrust in thy sickle ? '

H[OLY] SCRIPTURES.



WELCOME, dear book, soul's joy and food !

The feast

Of spirits ; Heav'n extracted lyes in
 thee.

Thou art life's charter, the Dove's spotless neast,
 Where souls are hatch'd unto Eternitie.

In thee the ' hidden stone ', the ' manna ' lies :

Thou art the great elixir, rare, and choice ;

The key that opens to all mysteries,

The Word in characters, God in the voice.

O that I had deep cut in my hard heart

Each line in thee ! Then would I plead in groans

¹ SIR JOHN DAVIES and contemporaries, use ' center '
 { as = the Earth. G.

Of my Lord's penning, and by sweetest art
Return upon Himself, the Law and Stones.

Read here, my faults are Thine. This Book,
and I
Will tell thee so ; Sweet Saviour Thou didst dye !

UNPROFITABLENES.

NOW rich, O Lord, how fresh Thy visits are !
'Twas but just now my bleak leaves hope-
less hung
Sullyed with dust and mud ;
Each snarling blast shot through me, and did share¹
Their youth, and beauty ; cold showres nipt, and
wrung
Their spiciness, and bloud ;
But since Thou didst in one sweet glance survey
Their sad decays, I flourish, and once more
Breathe all perfumes, and spice ;
I smell a dew like myrrh, and all the day
Wear in my bosome a full sun ; such store
Hath one beame from Thy eyes.
But, ah, my God ! what fruit hast Thou of this ?
What one poor leaf did ever I let² fall

¹ Query = shear or sheer, *i.e.* cut away. G.

² Misprinted 'yet'. G.

To wait upon Thy wreath?
 Thus Thou all day a thankless weed doest dress,
 And when Th' hast done, a stench, or fog is all
 The odour I bequeath.

CHRIST'S NATIVITY.

I.



WAKE, glad heart! get up, and sing!

It is the birth-day of thy King.

Awake! awake!

The sun doth shake

Light from his locks, and all the way
 Breathing perfumes, doth spice the day.

2.

Awake, awake!¹ heark how th' wood rings,
 Winds whisper, and the busie springs

A consort make;

Awake! awake!

Man is their high-priest, and should rise
 To offer up the sacrifice.

¹ Misprinted 'Awak, awak'. G.

3.

I would I were some bird, or star,
 Flutt'ring in woods, or lifted far
 Above this inne
 And rode of sin!
 Then either star, or bird, should be
 Shining, or singing still, to Thee.

4.

I would I had in my best part
 Fit roomes for Thee! or that my heart
 Were so clean as
 The manger was!
 But I am all filth, and obscene;¹
 Yet if Thou wilt, Thou canst make clean.


5.

Sweet Jesu! 'will'² then; Let no more
 This leper haunt, and soyl Thy door!
 Cure him, ease him,
 O release him!
 And let once more, by mystick birth,
 The Lord of life be borne in Earth.

¹ See Memorial-Introduction and Index of words on this word. G.

² St. Matthew viii. 2-3. G.

II.


 OW kind is heav'n to man ! If here
 One sinner doth amend,
 Strait there is ioy, and ev'ry sphere
 In musick doth contend.
 And shall we then no voices lift ?
 Are mercy, and salvation
 Not worth our thanks ? Is life a gift
 Of no more acceptance ?
 Shal He that did come down from thence,
 And here for us was slain,
 Shal He be now cast off ? no sense
 Of all His woes remain ?
 Can neither love, nor suff'rings bind ?
 Are we all stone, and earth ?
 Neither His bloody passions mind,
 Nor one day blesse His birth ?
 Alas, my God ! Thy birth now here
 Must not be numbred in the year.¹

¹ MR. LYTT notes here "The Puritans abolished the celebration of Christmas." See our Memorial-Introduction on this. G.

THE CHECK.

PEACE, peace! I blush to hear thee; when
 thou art
 A dusty story,
 A speechlesse heap, and in the midst my heart
 In the same livery drest
 Lyes tame as all the rest;
 When six years thence digg'd up, some youthfull eie
 Seeks there for symmetry,
 But finding none, shall leave thee to the wind,
 Or the next foot to crush,
 Scatt'ring thy kind,¹
 And humble dust,—tell then, dear flesh,
 Where is thy glory?

2.

As he that in the midst of day expects
 The hideous night,
 Sleepe not, but shaking off sloth, and neglects,
 Works with the sun, and sets,
 Paying the day its debts;
 That—for repose and darknes, bound—he might
 Rest from the fears i'th' night;

¹ Punctuated in original "kind and humble dust", but query, is kind = kin? I think so. G.

So should we too. All things teach us to die,
 And point us out the way ;
 While we passe by
 And mind it not : play not away
 Thy glimpse of light :

3.


View thy fore-runners : Creatures, giv'n to be
 Thy youth's companions,
 Take their leave, and die : birds, beasts, each tree,
 All that have growth, or breath
 Have one large language, death !
 O then play not ! but strive to Him, who can
 Make these sad shades pure sun,
 Turning their mists to beams, their damps to day ;
 Whose pow'r doth so excell
 As to make clay
 A spirit, and true glory dwell
 In dust and stones.

4.

Heark, how He doth invite thee ! with what voice
 Of love and sorrow
 He begs and calls ! ' O that in these thy days
 Thou knew'st but thy own good !'
 Shall not the crys of bloud,
 Of God's own bloud awake thee ? He lids beware

Of drunk'nes, surfeits, care ;
 But thou sleep'st on ; wher's now thy protesta-
 tion,
 Thy lines,¹ thy love ? Away !
 Redeem the day ;
 The day that gives no observation
 Perhaps to morrow.

DISORDER AND FRAILITY.

HEN first Thou didst even from the grave
 And womb of darknes, becken out
 My brutish soul, and to Thy slave
 Becam'st Thy self both guide, and scout ;
 Even from that hour
 Thou got'st my heart ; and though here tost
 By winds, and bit with frost,
 I pine and shrink,
 Breaking the link
 'Twixt Thee, and me ; and oftimes creep
 Into th' old silence, and dead sleep,
 Quitting the way
 All the long day ;
 Yet, sure, my God ! I love Thee most.
 Alas, Thy love !

¹ = written vows or covenant. G.

2.

I threaten heaven, and from my cell
 Of clay and frailty, break and bud,
 Touch'd by Thy fire and breath ; Thy blood
 Too is my dew, and springing wel.

 But while I grow
 And stretch to Thee, ayming at all
 Thy stars, and spangled hall,
 Each fly doth tast,
 Poyson, and blast
 My yielding leaves ; sometimes a shower
 Beats them quite off ; and in an hour
 Not one poor shoot,
 But the bare root
 Hid under ground survives the fall.
 Alas, frail weed !

3.

Thus like some sleeping exhalation,
 —Which, wak'd by heat, and beams, makes up
 Unto that comforter, the sun,
 And soars, and shines ; but e'r we sup
 And walk two steps,
 Cool'd by the damps of night, descends,
 And, whence it sprung, there ends, —
 Doth my weak fire
 Pine, and retire ;

H

And—after all my hight of flames—
 In sickly expirations tames,
 Leaving me dead
 On my first bed,
 Untill Thy sun again ascends.
 Poor, falling star!

4.


O, yes !¹ but give wings to my fire,
 And hatch my soul, untill it fly
 Up where Thou art, amongst Thy tire²
 Of stars, above infirmity ;
 Lef not perverse,
 And foolish thoughts adde to my bil
 Of forward sins, and kil
 That seed, which Thou
 In me didst sow ;
 But dresse, and water with Thy grace
 Together with the seed, the place ;
 And for His sake
 Who died to stake
 His life for mine, tune to Thy will
 My heart, my verse.

Misprinted 'O is'. G. ² = tiara, as elsewhere. G.

HOSEA, CAP. 6 VER. 4.

*O Ephraim what shall I do unto thee? O Judah
how shall I intreat thee? for thy goodness is as a
morning cloud, and as the early dew it goeth away.*

IDLE VERSE.

 O, go, quaint folies, sugred sin,
Shadow no more my door!
I will no longer cobwebs spin;
I'm too much on the score.

For since amidst my youth, and night
My great Preserver smiles,
Wee'l make a match, my only light,
And joyn against their wiles:

Blind, desp'rate fits, that study how
To dresse, and trim our shame;
That gild rank poyson, and allow
Vice in a fairer name;

The purles of youthfull bloud, and bowles,¹

¹ Is 'purles' = eddies or metaphorically, the passionate tide-flow? Thomas Wright gives purl = circle made by the motion of a fluid; an eddy. And is 'bowles' = bowels, bow'ls, spelled 'bowles' to rhyme with 'souls.'
G.

Lust in the robes of Love,
 The idle talk of feav'rish souls
 Sick with a scarf, or glove ;

Let it suffice, my warmer days
 Simper'd and shin'd on you ;
 Twist not my cypresse with your bays,
 Or roses with my yewgh.¹

Go, go, seek out some greener thing.
 It snows and freezeth here ;
 Let nightingales attend the Spring,
 Winter is all my year.

SON-DAYES.

RIGHT shadows of true rest ! some shoots
 of blisse ;
 Heaven once a week ;
 The next world's gladnes preposscest in this ;
 A day to seek
 Eternity in time ; the steps by which
 We climb above all ages ; lamps that light
 Man through his heap of dark days ; and the rich,
 And full redemption of the whole week's flight !

¹ Yew. G.

•

REPENTANCE.



ORD, since Thou didst in this vile clay
 That sacred ray,
 Thy Spirit, plant, quickning the whole
 With that one grain's infused wealth,
 My forward flesh crept on, and subtly stole
 Both growth, and power; checking the health
 And heat of Thine: that little gate
 And narrow way, by which to Thee
 The passage is, He term'd a grate
 And entrance to captivitie;
 Thy laws but nets, where some small birds,
 —And those but seldome too—were caught;
 Thy promises but empty words
 Which none but children heard, or taught:
 This I believed; and though a friend
 Came oft from far, and whisper'd 'No';
 Yet that not sorting to my end,
 I wholly listen'd to my foe.
 Wherefore, pierc'd through with grief, my sad
 Seduced soul sighs up to Thee;
 To Thee, Who with true light art clad,
 And seest all things just as they be.

Look from Thy throne upon this rowl¹
 Of heavy sins, my high transgressions,
 Which I confesse with all my soul ;
 My God, accept of my confession !

It was last day,
 —Touch'd with the guilt of my own way—
 I sate alone, and taking up
 The bitter Cup
 Through all Thy fair, and various store,
 Sought out what might outvie my score.

The blades of grasse, Thy creatures feeding ;
 The trees, their leafs ; the flowres, their seeding ;
 The dust, of which I am a part ;
 The stones, much softer than my heart ;
 The drops of rain, the sighs of wind,
 The stars, to which I am stark blind ;
 The dew, Thy herbs drink up by night,
 The beams they warm them at i'th' light ;
 All that have signature or life
 I summon'd to decide this strife ;
 And lest I should lack for arrears,
 A spring ran by, I told her tears ;
 But when these came unto the scale,
 My sins alone outweigh'd them all.

¹ = roll. G.

O my dear God ! my life, my love !
Most blessed Lamb ! and mildest Dove !
Forgive your penitent offender,
And no more his sins remember ;
Scatter these shades of death, and give
Light to my soul, that it may live ;
Cut me not off for my transgressions,
Wilful rebellions, and suppressions ;
But give them in those streams a part
Whose spring is in my Saviour's heart.
Lord, I confesse the heynous score,¹
And pray, I may do so no more ;
Though then all sinners I exceed,
O think on this, 'Thy Son did bleed !'
O call to mind His wounds, His woes,
His agony, and bloudic throws ;²
Then look on all that Thou hast made,
And mark how they do fail, and fade ;
The heavens themselves, though fair and bright,
Are dark and unclean in Thy sight ;
How then, with Thee, can man be holy,
Who doest Thine angels charge with folly ?
O what am I, that I should breed

¹ = register of debt *i. e.* sins, as before. G.

² = throes. G.

Figs on a thorne, flowres on a weed ?
 I am the gourd of sin, and sorrow,
 Growing o'r night, and gone to morrow.
 In all this round of life and death
 Nothing's more vile than is my breath ;
 Profanenes on my tongue doth rest,
 Defects and darkness in my brest ;
 Pollutions all my body wed,
 And even my soul to Thee is dead ;
 Only in Him, on Whom I feast,
 Both soul and body are well drest ;
 His pure perfection quits all score,
 And fills the boxes of His poor ;
 He is the center of long life and light ;
 I am but finite, He is infinite.
 O let Thy justice then in Him confine ;¹
 And through His merits, make Thy mercy mine !

THE BURIAL OF AN INFANT.

BLEST infant bud, whose blossome-life
 Did only look about, and fal,
 Wearyed out in a harmles strife
 Of tears, and milk, the food of all !

¹ Cf. Index of words in our Lord Brooke, s. v. G.

Sweetly didst thou expire : thy soul
 Flew home unstain'd by his new kin ;
 For ere thou knew'st how to be foul,
 Death wean'd thee from the world, and sin.

Softly rest all thy virgin-crums !
 Lapt in the sweets of thy young breath,
 Expecting till thy Saviour comes
 To dresse them, and unswadle death.

FAITH.



RIGHT and blest beame ! whose strong
 projection,
 Equall to all,
 Reacheth as well things of dejection
 As th' high and tall ;
 How hath my God by raying thee,
 Inlarg'd His Spouse,
 And of a private familie
 Made open house !
 All may be now co-heirs ; no noise
 Of bond, or free
 Can interdict us from those joys
 That wait on Thee.
 The Law and ceremonies made

A glorious night,
Where stars, and clouds, both light and shade
Had equal right ;
But as in Nature, when the day
Breaks, night adjourns,
Stars shut up shop, mists pack away,
And the moon mourns ;
So when the Sun of righteousness
Did once appear,
That scene was chang'd, and a new dresse
Left for us here ;
Veiles became useles, altars fel,
Fires smoking die ;
And all that sacred pomp, and shel
Of things did flie.
Then did He shine forth, Whose sad fall,
And bitter fights
Were figur'd in those mystical,
And cloudie rites ;
And as i'th' natural sun, these three,
Light, motion, heat,
So now Faith, Hope, Charity
'through Him compleat ;
Faith spans up¹ blisse ; what sin and death

¹ = encloses, encircles : or query—measures ? 'Span'

Put us quite from,
 Lest we should run for't out of breath,
 Faith brings us home ;
 So that I need no more, but say
 ' I do believe, '
 And my most loving Lord straitway
 Doth answer, ' Live ' !

THE DAWNING.



H! what time will Thou come ? when
 shall that crie
 ' The Bridegroom's comming' ! fil the
 sky ?
 Shall it in the evening run
 When our words and works are done ?
 Or wil Thy all-surprizing light
 Break at midnight,
 When either sleep, or some dark pleasure
 Possesseth mad man without measure ?
 Or shall these early, fragrant hours
 Unlock Thy bowres ?
 And with their blush of light descry

in various forms seems to have been a favorite word with
 our Poet. G.

Thy locks crown'd with eternitie ?
 Indeed, it is the only time
 That with Thy glory doth best chime ;
 All now are stirring, ev'ry field
 Ful hymns doth yield ;
 The whole creation shakes off night,
 And for Thy shadow looks, the light ;
 Stars now vanish without number,
 Sleepie planets set, and slumber,
 The pursie clouds disband, and scatter,
 All expect some sudden matter,
 Not one beam triumphs, but from far
 That morning-star.

O at what time soever Thou,
 —Unknown to us—the heavens wilt bow,
 And with Thy angels in the van,
 Descend to judge poor careless man,
 Grant, I may not like puddle lie
 In a corrupt securitie,
 Where, if a traveller water crave,
 He finds it dead, and in a grave ;
 But as this restless, vocall spring
 All day, and night doth run, and sing,
 And though here born, yet is acquainted
 Elsewhere, and flowing keeps untainted ;
 So let me all my busie age

In Thy free services ingage ;
 And though— while here—of force I must
 Have commerce sometimes with poor dust,
 And in my flesh, though vile and low,
 As this doth in her channel, flow,
 Yet let my course, my aym, my love,
 And chief acquaintance be above ;
 So when that day and hour shal come,
 In which Thy Self will be the sun,
 Thou'lt find me drest and on my way,
 Watching the break of Thy great day.

ADMISSION.



OW shril are silent tears! when sin got
 head
 And all my bowels turn'd
 To brasse, and iron ; when my stock lay dead,
 And all my powers mourn'd ;
 Then did these drops—for marble sweats,
 And rocks have tears—
 As rain here at our windows beats,
 Chide in Thine ears ;

2.

No quiet could'st Thou have : nor didst Thou wink,
 And let Thy begger lie,

But e'r my eies could overflow their brink
Didst to each drop reply ;
Bowels of love ! at what low rate,
And slight a price
Dost Thou relieve us at Thy gate,
And stil our cries !

3.

Wee are Thy infants, and suck Thee ; if Thou
But hide, or turn Thy face,
Because where Thou art, yet, we cannot go,
We send tears to the place.
These find Thee out, and though our sins
Drove Thee away ;
Yet with Thy love that absence wins
Us double pay.

4.

O give me then a thankful heart ! a heart
After Thy own, not mine ;
So after Thine, that all and ev'ry part
Of mine may wait on Thine ;
O hear ! yet not my tears alone,
Hear now a flood,
A flood that drowns both tears and grones,
My Saviour's blood.

PRAISE.

KING of comforts! King of life!
 Thou hast cheer'd me ;
 And when fears, and doubts were rife,
 Thou hast cleer'd me !

Not a nook in all my breast
 But Thou fill'st it,
 Not a thought, that breaks my rest,
 But Thou kill'st it ;

Wherefore with my utmost strength
 I wil praise Thee,
 And as Thou giv'st line, and length,
 I wil raise Thee ;

Day, and night, not once a day
 I will blesse Thee :
 And my soul in new array
 I will dresse Thee ;

Not one minute in the year
 But I'l mind Thee,
 As my seal, and bracelet here
 I will bind Thee ;

In Thy word, as if in heaven
 I wil rest me,

And Thy promise, 'til made even
There, shall feast me.

Then, Thy sayings all my life
There shal please me,
And Thy bloody wounds, and strife
They wil ease me ;

With Thy grones my daily breath
I will measure,
And my life hid in Thy death,
I will treasure.

Though then Thou art
Past thought of heart
All perfect fulness,
And canst no whit
Accesse admit
From dust and dulness ;

Yet to Thy name,
—As not the same,
With Thy bright essence—
Our foul, clay hands
At Thy commands
Bring praise, and incense ;

If then, dread Lord,
When to Thy board

I

Thy wretch comes begging,
 He hath a flowre
 Or—to his pow'r—
 Some such poor off'ring ;

When Thou hast made
 Thy begger glad,
 And fill'd his bosome,
 Let him—though poor—
 Strow at Thy door
 That one poor blossome.

DRESSING.



THOU that lovest a pure, and whitend
 soul !

That feedst among the lillies, 'till the day
 Break, and the shadows flee ; touch with one coal
 My frozen heart ; and with Thy secret key

Open my desolate rooms ; my gloomie brest
 With Thy cleer fire refine, burning to dust
 These dark confusions that within me nest,
 And soyl Thy Temple with a sinful rust.

Thou holy, harmless, undefil'd High-priest !
 The perfect, full oblation for all sin,

Whose glorious conquest nothing can resist,
But even in babes doest triumph still and win ;

Give to thy wretched one
Thy mysticall communion,
That, absent, he may see,
Live, die, and rise with Thee ;
Let him so follow here, that in the end
He may take Thee, as Thou dost him intend.


Give him Thy private seal,
Earnest, and sign ; Thy gifts so deal
That these forerunners here
May make the future cleer ;
Whatever Thou dost bid, let faith make good,
Bread for Thy body, and wine for Thy blood.
Give him—with pittie—love,
Two flowres that grew with Thee above ;
Love that shal not admit
Anger for one short fit ;
And pittie of such a divine extent,
That may Thy members, more than mine, resent.¹

¹ = to have a deep sense of a thing, well or ill: now used only in a bad sense, earlier in a good, *e. g.* Barrow speaks of 'an affectionate *resentment* of our obligation' (On Prayer, Sermon VI) and 'grateful *resentment*' is frequent in Epistles-dedicatory. For more on the word see our Memorial-Introduction. G.

Give me, my God! Thy grace,
 The beams, and brightnes of Thy face;
 That never like a beast
 I take Thy sacred feast,
 Or the dread mysteries of Thy blest blood
 Use, with like custome, as my kitchin food.

Some sit to Thee, and eat
 Thy body as their common meat;
 O let not me do so!
 Poor dust should ly still low;
 Then kneel, my soul and body, kneel and bow;
 If saints, and angels fal down, much more thou.

FASTER-DAY.

HOU, whose sad heart, and weeping head
 lyes low,
 Whose cloudy brest cold damps invade,
 Who never feel'st the sun, nor smooth'st thy
 brow,
 But sitt'st oppressèd in the shade,
 Awake! awake!
 And in His Resurrection partake,
 Who on this day—that thou migh'st rise as He—
 Rose up, and cancell'd two deaths due to thee.

Awake! awake! and, like the sun, disperse
 All mists that would usurp this day;
 Where are thy palmes, thy branches, and thy
 verse?
 Hosanna! heark! why doest thou stay?
 Arise! arise!
 And with His healing bloud anoint thine eys,
 Thy inward eys; His bloud will cure thy mind,
 Whose spittle only, could restore the blind.¹

EASTER HYMN.



DEATH, and darkness, get you packing,
 Nothing now to man is lacking;
 All your triumphs now are ended,
 And what Adam marr'd, is mended;
 Graves are beds now for the weary,
 Death a nap, to wake more merry;
 Youth now, full of pious duty,
 Seeks in Thee for perfect beauty;
 The weak, and aged, tir'd with length
 Of daies, from Thee look for new strength;
 And infants with Thy pangs contest
 As pleasant, as if with the brest.

¹ St. John, ix., 6. G.

Then, unto Him, Who thus hath thrown
 Even to contempt thy kingdome down,
 And by His blood did us advance
 Unto His own inheritance ;
 To Him be glory, power, praise,
 From this, unto the last of daies !

THE HOLY COMMUNION.



WELCOME sweet, and sacred feast ! welcome
 life !

Dead I was, and deep in trouble ;
 But grace, and blessings came with thee so rife,
 That they have quicken'd even drie stubble.
 Thus soules their bodies animate,
 And thus, at first, when things were rude,
 Dark, void, and crude,
 They, by Thy Word, their beauty had, and date ;
 All were by Thee,
 And stil must be ;
 Nothing that is, or lives,
 But hath his quicknings, and reprieves,
 As Thy hand opes, or shuts ;
 Healings, and cuts,
 Darkness, and daylight, life, and death
 Are but meer leaves turn'd by Thy breath.

Spirits without Thee die,
And blackness sits
On the divinest wits,
As on the sun eclipses lie.
But that great darkness at Thy death
When the veyl broke with Thy last breath,¹
Did make us see
The way to Thee ;
And now by these sure, sacred ties,
After Thy blood
—Our sov'rain good—
Had clear'd our eies,
And given us sight ;
Thou dost unto Thy Self betroth
Our souls, and bodies both,
In everlasting light.

Was't not enough that Thou hadst payd the price,
And given us eies
When we had none, but Thou must also take
Us by the hand,
And keep us still awake,
When we would sleep,
Or from Thee creep,
Who without Thee cannot stand ?

¹ St. Matthew xxvii. 45, 51. G.

Was't not enough to lose Thy breath
 And blood by an accursèd death,
 But Thou must also leave
 To us, that did bereave
 Thee of them both, these seals, the means
 That should both cleanse
 And keep us so,
 Who wrought Thy wo ?
 O Rose of Sharon ! O the Lilly
 Of the Valley !
 How art Thou now, Thy flock to keep,
 Become both food and Shepheard, to Thy sheep !¹

PSALM 121.

TP to those bright and gladsome hils,
 Whence flowes my weal, and mirth,
 I look, and sigh for Him, Who fils
 —Unseen—both heaven, and earth.

He is alone my help, and hope,
 That I shall not be movèd ;
 His watchful eye is ever ope,
 And guardeth His belovèd ;

¹ Cf. close of the 'British Church', *ante*. G.

The glorious God is my sole stay,
 He is my sun, and shade ;
 The cold by night, the heat by day,
 Neither shall me invade.

He keeps me from the spite of foes,
 Doth all their plots controul ;
 And is a shield—not reckoning those—
 Unto my very soul.

Whether abroad, amidst the crowd,
 Or els within my door,
 He is my pillar, and my cloud,¹
 Now, and for evermore.

AFFLICTION.



PEACE! peace! it is not so. Thou doest
 miscall
 Thy physick ; pils that change
 Thy sick accessions into setled health ;
 This is the great elixir, that turns gall
 To wine, and sweetness, poverty to wealth ;
 And brings man home, when he doth range.
 Did not He, Who ordain'd the day,

¹ Exodus xiv. 19-20. G.

Ordain night too ?
 And in the greater world display
 What in the lesser He would do ?
 All flesh is clay, thou know'st ; and but that God
 Doth use His rod,
 And by a fruitfull change of frosts, and showres
 Cherish, and bind thy pow'rs,
 Thou wouldst to weeds and thistles quite disperse,
 And be more wild than is thy verse.
 Sickness is wholesome, and crosses are but curbs
 To check the mule, unruly man ;
 They are heaven's husbandry, the famous fan,
 Purging the floor which chaff disturbs.
 Were all the year one constant sun-shine, wee
 Should have no flowres ;
 All would be drought, and leanness ; not a tree
 Would make us bowres.
 Beauty consists in colours ; and that's best
 Which is not fixt, but flies, and flowes ;
 The settled red is dull, and whites,¹ that rest,
 Something of sickness would disclose.
 Vicissitude plaies all the game ;
 Nothing that stirrs,
 Or huth a name,

¹ = plural, as the 'white' of the human skin is of various tints and shades. G.

But waits upon this wheel;
 Kingdomes too have their physick, and for steel
 Exchange their peace and furrs.
 Thus doth God key' disorder'd man,
 — Which none else can—
 Tuning his brest to rise or fall;
 And by a sacred, needfull art
 Like strings, stretch ev'ry part
 Making the whole most musicall.

THE TEMPEST,



HOW is man parcell'd out? how ev'ry hour
 Shews him himself, or something he
 should see!
 This late, long heat may his instruction be;
 And tempests have more in them than a showr.
 When Nature on her bosome saw
 Her infants die,
 And all her flowres wither'd to straw,
 Her breasts grown dry;

¹ = the operation of tuning the strings of an instrument by a key. The simile is—Thus does God by the use of this His implement (Affliction) put man's passions and affections as it were on the rack, yet only that He may attune him to harmony. G.

She made the Earth, their nurse and tomb,
 Sigh to the sky,
 'Til to those sighes fetch'd from her womb
 Rain did reply ;
 So in the midst of all her fears
 And faint requests,
 Her earnest sighes procur'd her tears
 And fill'd her breasts.

O that man could do so ! that he would hear
 The world read to him ! all the vast expanse
 In the creation shed, and slav'd to sence,
 Makes up but lectures for his eie, and ear.

Surc, Mighty Love, foreseeing the discent
 Of this poor creature, by a gracious art
 Hid in these low things snares to gain his
 heart,
 And layd surprizes in each element.

All things here shew him heaven ; waters that fall,
 Chide, and fly up ; mists and corruptest fume
 Quit their first beds and mount ; trees, herbs,
 flowres, all
 Strive upwards still, and point him the way home.

How do they cast off grossness ? only earth
 And man—like Issachar¹—in lodes delight ;

¹ Genesis xlix. 14. G.

Water's refin'd to motion, aire to light,
Fire to all three,¹ but man hath no such mirth.

Plants in the root with earth do most comply,
Their leafs with water, and humiditie,
The flowres to air draw neer, and subtiltie,
And seeds a kindred fire have with the sky.

All have their keyes, and set ascents ; but man
Though he knows these, and hath more of his
own,

↳ leeps at the ladder's foot ; alas ! what can
These new discoveries do, except they drown ?

Thus groveling in the shade, and darkness, he
Sinks to a dead oblivion ; and though all
He sees—like pyramids—shoot from this ball
And less'ning still grow up invisibly.

Yet hugs he still his durt ;² the stuffe he wears,
And painted trimming takes down both his eies ;
Heaven hath less beauty than the dust he spies,
And money better musick than the spheres.

Life's but a blast ; he knows it ; what ? shal straw,
And bul-rush-setters temper his short hour ?

¹ Light, motion, heat. V. Cf. 'Faith' *ante*. G.


² The frequent contemporary spelling. G.

Must he nor sip, nor sing ? grows ne'r a flowr
To crown his temples ? shall dreams be his law ?

O foolish man ! how hast thou lost thy sight ?
How is it that the sun to thee alone
Is grown thick darkness, and thy bread, a stone ?
Hath flesh no softness now ? mid-day no light ?

Lord ! Thou didst put a soul here. If I must
Be broke again, for flints will give no fire
Without a steel, O let Thy power cleer
Thy gift once more, and grind this flint to dust !

RETIREMENT.

HO on yon throne of azure sits,
Keeping close house
Above the morning-starre,
While meaner showes,
And outward utensils these glories are,
That shine and share
Part of His mansion ; He one day,
When I went quite astray,
Out of meer love,
By His mild Dove,
Did shew me home, and put me in the way.

2.

Let it suffice, at length thy fits,
And lusts—said He—
Have had their wish, and way ;
Presse not to be
Still thy own foe, and Mine ; for to this day
I did delay,
And would not see, but chose to wink ;
Nay, at the very brink
And edge of all,
When thou wouldst fall,
My love-twist held thee up, My unseen link.

3.

I know thee well ; for I have fram'd,
And hate thee not ;
Thy spirit too is Mine ;
I know thy lot,
Extent, and end, for My hands drew the line
Assigned thine ;
If then thou would'st unto My seat,
'Tis not th' applause, and feat
Of dust, and clay
Leads to that way,
But from those follies a resolv'd retreat.

6.

Now here below where yet untam'd
 Thou doest thus rove,
 I have a house as well
 As there above ;
 In it My name and honour both do dwell ;
 And shall untill
 I make all new ; there nothing gay
 In perfumes, or array ;
 Dust lies with dust,
 And hath but just
 The same respect, and room, with ev'ry clay.

5.

A faithful school, where thou maist see,
 In heraldrie
 Of stones, and speechless earth,
 Thy true descent ;
 Where dead men preach, who can turn feasts,
 and mirth
 To funerals, and Lent.
 There dust, that out of doors might fill
 Thy eies, and blind thee still,
 Is fast asleep :
 Up then, and keep
 Within those doors—My doors—Dost hear ?
 'I will.'

LOVE AND DISCIPLINE.



SINCE in a land not barren stil,
 —Because Thou dost Thy grace distil—
 My lot is faln, blest be Thy will!

And since these biting frosts but kil
 Some tares in me which choke, or spil
 That seed Thou sow'st, blest be Thy skil!

Blest be Thy dew, and blest Thy frost,
 And happy I to be so crost,
 And cur'd by crosses at Thy cost.

The dew doth cheer what is distrest,
 The frosts ill weeds nip, and molest;
 In both Thou work'st unto the best.

Thus while Thy sev'ral mercies plot,
 And work on me now cold, now hot,
 The work goes on, and slacketh not;

For as Thy hand the weather steers,
 So thrive I best, 'twixt joyes, and tears,
 And all the year have some green ears.

x

THE PILGRIMAGE.



As travellours, when the twilight's come,
 And in the sky the stars appear,
 The past daies accidents do summe
 With ' Thus wee saw there, and thus here.'

Then Jacob-like lodge in a place,
 —A place, and no more, is set down—¹
 Where till the day restore the race,
 They rest and dream homes of their own.

So for this night I linger here,
 And full of tossings to and fro,
 Expect stil when Thou wilt appear,
 That I may get me up, and go.

I long, and grone, and grieve for Thee,
 For Thee my words, my tears do gush ;
 O that I were but where I see !
 Is all the note within my bush.

As birds rob'd of their native wood,
 Although their diet may be fine,
 Yet neither sing, nor like their food,
 But with the thought of home do pine ;

¹ Genesis xxviii., 11. G.

So do I mourn, and hang my head;
 And though Thou dost me fullnes give,
 Yet look I for far better bread,
 Because by this man cannot live.

O feed me then ! and since I may
 Have yet more days, more nights to count,
 So strengthen me, Lord, all the way,
 That I may travel to Thy mount.

HEB[REWS] CAP. XI., VER. 13.

*And they confessed, that they were strangers, and
 pilgrims on the Earth.*

THE LAW AND THE GOSPEL.



ORD, when Thou didst on Sinai pitch,
 And shine from Paran,¹ when a fire
 Law,
 Pronounced with thunder, and Thy threats, did
 thaw
 The people's hearts, when all Thy words² were rich,
 And inaccessible for light,
 Terrour, and might.

¹ Deuteronomy xxxiii., 2. G.

² Misprinted 'weeds'. G.

How did poor flesh—which after Thou didst
weare—

Then faint, and fear !
Thy chosen flock, like leaves in a high wind,
Whisper'd obedience, and their heads inclin'd.

2.

But now since we to Sion came,
And Through Thy blood Thy glory see,
With filial confidence we touch ev'n Thee ;
And where the other Mount, all clad in flame
And threatening clouds, would not so much
As 'bide the touch,
We climb up this, and have too all the way
Thy hand our stay ;
Nay, Thou tak'st ours, and—which full comfort
brings—
Thy Dove too bears us on her sacred wings.

3.

Yet since man is a very brute,
And after all Thy acts of grace doth kick,
Slighting that health Thou gav'st when he was
sick,
Be not displeas'd, if I, who have a sute
To Thee each houre, beg at Thy door
For this one more ;

O plant in me Thy Gospel and Thy law,
 Both faith and awe;
 So twist them in my heart, that ever there
 I may as wel as love, find too Thy fear!

4.

Let me not spil, but drink Thy blood;
 Not break Thy fence, and by a black excess
 Force down a just curse, when Thy hands would
 bless;
 Let me not scatter, and despise my food,
 Or nail those blessed limbs again
 Which bore my pain.
 So shall Thy mercies flow: for while I fear,
 I know Thou'lt bear,
 But should Thy mild injunction nothing move me,
 I would both think, and judge, I did not love
 Thee.

JOHN, CAP. 14, VER. 15.

If ye love Me, keep My commandments.

THE WORLD.



SAW Eternity the other night,
 Like a great ring of pure and endless
 light,
 All calm, as it was bright;

And round beneath it, Time in hours, days, years,
 Div'n by the spheres
 Like a vast shadow mov'd ; in which the world
 And all her train were hurl'd.
 The doting lover in his quaintest strain
 Did there complain ;
 Neer him, his lute, his fancy, and his slights,¹
 Wit's sour² delights ;
 With gloves, and knots, the silly snares of pleasure,
 Yet his dear treasure,
 All scatter'd lay, while he his eyes did pour
 Upon a flowr.

2.

The darksome statesman, hung with weights and
 woe,
 Like a thick midnight-fog, mov'd there so slow,
 He did not stay, nor go ;
 Condemning thoughts—like sad eclipses—scowl
 Upon his soul,
 And clouds of crying witnesses without
 Pursued him with one shout.
 Yet dig'd the mole, and lest his ways be found,
 Workt under ground,

¹ = sleights. G.

² Misprinted 'so our'. G.

Where he did clutch his prey ; but one did see
 That policie ;
 Churches and altars fed him ; perjuries
 Were gnats and flies ;
 It rain'd about him bloud and tears, but he
 Drank them as free.

3.

The fearfull miser on a heap of rust
 Sate pining all his life there, did scarce trust
 His own hands with the dust,
 Yet would not place one peece above, but lives
 In feare of theeves.
 Thousands there were as frantick as himself,
 And hug'd each one his pelf ;
 The down-right epicure plac'd heav'n in sense,
 And scorn'd pretence ;
 While others, slipt into a wide excesse,
 Said little lesse ;
 The weaker sort, slight, triviall wares inslave,
 Who think them brave ;
 And poor, despisèd Truth sate counting by
 Their victory.

4.

Yet some, who all this while did weep and sing,
 And sing, and weep, soar'd up into the ring ;

But most would use no wing.
 O fools—said I—thus to prefer dark night
 Before true light !
 To live in grots, and caves, and hate the day
 Because it shews the way.
 The way, which from this dead and dark abode
 Leads up to God ;
 A way where you might tread the sun, and be
 More bright than he !
 But as I did their madnes so discusse
 One whisper'd thus,
 ' This ring the Bride-groome did for none provide,
 But for His bride,'

JOHN CAP. 2. VER. 16, 17.

*All that is in the world, the lust of the flesh, the
 lust of the eye, and the pride of life, is not of the
 Father, but is of the world.*

*And the world passeth away, and the lusts thereof ;
 but he that doth the will of God abideth for ever.*

THE MUTINIE.



EARLY of this same clay, and straw, I laid
 Me down to breath, and casting in my
 heart
 The after-burthens, and griefs yet to come,

The heavy sum
 So shook my brest, that—sick and sore dismai'd—
 My thoughts, like water which some stone doth
 start,
 Did quit their troubled channel, and retire
 Unto the banks, where, storming at those bounds,
 They murmur'd sore ; but I, who felt them boyl
 And knew their coyl,
 Turning to Him, who made poor sand to tire¹
 And tame proud waves : if yet these barren
 grounds
 And thirstie brick must be—said I—
 My taske, and destinie,

2.

Let me so strive and struggle with Thy foes,
 —Not Thine alone, but mine too—that when all
 Their arts and force are built unto the height,
 That Babel-weight
 May prove Thy glory, and their shame ; so close
 And knit me to Thee, that though in this vale
 Of sin and death I sojourn, yet one eie
 May look to Thee, to Thee the finisher

¹ = (metaphorically) to weary. G.

² Hebrews xii. 2. G.

And author of my faith ; so shew me home,
 That all this fome
 And frothie noise, which up and down doth fie,
 May find no lodging in mine eie, or eare ;
 O seal them up ! that these may fie,
 Like other tempests by.

3.

Not but I know Thou hast a shorter cut
 To bring me home, than through a wildernes,
 A sea, or sands, and serpents ; yet since Thou,
 —As Thy words show—
 Though in this desert I were wholly shut,
 Canst light and lead me there with such redress
 That no decay shal touch me ; O be pleas'd
 To fix my steps ; and whatsoever path
 Thy sacred and eternall wil decreed
 For Thy bruis'd reed,
 O give it ful obedience, that so seiz'd¹
 Of all I have, I may not move Thy wrath
 Nor grieve Thy Dove, but soft and mild
 Both live and die Thy child.

¹ = put in possession of: a legal term. G.

REVEL[ATIONS] CAP. 2. VER. 17.

To him that overcometh wil I give to eate of the hidden manna ; and I wil give him a white stone, and in the stone a new name written, which no man knoweth, saving he that receiveth it.

THE CONSTELLATION.



AIR order'd lights—whose motion without noise

Resembles those true joys

Whose spring is on that hil, where you do grow,
And we here tast sometimes below.—

With what exact obedience do you move
Now beneath, and now above !
And in your vast progressions overlook
The darkest night, and closest nook !

Some nights I see you in the gladsome East
Some others neer the West,
And when I cannot see, yet do you shine,
And beat about your endles line.

Silence, and light, and watchfulness with you
Attend and wind the clue ;
No sleep, nor sloth assailes you, but poor man
Still either sleeps, or slips his span.

He grops beneath here, and with restless care,
First makes, then hugs a snare ;
Adores dead dust, sets heart on corne and grass,
But seldom doth make heav'n his glass.

Musick and mirth—if there be musick here—
Take up, and tune his year ;
These things are kin to him, and must be had :
Who kneels, or sighs a life, is mad.

Perhaps some nights hee'l watch with you, and
peep
When it were best to sleep ;
Dares know effects, and judge them long before,
When th' herb he treads knows much, much
more.

But seeks he your obedience, order, light,
Your calm and wel-train'd flight,
Where, though the glory differ in each star,
Yet is there peace still, and no war ?

Since plac'd by Him, Who calls you by your
names,¹
And fixt there all your flames,

1 Psalm cxlvii. 4. G.

Without command you never acted ought,
And then you in your courses fought.¹

But here commission'd by a black self-wil
The sons the father kil,
The children chase the mother, and would heal
The wounds they give, by crying, zeale.

Then cast her bloud and tears upon Thy book,
Where they for fashion look ;
And, like that lamb, which had the dragon's voice,²
Seem mild, but are known by their noise.

Thus by our lusts disorder'd into wars
Our guides prove wandring stars,
Which for these mists and black days were reserv'd
What time we from our first love swerv'd.

Yet O for His sake Who sits now by Thee
All crown'd with victory,
So guide us through this darknes, that we may
Be more and more in love with day ;

Settle, and fix our hearts, that we may move
In order, peace, and love ;
And taught obedience by Thy whole creation,
Become an humble, holy nation !

¹ Judges, v. 29. G.

² Revelation, xiii. 11. G.

Give to Thy spouse her perfect, and pure dress,
 Beauty and holiness;
 And so repair these rents, that men may see
 And say, 'Where God is, all agree.'

THE SHEPHERDS.



WEET, harmles lives!—on whose holy
 leisure
 Waits Innocence and Pleasure—
 Whose leaders to those pastures, and cleer springs
 Were patriarchs, saints, and kings :
 How happend it that in the dead of night
 You only, saw true light.
 While Palestine was fast asleep, and lay
 Without one thought of day ?
 Was it because those first and blessed swains
 Were pilgrims on those plains,
 When they receiv'd the promise, for which now
 'Twas there first shown to you ?
 'Tis true, He loves that dust whereon they go
 That serve Him here below,
 And therefore might for memory of those,
 His love there first disclose ;
 But wretched Salem once His love, must now
 No voice nor vision know,
 Her stately piles with all their height and pride

Now languishèd and died,¹
 And Bethlem's humble coits above them stept,
 While all her seers slept ;
 Her cedar, fir, hew'd stones and gold were all
 Polluted through their fall,
 And those once sacred mansions were now
 Meer emptiness and show.
 This made the angel call at reeds and thatch,
 Yet where the shepherds watch,
 And God's own lodging—though he could not
 lack—
 To be a common rack ;²
 No costly pride, no soft-cloath'd luxurie,
 In those thin cels could lie ;
 Each stirring wind and storm blew through their
 cots,
 Which never harbour'd plots ;
 Only Content and Love and humble joys
 Lived there, without all noise ;
 Perhaps some harmless cares for the next day
 Did in their bosomes play,
 As where to lead their sheep, what silent nook,

¹ See Memorial-Introduction for pallel from Sir John Beaumont. G.

² The allusion is to the 'manger': Mr. Lyte oddly misprinted '*Kack*.' G.

What springs or shades to look :
 But that was all ; and now with gladsome care
 They for the town prepare ;
 They leave their flock, and in a busie talk
 All towards Bethlem walk
 To see their souls' Great Shepheard, Who was
 come
 To bring all straglers home ;
 Where now they find Him out, and taught before,
 The Lamb of God adore,
 That Lamb Whose daies great kings and prophets
 wish'd
 And long to see, but miss'd.
 The first light they beheld was bright and gay,
 And turn'd their night to day ;
 But to this later light they saw in Him,
 Their day was dark and dim.

MISERY.



LORD, bind me up, and let me lye
 A pris'ner to my libertie,
 If such a state at all can be
 As an impris'ment serving Thee ;
 The wind, though gather'd in Thy fist,
 Yet doth it blow still where it list,¹
 And yet shouldst Thou let go Thy hold

¹ = chooses. St. John III. 8. G.

Those gusts might quarrel and grow bold.

As waters here, headlong and loose,
The lower grounds still chase, and choose,
Where spreading all the way, they seek
And search out ev'ry hole, and creek ;
So my spilt thoughts, winding from thee,
Take the down-rode to vanitie,
Where they all stray and strive, which shal
Find out the first and steepest fal ;
I cheer their flow, giving supply
To what's already grown too high,
And having thus perform'd that part
Feed on those vomits of my heart.
I break the fence my own hands made,
Then lay that trespasse in the shade ;
Some fig-leafs stil I do devise,¹
As if Thou hadst nor ears nor eyes.
Excesse of friends, of words, and wine
Take up my day, while Thou dost shine
All unregarded, and Thy Book
Hath not so much as one poor look.

¹ Genesis III. 7. It will be remembered that the quaint old translation of 'breeches' here for 'aprons' has given a name to the version, as the '*Breeches*' Bible: various editions. G.

If Thou steal in amidst the mirth
And kindly tel me, I am earth,
I shut Thee out, and let that slip,
Such musick spoils good fellowship.
Thus wretched I, and most unkind,
Exclude my dear God from my mind,
Exclude Him thence, Who of that cel
Would make a Court, should He there dwell.
He goes, He yields; and troubled sore
His Holy Spirit grieves therefore;
The mighty God, th' eternal King
Doth grieve for dust, and dust doth sing.
But I go on, haste to divest
My self of reason, till opprest
And buried in my surfeits, I
Prove my own shame and miserie.
Next day I call and cry for Thee
Who shouldst not then come neer to me;
But now it is Thy servant's pleasure
Thou must—and dost—give him his measure.
Thou dost, Thou com'st, and in a shower
Of healing sweets Thy self dost powr
Into my wounds; and now Thy grace
—I know it wel—fills all the place;
I sit with Thee by this new light,
And for that hour Th' art my delight;
No man can more the world despise,

Or thy great mercies better prize.
 I school my eys, and strictly dwel,
 Within the circle of my cel ;
 That calm and silence are my joys,
 Which to Thy peace are but meer noise.
 At length I feel my head to ake,
 My fingers itch, and burn to take
 Some new imployment ; I begin
 To swel and fome and fret within.

“ The age, the present times are not
 “ To snudge¹ in, and embrace a cot ;
 “ Action and bloud now get the game,
 “ Disdein treads on the peaceful name ;
 “ Who sits at home too, bears a load
 “ Greater than those that gad abroad.

Thus do I make Thy gifts giv'n me
 The only quarrellers with Thee ;
 I'd loose those knots Thy hands did tie,
 Then would go travel, fight, or die.
 Thousands of wild and waste infusions
 Like waves beat on my resolutions ;
 As flames about their fuel run,
 And work, and wind til all be done ;
 So my fierce soul bustles about,

¹ = sneak about : as a substantive a 'snudge' means a
 'miser'. G.

And never rests til all be out.
 Thus wilded¹ by a peevish² heart,
 Which in Thy musick bears no part,
 I storm at Thee, calling my peace
 A lethargy, and meer disease ;
 Nay, those bright beams shot from Thy eys
 To calm me in these mutinies,
 I stile meer tempers, which take place
 At some set times, but are Thy grace.

Such is man's life, and such is mine,
 The worst of men, and yet stil Thine.
 Stil Thine, Thou know'st, and if not so,
 Then give me over to my foe.
 Yet since as easie 'tis for Thee
 To make man good, as bid him be,
 And with one glance,—could he that gain—
 To look³ him out of all his pain,
 O send me from Thy holy hil
 So much of strength, as may fulfil
 All Thy delight—whate'r they be—
 And sacred institutes in me !
 Open my rockie heart, and fil

¹ = made wild : used in a causative sense : or query
 = wielded, governed? G.

² Foolish, trifling. G.

³ Cf. Judges vi. 14 and St. Luke xxii. 61. G.

It with obedience to Thy wil ;
 Then seal it up, that as none see,
 So none may enter there but Thee.

O hear, my God ! hear Him, Whose bloud
 Speaks more and better for my good !
 O let my crie come to Thy throne !
 My crie not pour'd with tears alone,
 —For tears alone are often foul ;—
 But with the bloud of all my soul ;
 With spirit-sighs, and earnest grones,
 Faithful and most repenting mones,
 With these I crie, and crying pine,
 Till Thou both mend, and make me Thine.

THE SAP.



OME sapless blossom, creep not stil on
 earth
 Forgetting thy first birth !
 'Tis not from dust ; or if so, why dost thou
 Thus cal and thirst for dew ?
 It tends not thither ; if it doth, why then
 This growth and stretch for heav'n ?
 Thy root sucks but diseases ; worms there sent,
 And claim it for their meat.
 Who plac'd thee here, did something then infuse,
 Which now can tel thee news.

There is beyond the stars, an hil of myrrh,
From which some drops fal here ;
On it the Prince of Salem sits, Who deals
To thee thy secret meals ;
There is thy country, and He is the way,
And hath withal the key.
Yet liv'd He here sometimes, and bore for thee
A world of miserie,
For thee, who in the first man's loyns didst fal
From that hil to this vale ;
And had not He so done, it is most true
Two deaths had bin thy due ;
But going hence, and knowing wel what woes
Might His friends discompose,
To shew what strange love He had to our good,
He gave His sacred bloud,
By wil our sap and cordial ; now in this
Lies such a heav'n of bliss,
That who but truly tastes it, no decay
Can touch him any way.
Such secret life and vertue in it lies,
It wil exalt and rise,
And actuate such spirits as are shed,
Or ready to be dead ;
And bring new too. Get then this sap, and get
Good store of it, but let
The vessel where you put it be for sure

To all your pow'r most pure ;
 There is at all times—though shut up—in you
 A powerful, rare dew,
 Which only grief and love extract ; with this
 Be sure, and never miss,
 To wash your vessel wel : then humbly take
 This balm for souls that ake ;
 And one who drank it thus, assures that you
 Shal find a joy so true,
 Such perfect ease, and such a lively sense,
 Of grace against all sins,
 That you'l confess the comfort such, as even
 Brings to, and comes from heaven.

MOUNT OF OLIVES.



WHEN first I saw True Beauty, and Thy
 joys
 Active as light, and calm without all
 noise,
 Shin'd on my soul, I felt through all my pow'rs
 Such a rich air of sweets, as evening shows
 Fand by a gentle gale convey, and breath
 On some parch'd bank, crown'd, with a flowrie
 wreath ;
 Odors, and myrrh, and balm, in one rich floud

O'r-ran my heart, and spirited my blood ;
 My thoughts did swim in comforts, and mine eie
 Confest, the world did only paint and lie.
 And where before I did no safe course steer,
 But wander'd under tempests all the year ;
 Went bleak and bare in body as in mind,
 And was blow'n through by ev'ry storm and
 wind,

I am so warm'd now by this glance on me,
 That, midst all storms I feel a ray of Thee.
 So have I known some beauteous paisage¹ rise
 In suddain flowres and arbours to my eies,
 And in the depth and dead of Winter bring
 To my cold thoughts a lively sense of Spring.

Thus fed by Thee, Who dost all beings nourish,
 My wither'd leafs again look green and flourish ;
 I shine and shelter underneath Thy wing,
 Where sick with love I strive Thy name to sing ;
 Thy glorious name ! which grant I may so do,
 That these may be Thy praise, and my joy too !

¹ '*Paisage*' borrowed from the French '*paysage*' = rural country : here = a rural scene. The French Academy explanation is "the extent of country that can be seen at one view" : hence an exact synonym for 'landscape'. G.

MAN.



WEIGHING the stedfastness and state
 Of some mean things which here below
 reside,
 Where birds like watchful clocks, the noise-less
 date
 And intercourse of times divide,
 Where bees at night get home and hive, and
 flows,
 Early aswel as late,
 Rise with the sun, and set in the same howrs ;¹

2.

I would—said I—my God would give
 The staidness of these things to man ! for these
 To His divine appointments ever cleave,
 And no new business breaks their peace ;
 The birds nor sow nor reap, yet sup and dine ;

¹ Printed 'bowrs' : but query—a misprint for 'howrs' i.e. 'hours' ? It is certain that several flowers have respectively appointed 'hours' of closing, some early and some late, whereas it is somewhat bathetical to say that flowers rise at appointed hours, early and late, but do not walk, as in the sequel. G.

The flowres without clothes live,
Yet Solomon was never dressed so fine.

3.

Man hath stil either toyes,¹ or care ;
He hath no root, nor to one place is ty'd,
But ever restless and irregular
About this Earth doth run and ride.
He knows he hath a home, but scarce knows
where ;

He sayes it is so far,
That he hath quite forgot how to go there.

4.

He knocks at all doors, strays and roams,
Nay hath not so much wit as some stones have,
Which in the darkest nights point to their homes,²
By some hid sense their Maker gave ;
Man is the shuttle, to whose winding quest
And passage through these looms
God order'd motion, but ordain'd no rest.

¹ Trifles. G.

² Query—the 'loadstone', called also 'adamant'. G.

¶ [HIDDEN.]



WALKT the other day—to spend my
 hour—
 Into a field,
 Where I sometimes had seen the soil to yield
 A gallant flowre;
 But Winter now had ruffled all the bowre
 And curious store,
 I knew there heretofore.

2.

Yet I, whose search lov'd now¹ to peep and peer
 I'th' face of things,
 Thought with my self, there might be other springs
 Besides this here;
 Which, like cold friends, sees us but once a year;
 And so the flowre
 Might have some other bowre.

3.

Then taking up what I could neerest spie,
 I digg'd about

¹ Misprinted 'not'. G.

That place where I had seen him to grow out ;
 And by and by
 I saw the warm recluse alone to lie,
 Where fresh and green
 He lived of us unseen.

4.

Many a question intricate and rare
 Did I there strow ;
 But all I could extort was, that he now
 Did there repair
 Such losses as befel him in this air,
 And would e'r long
 Come forth most fair and young.

5.

This past, I threw the clothes quite o'er his head ;
 And stung with fear
 Of my own frailty, dropt down many a tear
 Upon his bed ;
 Then sighing whisper'd, ' Happy are the dead !
 What peace doth now
 Rock him asleep below ! '

6.

And yet, how few believe such doctrine springs
 From a poor root,

Which all the Winter sleeps here under foot,
And hath no wings
To raise it to the truth and light of things ;
But is stil trod
By ev'ry wandring clod.

7.

O Thou ! Whose Spirit did at first inflame
And warm the dead,
And by a sacred incubation, fed
With life this frame,
Which once had neither being, forme, nor name ;
Grant I may so
Thy steps track here below,

8.

That in these masques and shadows, I may see
Thy sacred way ;
And by these hid ascents climb to that day,
Which breaks from Thee,
Who art in all things, though invisibly ;
Shew me Thy peace,
Thy mercy, love, and ease.

9.

And from this care, where dreams and sorrows
raign,

Lead me above,
 Where light, joy, leisure, and true comforts move
 Without all pain ;
 There, hid in Thee, shew me His life again,
 At whose dumbe urn
 Thus all the year I mourn !

BEGGING.

KING of mercy, King of love,
 In Whom I live, in Whom I move,
 Perfect what Thou hast begun,
 Let no night put out this sun ;
 Grant I may, my chief desire,
 Long for Thee, to Thee aspire !
 Let my youth, my bloom of dayes
 Be my comfort, and Thy praise ;
 That hereafter, when I look
 O'r the sullyed, sinful book,
 I may find Thy hand therein
 Wiping out my shame, and sin !
 O it is Thy only art
 To reduce a stubborn heart ;
 And since Thine is victorie,
 Strong-holds should belong to Thee ;
 Lord, then take it, leave it not

Unto my dispose or lot ;
But since I would not have it mine,
O my God, let it be Thine !

JUDE, VER[SES] 24, 25.

*Now unto Him that is able to keep us from falling,
and to present us faultless before the presence of
His glory with exceeding joy.
To the only wise God, our Saviour, be glory, and
majesty, dominion and power, now and ever,
Amen.*

Finis.



Sacred Poetry.

PART II.

Silex Scintillans :

1655.

L

Note.

See original title-pages &c., in Note at pages 3-4. G.



Silex Scintillans, &c.

ASCENSION-DAY.



WORD JESUS! with what sweetness and
delights,
Sure, holy hopes, high joys, and quick-
ning flights,
Dost Thou feed Thine! O Thou! the Hand that
lifts
To Him, Who gives all good and perfect gifts,
Thy glorious, bright Ascension—though remov'd
So many ages from me—is so prov'd
And by Thy Spirit seal'd to me, that I
Feel me a sharer in Thy victory.
I soar and rise
Up to the skies,
Leaving the world their day,

And in my flight
For the true light

Go seeking all the way :

I greet Thy sepulchre, salute Thy grave,
The blest inclosure, where the angels gave
The first glad tidings of Thy early light,
And resurrection from the earth and night.
I see that morning in Thy convert's' tears,
Fresh as the dew, which but this dawning wears.
I smell her spices ; and her ointment yields,
As rich a scent as the now primros'd fields :
The Day-star smiles, and light with the deceast,¹
Now shines in all the chambers of the East.
What stirs, what posting intercourse and mirth
Of saints and angels glorifie the Earth ?
What sighs, what whispers, busie stops and stays ;
Private and holy talk fill all the ways ?
They pass as at the last great day, and run
In their white robes to seek the Risen Sun ;
I see them, hear them, mark their haste, and move
Amongst them, with them, wing'd with faith and
love.
Thy forty days more secret commerce here,

¹ St. Mary Magdalene. V.

² = brightened by that greater Day-star, Who had
set but risen again. G.

After Thy death and funeral, so clear
And indisputable, shews to my sight
As the sun doth, which to those days gave light.¹
I walk the fields of Bethani, which shine
All now as fresh as Eden, and as fine.
Such was the bright world, on the first seventh
day,
Before man brought forth sin, and sin decay.
When like a virgin clad in flowers and green,
The pure Earth sat ; and the fair woods had seen
No frost, but flourish'd in that youthful vest,
With which their great Creator had them drest :
When heav'n above them shin'd like molten glass,
While all the planets did unclouded pass ;
And springs, like dissolv'd pearls, their streams
did pour,
Ne'r marr'd with floods, nor anger'd with a showre.
With these fair thoughts I move in this fair place,
And the last steps of my milde Master trace ;
I see Him leading out His chosen train
All sad with tears ; which like warm Summer-rain
In silent drops steal from their holy eyes,
Fix'd lately on the Cross, now on the skies.
And now—eternal Jesus—Thou dost heave

¹ Acts of Apostles i. 3. G.

Thy blessed hands to bless these Thou dost leave ;
 The Cloud doth now receive Thee, and their sight
 Having lost Thee, behold two men in white !¹
 Two and no more : what two attest, is true,
 Was Thine own answer to the stubborn Jew.²
 Come then, Thou faithful Witness ! come, dear
 Lord,
 Upon the clouds again to judge this world !³

ASCENSION-HYMN.

DUST and clay,
 Man's antient wear,
 Here you must stay,
 But I elsewhere ;
 Souls sojourn here, but may not rest ;
 Who will ascend, must be undrest.

And yet some,
 That know to die
 Before death come,
 Walk to the skie
 Even in this life ; but all such can
 Leave behinde them ' the old man.'⁴

¹ Acts of Apostles ii. 10. G.

² St. Matthew xviii. 16. G. ³ Revelation i. 7. G.

⁴ Colossians iii. 9. G.

If a star
Should leave the sphere,
She must first mar
Her flaming wear,
And after fall ; for in her dress
Of glory, she cannot transgress

Man of old
Within the line¹
Of Eden, could
Like the sun shine
All naked, innocent and bright,
And intimate with Heav'n, as light :

But since he
That brightness soil'd,
His garments be
All dark and spoil'd,
And here are left as nothing worth,
Till the Refiner's fire breaks forth.

Then comes He !
Whose mighty light
Made His cloathes be
Like heav'n, all bright ;

¹ Psalm lxxviii. 55. G

The Fuller, Whose pure blood did flow,
To make stain'd man more white then snow.

Hee alone
And none else can
Bring bone to bone
And rebuild man ;
And by His all-subduing might
Make clay ascend more quick then light.

¶ [BEYOND THE VEIL.]



HEY are all gone into the world of light !

And I alone sit lingring here ;
Their very memory is fair and bright,
And my sad thoughts doth clear.

It glows and glitters in my cloudy brest,
Like stars upon some gloomy grove,
Or those faint beams in which this hill is drest,
After the sun's remove.

I see them walking in an air of glory,
Whose light doth trample on my days :
My days, which are at best but dull and hoary,
Meer glimring and decays.

O holy Hope ! and high Humility,
High as the heavens above !

These are your walks, and you have shew'd them
 me,
 To kindle my cold love.

Dear, beauteous Death ! the jewel of the just,
 Shining no where, but in the dark ;
 What mysteries do lie beyond thy dust ;
 Could man outlook that mark !

He that hath found some fledg'd bird's nest, may
 know
 At first sight, if the bird be flown ;
 But what fair well¹ or grove he sings in now,
 That is to him unknown.

And yet, as angels in some brighter dreams
 Call to the soul, when man doth sleep :

¹ Mr. Lyte and his editor (1858) and the many quoters of this priceless poem, mis-read 'dell' for 'well'. I have no hesitation in restoring and adhering to the Author's own word. For by 'well' he had in his thought an Eastern well surrounded by palm trees. Earlier we have the same word and thing in "The Search" (page 43) as follows:

"Faire virgin-flowers and hallow'd wells
 I should rove in."

Besides 'dell or grove' is at one tautological and prosaic.
 G.

So some strange thoughts transcend our wonted
 theams,
 And into glory peep.

If a star were confin'd into a tomb,
 Her captive flames must needs burn there ;
 But when the hand that lockt her up, gives room,
 She'l shine through all the sphere.

O Father of eternal life, and all
 Created glories under Thee !
 Resume thy spirit from this world of thrall
 Into true liberty.

Either disperse these mists, which blot and fill
 My perspective—still—as they pass :
 Or else remove me hence unto that hill,
 Where I shall need no glass.

WHITE SUNDAY.



WELLCOME, white day! a thousand suns,
 Though seen at once, were black to thee ;
 For after their light, darkness comes,
 But thine shines to eternity.

Those flames which on the Apostles rush'd
 At this great Feast, and in a tyre¹
 Of cloven tongues their heads all brush'd,
 And crown'd them with prophetic fire :

Can these new lights² be like to those ?
 These lights of serpents like the Dove ?
 Thou hadst no gall, ev'n for Thy foes,
 And Thy two wings were Grief and Love.

Though then some boast that fire, each day,
 And on Christ's coat pin all their shreds ;
 Not sparing openly to say,
 His candle shines upon their heads :³

Yet while some rays of that great light
 Shine here below within Thy Book,
 They never shall so blinde my sight
 But I will know which way to look.

For though Thou doest that great light lock,
 And by this lesser commerce keep :
 Yet by these glances of the flock
 I can discern wolves from the sheep.

¹ = head-dress, generally of women, but here as
 applied to head ornament of Eastern women in Isaiah iii.

^{18.} = tiara. So elsewhere. G.

² = the new Sectaries of the period G.

³ Job xxix. 3. G.

Not but that I have wishes too,
And pray, ' These last may be as first,
Or better ' ; but Thou long ago
Hast said, ' These last should be the worst. ' ¹

Besides, Thy method with Thy own,
Thy own dear people, pens our times ;
Our stories are in them set down,
And penalties spread to our crimes.

Again, if worst and worst implies
A state that no redress admits,
Then from Thy Cross unto these days
The rule without exception fits.

And yet, as in Night's gloomy page
One silent star may interline ;
So in this last and lewdest age
Thy antient love on some may shine.

For though we hourly breath decays,
And our best note and highest ease
Is but meer changing of the keys,
And a consumption that doth please ; ²

¹ Cf. St. Matthew xii. 45 and xix. 30. G.

² The allusion is to the high colour that beautifies and hides the decay of consumption G.

Yet Thou the great eternal Rock
 Whose height above all ages shines,
 Art still the same, and canst unlock
 Thy waters to a soul that pines.

Since then Thou art the same this day
 And ever as Thou wert of old,
 And nothing doth Thy love allay,
 But our heart's dead and sinful cold ;

As Thou long since wert pleas'd to buy
 Our drown'd estate,¹ taking the Curse
 Upon Thy Self, so to destroy
 The knots we tyed upon Thy purse ;

So let Thy grace now make the way
 Even for Thy love ; for by that means
 We, who are nothing but foul clay,
 Shall be fine gold which Thou didst cleanse.

¹ A phrase suggested probably by schemes floated, if not then, yet in the Poet's younger days, for the reclaiming of submerged land. Jonson ridicules them in his "Devil is an Ass" written in 1616, and they seem to have been often of hazardous loss, and sometimes mere bubbles or moonshine in the water. From 1606 to 1609 and onwards, when Virginia was colonized and the East India Company formed, seem to have been years of feverish enterprise, when Company-forming for carrying out various schemes found favour with the public. G.

O come! refine us with Thy fire!
 Refine us! we are at a loss.
 Let not Thy stars for Balaam's¹ hire
 Dissolve into the common dross!

THE PROFFER.

BE still, black parasites,
 Flutter no more;
 Were it still Winter, as it was before,
 You'd make no flights;
 But now the dew and sun have warm'd my bowres,
 You flie and flock to suck the flowers.

But you would honey make:
 These buds will wither,
 And what you now extract, in harder weather
 Will serve to take;
 Wise husbands will—you say—their wants pre-
 vent;²
 Who do not so, too late repent.

O poys'nous, subtile fowls
 The flyes of hell,

¹ Cf. Numbers c xxiv and Jude 11, 13. G.

² = anticipate. G.

That buz in every ear, and blow¹ on souls,
 Until they smell,
 And rot, descend not here, nor think to stay !
 I've read, who 'twas drove you away ?²

Think you theselonging eyes,
 Though sick and spent,
 And almost famish'd, ever will consent
 To leave those skies,
 That glass of souls and spirits, where well drest
 They shine in white—like stars—and rest.

Shall my short hour, my inch,
 My one poor sand,
 And crum of life, now ready to disband,
 Revolt and finch ;
 And having born the burthen all the day,
 Now cast at night my crown away ?

No, no ; I am not he ;
 Go seek elsewhere !

¹ Used of the flesh or blow-fly, when depositing its eggs or hatched maggots, which leads to the immediate tainting of the meat, or to putrefaction : hence fly-blow and flyblown. Shakespeare uses it, *e.g.* "suffer the flesh-fly blow my mouth" (*Tempest* iii. 1). G.

² Cf. *Genesis* xv. 11 and *Exodus* viii 24, 31. G.

I skill¹ not your fine tinsel, and false hair,
 Your sorcery,
 And smooth seducements : I'le not stuff my story
 With your commonwealth and glory.

There are that will sow tares
 And scatter death
 Amongst the quick,² selling their souls and breath
 For any wares ;
 But when thy Master comes, they'l finde and see,
 There's a reward for them and thee.

Then keep the antient way !
 Spit out their phlegm,
 And fil thy brest with home ; think on thy dream :
 A calm, bright day !
 A land of flowers and spices ! the word given,
 ' If those be fair, O what is Heaven ! '

¹ The impersonal verb 'it skills not' = it matters not, was not uncommon. Shakespeare uses it thrice. 'Skill' the noun was sometimes used as reason, cause of need, it is doubtful which (See Dyce's Glossary to Shakespeare). 'I skill not' is so far as I know unique, and must be used in a causative sense = I make no matter or no importance of, that is, make no account of. G.

² Living. G.

COCK-CROWING.¹

ATHER of lights! what sunnie seed,
 What glance of day hast Thou confin'd
 Into this bird? To all the breed
 This busie ray Thou hast assign'd;
 Their magnetisme works all night,
 And dreams of Paradise and light.

Their eyes watch for the morning-hue,
 Their little grain,² expelling night,
 So shines and sings, as if it knew
 The path unto the house of light.
 It seems their candle, howe'r done,
 Was tinn'd³ and lighted at the sunne.

If such a tincture,⁴ such a touch,

¹ "Let vs waken vp ourselves with that liuing clocke, the cock, who first claps his wings and then crowes to others. Wee should loue the bird: for hee once preacht to Peter, and is still our embleme." (Dr. Worship's Sermons: The Fisher, p 91). G.

² See Memorial-Introduction for remarks on this word 'grain' G.

³ = kindled. G.

⁴ Latin *tinctura*. See Memorial-Introduction for Dr. George Macdonald's remarks on the word. G.

So firm a longing can impowre,¹
 Shall Thy Own image think it much
 To watch for Thy appearing hour?
 If a meer blast so fill the sail,
 Shall not the breath of God prevail?

O Thou immortall light and heat!
 Whose hand so shines through all this frame,
 That by the beauty of the seat,
 We plainly see Who made the same;
 Secing Thy seed abides in me,
 Dwell Thou in it, and I in Thee!

To sleep without Thee is to die;
 Yet 'tis a death partakes of hell;
 For where Thou dost not close the eye
 It never opens, I can tell.

 In such a dark, Ægyptian border,²
 The shades of death dwell, and disorder.

¹ Not = empower or strengthen but 'in-pour'. In-
 en, and im, were confused by our old authors. G.

² There is a similar phrase earlier, and elsewhere. As
 Egypt is essentially a Land of sunshine, the allusion
 doubtless is to the miraculous plague of darkness and the
 brutish idolatry of Egypt, representative of the spiritual
 darkness of the Land. The Old Testament is full of
 references to 'the border of Egypt' and 'darkness'
 therein. G.

If joyes, and hopes, and earnest throws,
And hearts, whose pulse beats still for light,
Are given to birds; who, but Thee, knows
A love-sick soul's exalted flight?

Can souls be track'd by any eye
But His, who gave them wings to flie?

Onely this veyle which Thou hast broke,
And must be broken yet in me,
This veyle, I say, is all the cloke,
And cloud which shadows Thee from me.
This veyle Thy full-ey'd love denies,
And onely gleams and fractions spies.

O take it off! make no delay;
But brush me with Thy light, that I
May shine unto a perfect day,
And warme me at Thy glorious eye!
O take it off! or till it flee,
Though with no lillie,¹ stay with me!

¹ Song of Solomon. v. 7 and 13: ii. 1. 3. G.

THE STARRE.



WHAT ever 'tis, whose beauty here below
 Attracts thee thus, and makes thee stream
 and flow,
 And wind and curle, and wink and smile,
 Shifting thy gate and guile,

Though thy close commerce nought at all imbarres
 My present search, for eagles eye not starrs ;
 And still the lesser by the best
 And highest good is blest ;

Yet, seeing all things that subsist and be
 Have their commissions from Divinitie,
 And teach us duty, I will see
 What man may learn from thee.

First, I am sure, the subject so respected
 Is well-disposed ; for bodies, once infected,
 Deprav'd, or dead, can have with thee
 No hold, nor sympathie.

Next, there's in it a restless, pure desire
 And longing for thy bright and vitall fire,
 Desire that never will be quench'd,
 None can be writh'd nor wrench'd.

These are the magnets, which so strongly move
 And work all night upon thy light and love ;

As beauteous shapes, we know not why,
Command and guide the eye.

For where desire, celestially, pure desire,
Hath taken root, and grows, and doth not tire,
There God a commerce states,¹ and sheds
His secret on their heads.

This is the heart he craves ; and who so will
But give it Him, and grudge not, he shall feel
That God is true ; as herbs unseen
Put on their youth and green.

THE PALM TREE.



DEARE friend, sit down, and bear awhile
this shade,
As I have yours long since. This plant
you see
So prest and bow'd, before sin did degrade
Both you and it, had equall liberty

With other trees ; but now that from the breath
And air of Eden, like a male-content

¹ = places or establishes in a well ordered way. G.

It thrives no where. This makes these weights—
like death

And sin—hang at him ; for the more he's bent

The more he grows. Celestial natures still
Aspire for home. This, Solomon of old
By flowers and carvings and mysterious skill
Of wings, and cherubims, and palms foretold.

This is the life which, hid above with Christ
In God,¹ doth always—hidden—multiply,
And spring, and grow, a tree ne'r to be priced,²
A tree, whose fruit is immortality.

Here spirits that have run their race, and fought,
And won the fight, and have not feared the frowns
Nor lov'd the smiles of greatness, but have wrought
Their Master's will, meet to receive their crowns.

Here is the patience of the saints : this tree
Is water'd by their tears, as flowers are fed
With dew by night ; but One you cannot see
Sits here, and numbers all the tears they shed.

Here is their faith too, which, if you will keep
When we two part, I will a journey make
To pluck a garland hence while you do sleep,
And weave it for your head against you wake.

¹ Colossians iii., 3. G. ² Misprinted 'pricked'. G.

JOY.

BE dumb, coarse measures, jar no more ; to
 me
 There is no discord but your harmony,
 False, jingling sounds ; a grone well drest, where
 care

Moves in disguise, and sighs afflict the air.
 Sorrows in white ; griefs tun'd ; a sugred dosis
 Of wormwood, and a death's-head crown'd with
 roses.

He weighs not your forc'd accents, who can have
 A lesson plaid him by a winde or wave.
 Such numbers tell their days, whose spirits be
 Lull'd by those charmers to a lethargy.

But as for thee, whose faults long since require
 More eyes then stars ; whose breath, could it aspire
 To equal winds, would prove short : Thou hast
 Another mirth, a mirth, though overcast
 With clouds and rain, yet full as calm and fine
 As those clear heights which above tempests shine.

Therefore while the various showers
 Kill and cure the tender flowers,
 While the winds refresh the year
 Now with clouds, now making clear,
 Be sure under pains of death

To pry both thine eyes and breath.
 As leaves in bowers
 Whisper their hours,
 And hermit-wells
 Drop in their cells :
 So in sighs and unseen tears
 Pass thy solitary years,
 And going hence, leave written on some tree,
 'Sighs make joy sure, and shaking fastens thee.'


THE FAVOUR.



THY bright looks ! Thy glance of love
 Shown, and but shown, me from above !
 Rare looks ! that can dispense such joy
 As without wooing wins the coy,
 And makes him mourn, and pine, and dye,
 Like a starv'd caglet, for Thine eye.
 Some kinde herbs here, though low and far,
 Watch for and know their loving star.¹
 O let no star compare with Thee !
 Nor any herb out-duty me !
 So shall my nights and mornings be
 Thy time to shine, and mine to see.

¹ The flowers that close with sun-set heralded by the evening-star. G.

THE GARLAND.

HOU, who dost flow and flourish here
 below,
 To whom a falling star and nine dayes'
 glory,

Or some frail beauty makes the bravest shew,
 Hark, and make use of this ensuing story.

When first my youthfull, sinfull age
 Grew master of my wayes,
 Appointing Errour for my Page,
 And Darknesse for my dayes ;
 I flung away, and with full crie
 Of wild affections, rid
 In post for pleasures, bent to trie
 All gamesters that would bid.
 I played with fire, did counsell spurn,
 Made life my common stake ;
 But never thought that fire would burn,
 Or that a soul could ake.
 Glorious deceptions,² gilded mists,
 False joyes, phantastick fights,

² = deceptions, with a boastful outward show, like
miles gloriosus. G.

Peeeces of sackcloth with silk lists,¹
 These were my prime delights.
 I sought choice bowres, haunted the spring,
 Cull'd flowres and made me posies ;
 Gave my fond humours their full wing,
 And crown'd my head with roses.
 But at the height of this carciere
 I met with a dead man,
 Who, noting well my vain abear,²
 Thus unto me began :
 Desist, fond fool, be not undone ;
 What thou hast cut to day
 Will fade at night, and with this sun
 Quite vanish and decay.
 Flowres gather'd in this world, die here ; if thou
 Wouldst have a wreath that fades not, let them grow,
 And grow for thee. Who spares them here, shall
 find
 A garland, where comes neither rain, nor wind.

¹ = borders. G.

² = bearing, deportment. Spenser has "So did the
 faerie knight himself *abeare*": (F. Q. B. v. st. xix) =
 deport, conduct. So too in F. Q. b. vi. st. xlv. G.

LOVE-SICK.



ESUS, my life! how shall I truly love
Thee?

O that Thy Spirit would so strongly
move me :

That Thou wert pleas'd to shed Thy grace so farr
As to make man all pure love, flesh a star!
A star that would ne'r set, but ever rise,
So rise and run, as to out-run these skies,
These narrow skies—narrow to me—that barre,
So barre me in, that I am still at warre,
At constant warre with them. O come, and rend
Or bow the heavens! Lord, bow them and descend,
And at Thy presence make these mountains flow,
These mountains of cold ice in me! Thou art
Refining fire, O then refine my heart,
My foul, foul heart! Thou art immortall heat;
Heat motion gives; then warm it. till it beat;
So beat for Thee, till Thou in mercy hear;
So hear, that Thou must open; open to
A sinfull wretch, a wretch that caus'd Thy woe;
Thy woe, who caus'd his weal; so far his weal
That Thou forgott'st Thine own, for Thou didst
scal

Mine with Thy blood, Thy blood which makes
 Thee mine,
 Mine ever, ever ; and me ever Thine.

TRINITY-SUNDAY.



HOLY, blessed, glorious Three,
 Eternall witnesses that be
 In heaven, One God in Trinitie !

As here on Earth—when men with-stood—
 The Spirit, Water, and the Blood
 Made my Lord's Incarnation good :

So let the unty-types in me
 Elected, bought, and seal'd for free,
 Be own'd, sav'd, sainted by you Three !¹

PSALME 104.



P, O my soul! and blesse the Lord! O God
 My God, how great, how very great art
 Thou!
 Honour and majesty have their abode
 With Thee, and crown Thy brow.

¹ See 2 John v. 8. G.

Thou cloath'st Thy Self with light, as with a robe,
And the high, glorious heav'ns Thy mighty
hand
Doth spread like curtains round about this globe
Of air, and sea, and land.

The beams of Thy bright chambers Thou dost lay
In the deep waters, which no eye can find ;
The clouds Thy chariots are, and Thy path-way
The wings of the swift wind.

In thy celestiall, gladsome messages
Dispatch'd to holy souls, sick with desire
And love of Thee, each willing angel is
Thy minister in fire.

Thy arm unmoveable for ever laid
And founded the firm Earth ; then with the
deep
As with a vail Thou hidst it ; Thy floods plaid
Above the mountains steep.

At Thy rebuke they fled, at the known voice
Of their Lord's thunder they retir'd apace :
Some up the mountains past by secret ways,
Some downwards to their place.

For Thou to them a bound hath set, a bound,
Which—though but sand—keeps in and curbs
whole seas :

There all their fury, fume, and hideous sound,
Must languish and decrease.

And as Thy care bounds these, so Thy rich love
Doth broach the Earth ; and lesser brooks lets
forth,

Which run from hills to valleys, and improve
Their pleasure and their worth.

These to the beasts of every field give drink ;
• There the wilde asses swallow the cold spring :
And birds amongst the branches on their brink
Their dwellings have, and sing.

Thou from Thy upper springs above, from those
Chambers of rain, where heav'ns large bottles
lie,

Doest water the parch'd hills, whose breaches close,
Heal'd by the showers from high.

Grass for the cattle, and herbs for man's use
Thou mak'st to grow ; these—blest by Thee—
the Earth

Brings forth, with wine, oyl, bread : all which
infuse

To man's heart strength and mirth.

Thou givs't the trees their greenness, ev'n to those,
Cedars in Lebanon, in whose thick boughs
The birds their nests build; though the stork doth
choose
The fir trees for her house.

To the wilde goats the high hills serve for folds,
The rocks give conies a retyring place :
Above them the cool moon her known course holds,
And the sun runs his race.

Thou makest darkness, and then comes the night ;
In whose thick shades and silence, each wilde
beast
Creeps forth, and, pinch'd for food, with scent and
sight
Hunts in an eager quest.

The Lyon's whelps impatient of delay
Roar in the covert of the woods, and seek
Their meat from Thee, Who doest appoint the prey,
And feed'st them all the week.

This past, the sun shines on the Earth, and they
Retire into their dens ; man goes abroad
Unto his work, and at the close of day
Returns home with his load.

O Lord my God, how many and how rare
Are Thy great works ! In wisdom hast Thou
made

Them all ; and this the Earth, and every blade
Of grass, we tread, declare.

So doth the deep and wide sea, wherein are
Innumerable, creeping things, both small
And great : there ships go, and the shipmen's fear,
The comely spacious whale.

These all upon Thee wait, that Thou maist feed
Them in due season : what Thou giv'st they
take ;

Thy bounteous open hand helps them at need,
And plenteous meals they make.

When Thou doest hide Thy face - Thy face which
keeps

All things in being—they consume and mourn :
When Thou withdraw'st their breath their vigour
sleeps,

And they to dust return.

Thou send'st Thy Spirit forth, and they revive,
The frozen Earth's dead face Thou dost renew :
Thus Thou Thy glory through the world dost
drive,

And to Thy works art true.

Thine eyes behold the Earth, and the whole stage
 Is mov'd and trembles, the hills melt and smoke
 With Thy least touch ; lightnings and winds that
 rage
 At Thy rebuke are broke.

Therefore as long as Thou wilt give me breath
 I will in songs to Thy great name imploy
 That gift of Thine, and to my day of death
 Thou shalt be all my joy.

He spice my thoughts with Thee, and from Thy
 Word,
 Gather true comforts ; but the wicked liver
 Shall be consum'd. O my soul, bless thy Lord !
 Yes, bless thou Him for ever !

THE BIRD.

THITHER thou com'st: the busie wind all
 night
 Blew through thy lodging, where thy own
 warm wing
 Thy pillow was. Many a sullen storm
 —For which course¹ man seems much the fitter
 born—

¹ = coarse : contemporary spelling. G.
 N

Rain'd on thy bed
And harmless head.

And now as fresh and chearful as the light
Thy little heart in early hymns doth sing
Unto that Providence, Whose unseen arm
Curb'd them, and cloath'd thee well and warm.
All things that be praise Him ; and had
Their lesson taught them when first made.

So hills and valleys into singing break ;
And though poor stones have neither speech nor
tongue,
While active winds and streams both run and
speak,
Yet stones are deep in admiration.
Thus praise and prayer here beneath the sun
Make lesser mornings, when the great are done.


For each inclosèd spirit is a star
Inlightning his own little sphere,
Whose light, though fetcht and borrowèd from far,
Both mornings makes and evenings there.

But as these birds of light make a Land glad,
Chirping their solemn matins on each tree :
So in the shades of night some dark fowls be,
Whose heavy notes make all that hear them sad.

The turtle then in palm-trees mourns,
 While owls and satyrs howl ;
 The pleasant Land to brimstone turns,
 And all her streams grow foul.¹

Brightness and mirth, and love and faith, all flye,
 Till the Day-spring breaks forth again from high.

THE TIMBER.

URE thou didst flourish once ! and many
 springs,
 Many bright mornings, much dew, many
 showers
 Past ore thy head ; many light hearts and wings,
 Which now are dead, lodg'd in thy living bowers.
 And still a new succession sings and flies ;
 Fresh groves grow up, and their green branches
 shoot
 Towards the old and still enduring skies,
 While the low violet thrives at their root.
 But thou beneath the sad and heavy line
 Of death, doth waste all senseless,² cold, and
 dark ;

¹ Genesis xiii. 10-18 and xix. 23-25. G.

² Query = all senseless waste ? G.

Where not so much as dreams of light may shine,
Nor any thought' of greenness, leaf, or bark.

And yet—as if some deep hate and dissent,
Bred in thy growth betwixt high winds and thee,
Were still alive—thou dost great storms resent
Before they come, and know'st how near they be.

Else all at rest thou lyest, and the fierce breath
Of tempests can no more disturb thy ease;
But this thy strange resentment after death
Means onely those who broke—in life—thy peace.

So murdered man, when lovely life is done,
And his blood freez'd, keeps in the center still
Some secret sense, which makes the dead blood run
At his approach that did the body kill.²

¹ Elliptical for 'nor is there any', the verb 'is' being apparently supposed to be included in 'shines' of previous clause. G.

² A very frequent illustration among contemporaries. Here is one in Dobson's sermon on Lady Mary Farnor, worth preserving, from the felicitous turn given to it: "If the carcass of him that is slain, be apt to bleed a-fresh, when but lightly touched by the trembling murderer: by the same kind of sympathy perhaps, the most slender commendations may draw blood into the face, and discolour the paleness of Death, with the modesty of a blush," (1670 pp 25-26.) G.

And is there any murth'rer worse than sin ?
 Or any storms more foul than a lewd life ?
 Or what resentient¹ can work more within,
 Then true remorse, when with past sins at strife ?

He that hath left life's vain joys and vain care,
 And truly hates to be detain'd on Earth,
 Hath got an house where many mansions are,
 And keeps his soul unto eternal mirth.

But though thus dead unto the world, and ceas'd
 From sin, he walks a narrow, private way ;
 Yet grief and old wounds make him sore displeas'd
 And all his life a rainy, weeping day.

For though he should forsake the world, and live
 As meer² a stranger, as men long since dead ;
 Yet joy itself will make a right soul grieve
 To think, he should be so long vainly led.

But as shades set off light, so tears and grief
 —Though of themselves but a sad blubber'd
 story—

¹ = the working 'secret sense' or influence (see *above*)
 that works or produces the effect or the resentment.
 'Remorse' shews the meaning—it being the 'resentient'
 that makes the body weep when it feels the return (in
 memory) of the murderer, sin. G.

² = absolute. G.

By shewing the sin great, shew the relief
Far greater, and so speak my Savior's glory.

If my way lies through deserts and wilde woods,
Where all the Land with scorching heat is curst;
Better the pools should flow with rain and floods
To fill my bottle, then I die with thirst.

Blest showers they are, and streams sent from
above,
Begetting virgins' where they use to flow;
And trees of life no other waters love:
These upper springs and none else, make them
grow.

But these chaste fountains flow not till we dye:
Some drops may fall before, but a clear spring

¹ Cf. Revelation vii. 4 and 14-17 and xiv. 1-4, together with the quotation, as above, from the Epistle to the Romans. Or is virgins = nymphs *i. e.* streams? Thus Sir John Davies in "Nosce Teipsum":

"And as the moisture, which the thirstie earth
Suckes from the sea to fill her emptie veines,
From out her wombe at last doth take a birth,
And runs a nymph along the grassie plaines".

So in "Orchestra" (st. 63). See our edition of Sir John Davies, pp. 129, 201. G.

And ever running, till we leave to fling
Dirt in her way, will keep above the skie.

ROM[ANS] CAP. 6. VER. 7.

He that is dead, is freed from sin.

THE JEWS.



WHEN the fair year
Of your Deliverer comes,
And that long frost which now benums
Your hearts shall thaw ; when angels here
Shall yet to man appear,
And familiarly confer
Beneath the oke and juniper ;¹
When the bright Dove,
Which now these many, many springs
Hath kept above,
Shall with spread wings
Descend ; and living waters flow
To make drie dust, and dead trees grow :

¹ The two-fold allusion here, as earlier and frequently, is no doubt to interviews with angels, beneath oaks, as told in Judges vi. 11 *et alibi* and to the angelic visit to ELIJAH, similarly told in 1 Kings xix 4-5. G.

O then that I
 Might live, and see the olive bear
 Her proper branches! which now lie
 Scatter'd each where ;
 And, without root and sap, decay ;
 Cast by the husband man away :
 And sure it is not far !
 For as your fast and foul decays,
 Forerunning the bright morning-star,
 Did sadly note His healing rayes
 Would shine elsewhere, since you were blind,
 And would be cross, when God was kinde :

So by all signs
 Our fulness too is now come in ;
 And the same sun, which here declines
 And sets, will few hours hence begin
 To rise on you again, and look
 Towards old Mamre and Eshcol's brook.
 For surely He
 Who lov'd the world so as to give
 His onely Son to make it free.¹
 Whose Spirit too doth mourn and grieve
 To see man lost, will for old love
 From your dark hearts this veil remove.²

¹ St. John iii. 16. G. ² Corinthians iii. 14. G.

Faith sojourn'd first on Earth in you,
 You were the dear and chosen stock :
 The Arm of God,¹ glorious and true,
 Was first revealed to be your Rock.²

You were the eldest childe, and when
 Your stony hearts despisèd love,
 The youngest, ev'n the Gentiles, then,
 Were chear'd, your jealousy³ to move.

Thus, righteous Father ! doest Thou deal
 With brutish men ; Thy gifts go round
 By turns, and timely, and so heal
 The lost son by the newly found.⁴

BEGGING.



⁵ DO not go ! Thou know'st, I'll dye !
 My spring and fall⁶ are in Thy book !
 Or, if Thou goest, do not deny
 To lend me, though from far, one look !

¹ Isaiah li. 9. G. ² Deuteronomy xxxii. 31. G.

³ = emulation. G.

⁴ Cf. the parable of the 'Prodigal': St. Luke c xv.
 specially v. 24. G.

⁵ = Aye. G.

⁶ Fall = Autumn from *fall* of leaves, as Spring is the
springing-time. G.

My sins long since have made Thee strange,
 A very stranger unto me;
 No morning-meetings since this change,
 Nor evening-walks have I with Thee.

Why is my God so slow and cold,
 When I am most, most sick and sad?
 Well fare those blessed dayes of old,
 When Thou didst hear the weeping lad!¹

O do not Thou do as I did,
 Do not despise a love-sick heart!
 What though some clouds defiance bid,
 Thy sun must shine in every part.

Though I have spoil'd, O spoil not Thou!
 Hate not Thine Own dear gift and token!
 Poor birds sing best, and prettiest show,
 When their nest is faln and broken.

Dear Lord! restore Thy ancient peace,
 Thy quikning friendship, man's bright
 wealth!

And if Thou wilt not give me ease
 From sicknesse, give my spirit health!²

¹ Ishmael. Genesis xxi. 17. G.

² It has not been (hitherto) noticed that the above hymn

PALM SUNDAY.



OME, drop your branches, strow the way,
Plants of the day!

Whom sufferings make most green and
gay.

The King of grief, the Man of Sorrow,
Weeping still, like the wet morrow,
Your shades and freshness comes to borrow.

Put on, put on your best array ;
Let the joy'd rode make holy-day,
And flowers, that into fields do stray,
Or secret groves, keep the high way.

Trees, flowers, and herbs ; birds, beasts, and stones,
That since man fell, expect with groans
To see the Lamb, come¹ all at once,
Lift up your heads, and leave your moans ;
For here comes He

here entitled 'Begging' had previously appeared as the dedication of "Flores Solitudinis" (1654) being there headed "To the onely true and glorious God, the sole disposer of Life and Death". There are only slight variations of orthography between the earlier and later text. See in its place in "Flores Solitudinis" in Vol IV. G.

¹ Misprinted 'which'. G.

Whose death will be
Man's life, and your full liberty.

Hark! how the children shril and high
 ' Hosanna ' cry ;
Their joys provoke the distant skie,
Where thrones and seraphins reply ;
And their own angels' shine and sing,
 In a bright ring :
 Such yong, sweet mirth
 Makes heaven and earth
Joyn in a joyful symphony.

The harmless, yong, and happy ass,
—Seen long before this came to pass—²
Is in these joys an high partaker,
Ordain'd, and made to bear his Maker.

Dear feast of palms, of flowers and dew !
 Whose fruitful dawn sheds hopes and lights ;
Thy bright solemnities did shew
 The third glad day through two sad nights.

I'le get me up before the sun,
I'le cut me boughs off many a tree,

¹ St. Matthew xviii. 10. G.

² Zechariah, chap. 9. ver. 9. V.

And all alone full early run
To gather flowers to wellcome Thee.

Then like the palm, through' wrong I'lc bear,
I will be still a childe, still meeke
As the poor ass, which the proud gear,
And onely my dear Jesus seek.

If I lose all, and must endure
The proverb'd griefs of holy Job,
I care not, so I may secure
But one green branch and a white robe.²

JESUS WEEPING.

ST. LUKE, [CAP.] 19, VER. 41.



BLESSED, unhappy city! dearly lov'd,
But still unkinde! Art this day nothing
mov'd?

Art senseless still? O can'st thou sleep
When God Himself for thee doth weep?
Stiff-neckèd Jews! your fathers' breed,

¹ Misprinted 'though': Mr. Lyte and his editor (1858) correct by misreading 'wronged' for 'wrong', but 'through' with minimum of change gives a deeper meaning. G.

² Revelation iii. 4, 5: vii. 9. G.

That serv'd the calf, not Abra'm's seed ;
 Had not the babes ' Hosanna ' cryed,
 The stones had spoke what you denyed.

Dear Jesus, weep on ! pour this latter
 Soul-quickning rain, this living water

On their dead hearts ; but—O my fears !—
 They will drink blood that despise tears.
 My dear, bright Lord ! my Morning-star !
 Shed this live-dew on fields which far
 From hence long for it ! shed it there,
 Where the starv'd Earth groans for one tear !

This Land, though with Thy heart's blest extract
 fed,
 Will nothing yield but thorns to wound Thy head

THE DAUGHTER OF HERODIAS.

ST. MATTH. CHAP. 14 VER. 6, &c.



AIN, sinful art ! who first did fit
 Thy lewd, loath'd motions unto sounds,
 And make grave Musique, like wild wit,
 Erre in loose airs beyond her bounds ;—

What fires hath he heap'd on his head !

Since to his sins—as needs it must—
 His art adds still—though he be dead—
 New, fresh accounts of blood and lust.

Leave then, yong sorceress; the ice
 Will those coy¹ spirits cast asleep,²
 Which teach thee now to please his eyes
 Who doth thy lothsome mother keep.³

But thou hast pleas'd so well, he swears,
 And gratifies thy sin with vows;
 His shameless lust in publick wears,
 And to thy soft arts strongly bows.

Skilful inchantress, and true bred!
 Who out of evil can bring forth good?
 Thy mother's nets in thee were spred,
 She tempts to incest, thou to blood.

¹ Query—'coy' for 'decoy'? See our Memorial Introduction for more on the word. G.

² Her name was Salome; in passing over a frozen river, the ice broke under her, and chopt off her head. V. Cf. Josephus, *Antiq.* xviii. 5 §4. G.

³ Herod Antipas. V.

JESUS WEEPING.

ST. JOHN, CHAP. 11. VER. 35.



Y dear, Almighty Lord! why dost Thou
weep?
Why dost Thou groan and groan again?
And with such deep,
Repeated sighs Thy kinde heart pain?
Since the same sacred breath, which thus
Doth mourn for us,
Can make man's dead and scatter'd bones
Unite, and raise up all that dyed, at once?

O holy groans! groans of the Dove!
O healing tears! the tears of love!
Dew of the dead! which makes dust move
And spring, how is't that you so sadly grieve,
Who can relieve?

Should not Thy sighs refrain Thy store
Of tears, and not provoke to more?
Since two afflictions may not raign
In one at one time, as some feign.
Those blasts, which o'r our heads here stray,
If showers then fall, will showers allay;
As those poor pilgrims oft have tryed,
Who in this windy world abide.

Dear Lord ! Thou art all grief and love ;
But which Thou art most, none can prove.
Thou griev'st, man should himself undo,
And lov'st him, though he works Thy wo.

'Twas not that vast, almighty measure
Which is requir'd to make up life,
—'lthough purchas'd with Thy heart's dear
treasure—

Did breed this strife
Of grief and pity in Thy brest,
The throne where peace and power rest :
But 'twas Thy love that—without leave—
Made Thine eyes melt, and Thy heart heave.
For though death cannot so undo
What Thou hast done,—but though man too
Should help to spoil—Thou canst restore
All better far then 'twas before.
Yet Thou so full of pity art
—Pity which overflows Thy heart!—
That, though the cure of all man's harm
Is nothing to Thy glorious Arm,
Yet canst not Thou that free cure do,
But Thou must sorrow for him too.

Then farewell joys ! for while I live,
My business here shall be to grieve :
A grief that shall outshine all joys

o

For mirth and life, yet without noise.
 A grief, whose silent dew shall breed
 Lilies and myrrhe, where the curs'd seed
 Did sometimes rule. A grief so bright,
 'Twill make the land of darkness light;
 And while too many sadly roam,
 Shall send me—swan like—singing home.

PSALM 73. VER. 25.

*Whom have I in heaven but Thee? and there is
 none upon Earth, that I desire besides Thee.*

PROVIDENCE.

SACRED and secret hand!
 By whose assisting, swift command
 The angel shewd that holy well,
 Which freed poor Hugar from her fears,
 And turn'd to smiles the begging tears
 Of yong, distressèd Ishmael.

How in a mystick cloud
 —Which doth thy strange sure mercies shroud—
 Doest Thou convey man food and money
 Unseen by him, till they arrive
 Just at his mouth, that thankless hive
 Which kills Thy bees, and eats Thy honey!

If I Thy servant be
 —Whose service makes ev'n captives free—
 A fish shall all my tribute pay,¹
 The swift-wing'd raven² shall bring me meat,
 And I, like flowers, shall still go neat,
 As if I knew no moneth but May.

I will not fear what man
 With all his plots and power can.
 Bags that wax old³ may plundered be ;
 But none can sequester or let
 A state that with the sun doth set,
 And comes next morning fresh as he.

Poor birds this doctrine sing,
 And herbs which on dry hills do spring,
 Or in the howling wilderness
 Do know Thy dewy morning hours,
 And watch all night for mists showers,
 Then drink and praise Thy bounteousness.

May he for ever dye
 Who trusts not Thee, but wretchedly
 Hunts gold and wealth, and will not lend
 Thy service nor his soul one day !

¹ St. Matthew xvii. 27. G.

² 1 Kings, xvii., 4. G.

³ St. Luke, xii. 33. G.

May his crown, like his hopes, be clay ;
And what he saves, may his foes spend !

If all my portion here,
The measure given by Thee each year,
Were by my causless enemies
Usurp'd ; it never should me grieve,
Who know how well Thou canst relieve,
Whose hands are open as Thine eyes.

Great King of Love and Truth !
Who would'st not hate my froward youth,
And wilt not leave me when grown old ;
Gladly will I, like Pontick sheep,
Unto my wormwood-diet keep,¹
Since Thou hast made Thy Arm my fold.

THE KNOT.

BRIGHT Queen of Heaven ! God's virgin
Spouse !
The glad world's blessèd maid !
Whose beauty tyed life to thy house,
And brought us saving ayd.

¹ Sheep fed on the Euxine [Euxinus Pontus]—the allusion being to the (legendary) salt-lake or sea of Maeotis: (Polybius iv. 22—43). G.

Thou art the true Love's-knot ; by thee
 God is made our allie ;
 And man's inferior essence He
 With His did dignifie.

For coalescent by that band
 We are His body grown,
 Nourished with favors from His hand
 Whom for our Head we own.

And such a knot, what arm dares loose,
 What life, what death can sever ?
 Which us in Him, and Him in us,
 United keeps for ever.

THE ORNAMENT.



THE lucky World shewd me one day
 Her gorgeous mart and glittering store,
 Where with proud haste the rich made
 way

To buy, the poor came to adore.

Serious they seem'd and bought up all
 The latest modes of pride and lust ;
 Although the first must surely fall,
 And the last is most loathsome dust.

But while each gay, alluring ware
 With idle hearts and busie looks
 They viewd,—for Idleness hath there
 Laid up all her archives and books—

Quite through their proud and pompous file,
 Blushing, and in meek weeds array'd,
 With native looks which knew no guile,
 Came the sheep-keeping Syrian maid.¹

Whom strait the shining row all fac'd,
 Fore'd by her artless looks and dress ;
 While one cryed out, we are disgrac'd !
 For she is bravest, you confess.

ST. MARY MAGDALEN.

HEAR, beauteous saint ! more white then
 Day,
 When in his naked, pure array ;
 Fresher than morning-flowers which shew
 As thou in tears dost, best in dew.
 How art thou chang'd ! how lively-fair,
 Pleasing, and innocent an air,

¹ Rachel : Genesis xxviii. 5 and xxix. 9 : or query—
 Mary ? G.

Not tutor'd by thy glass, but free,
 Native and pure, shines now in thee!
 But since thy beauty doth still keep
 Bloomy and fresh, why dost thou weep?
 This dusky state of sighs and tears
 Dnrst not look on those smiling years,
 When Magdal-castle¹ was thy seat,
 Where all was sumptuous, rare and neat.²
 Why lies this hair despisèd now
 Which once thy care and art did show?
 Who then did dress the much lov'd toy,
 In spires, globes, angry curls and coy,³
 Which with skill'd negligence seem'd shed
 About thy curious, wilde, yong head?
 Why is this rich, this pistie⁴ nard
 Spilt, and the box quite broke and marr'd?
 What pretty sullenness did hast
 Thy easie hands to do this waste?
 Why art thou humbled thus, and low

¹ Mary of Magdala = Mary Magdalene G.

² Clean, pure, as in Shakespeare repeatedly. G.

³ Cf. Isaiah iii. 16 *et seqq.* G.

⁴ = pure, unadulterated—coined either from the original Greek *πιστικός* or the Vulgate '*nardi pistici*' of St. John xii. 3: and cf. St. Mark xiv. 3. Sir Thomas Browne (Vulgar Errors B. vii. c. 7) has the word, spelled 'pistick'. G.

As earth thy lovely head dost bow ?
Dear soul ! thou knew'st flowers here on Earth
At their Lord's foot-stool have their birth ;
Therefore thy wither'd self in haste
Beneath His blest feet thou didst cast,
That at the root of this green tree
Thy great decays restor'd might be.
Thy curious vanities, and rare
Odorous ointments, kept with care
And dearly bought,—when thou didst see
They could not cure nor comfort thee—
Like a wise, early penitent,
Thou sadly didst to Him present,
Whose interceding, meek, and calm
Blood, is the world's all-healing balm.
This, this Divine Restorative
Call'd forth thy tears, which ran in live
And hasty drops, as if they had
—Their Lord so near—sense to be glad.
Learn, ladies, here the faithful cure
Makes beauty lasting, fresh and pure ;
Learn Mary's art of tears, and then
Say, you have got the day from men.
Cheap, mighty art ! her art of love,
Who lov'd much, and much more could move ;¹

¹ St. Luke. vii., 47. G.

Her art! whose memory must last
 Till truth through all the world be past;
 Till His abus'd, despisèd flame
 Return to heaven, from whence it came,
 And send a fire down, that shall bring
 Destruction on his ruddy wing.

Her art! whose pensive, weeping eyes,
 Were once Sin's loose and tempting spies;
 But now are fixèd stars, whose light
 Helps such dark straglers to their sight.
 Self-boasting Pharisee! how blinde
 A judge wert thou, and how unkinde!
 It was impossible, that thou,
 Who wert all false should'st true grief know.
 Is't just to judge her faithful tears
 By that foul rheum thy false eye wears?

'This woman'—say'st thou—'is a sinner':
 And sate there none such at thy dinner?
 Go leper, go! wash till thy flesh
 Come's like a childe's, spotless and fresh;
 He is still leprous that still paints:¹
 Who saint themselves, they are no saints.

¹ Probably suggested by what he had as a physician seen of skin diseases, then, for several reasons very common. G.

THE RAIN-BOW.



TILL young¹ and fine! but what is still
in view

We slight as old and soil'd, though fresh
and new.

How bright wert thou, when Shem's admiring eye
Thy burnisht, flaming arch did first desery!

When Terah, Nahor, Haran, Abram, Lot,
The youthful world's gray fathers in one knot,²
Did with intentive looks watch every hour
For thy new light, and trembled at each shower!
When thou dost shine, Darkness looks white and
fair,

Forms turn to musick, clouds to smiles and air:
Rain gently spends his honey-drops, and pours
Balm on the cleft earth, milk on grass and flowers
Bright pledge of peace and sun-shine! the sure tye
Of my Lord's hand, the object of His eye!³
When I behold thee, though my light be dim,
Distant and low, I can in thine see Him,
Who looks upon thee from His glorious throne,
And mindes the covenant 'twixt All and One.

¹ Misprinted 'youg'. G.

² Gen[esis] chap. 9. ver. 16. V.

³ See our Memorial-Introduction for CAMPBELL'S appropriation from this poem here. G.

O foul, deceitful men ! my God doth keep
 His promise still, but we break ours and sleep.
 After the Fall the first sin was in blood,¹
 And drunkenness² quickly did succeed the flood ;
 But since Christ dyed—as if we did devise
 To lose Him too, as well as Paradise—
 These two grand sins we joyn and act together,
 Though blood and drunkenness³ make but foul,
 foul weather.
 Water—though both heaven's windows and the
 deep
 Full forty days o'r the drown'd world did weep,⁴—
 Could not reform us, and blood—in despite—
 Yea God's own blood, we tread upon and slight.
 So those bad daughters, which God sav'd from
 fire,
 While Sodom yet did smoke, lay with their sire.⁵
 Then peaceful, signal bow, but in a cloud
 Still lodgèd, where all thy unseen arrows shrowd ;⁶
 I will on thee as on a comet look,

¹ Cain's murder of Abel. Genesis iv. 8. G.

² Noah : Genesis ix. 21. G. ³ = drunk'ness. G.


⁴ Genesis vii. 12. G. ⁵ Genesis xix. 31-33. G.

⁶ THOMAS BROOKS the Puritan, says contrariwise and finely of the Rainbow, that it is 'a bow, that hath no arrows'. G.

A comet, the sad world's ill-boding book ;
 Thy light as luctual¹ and stain'd with woes
 I'll judge, where penal flames sit mixt and close.
 For though some think, thou shin'st but to restrain
 Bold storms, and simply dost attend on rain ;
 Yet I know well, and so our sins require,
 Thou dost but court cold rain, till rain turns fire.

THE SEED GROWING SECRETLY.

S. MARK [CAP.] 4, [VER.] 26.¹

 F this world's friends might see but once
 What some poor man may often feel ;
 Glory, and gold, and crowns, and thrones,
 They would soon quit, and learn to kneel.

My dew, my dew ! my early love,
 My soul's bright food, Thy absence kills !

¹ No doubt from the Latin *luctus* sorrow or mourning :
 or *luctuosus*, doleful or sorrowful. La'ham's Johnson *s. v.*
 quotes Sir G. Buck, (History of Richard III. p 41) as
 follows : " The turbulent and *luctual* times, which were to-
 wards the end and period of his life and reign." Vaughan's
 is a later example. G.

¹ I adhere literally throughout to the Author's own text,
 albeit he is arbitrary in the use of the Latin and Eng-
 lish. G.

Hover not long, eternal Dove!
Life without Thee is loose, and spills.

Something I had, which long ago
Did learn to suck and sip and taste;
But now grown sickly, sad and slow,
Doth fret and wrangle, pine, and waste.

O spread Thy sacred wings, and shake
One living drop! one drop life keeps!
If pious griefs heaven's joys awake,¹
O fill his bottle! Thy child weeps!

Slowly and sadly doth he grow,
And soon as left shrinks back to ill;
O feed that life, which makes him blow
And spread and open to Thy will!

For Thy eternal, living wells
None stain'd or wither'd shall come near:
A fresh, immortal green there dwells,
And spotless white is all the wear.

Dear, secret greenness!² nurst below,
Tempests and windes, and winter-nights,

¹ St. Luke xv. 7. G.

² Cf. an earlier poem, 'The Hidden Flower' *ante*. G.

Vext not that but One sees thee grow :
That One made all these lesser lights.

If those bright joys He singly sheds
On thee, were all met in one crown,
Both sun and stars would hide their heads,
And moons, though full, would get them down.

Let glory be their bait, whose mindes
Are all too high for a low cell :
Though hawks can prey through storms and winds,
The poor bee in her hive must dwel.

Glory, the croud's cheap tinsel still
To what most takes them, is a drudge ;
And they too oft take good for ill,
And thriving Vice for Vertue judge.

What needs a conscience calm and bright
Within itself, an outward test ?
Who breaks his glass to take more light,
Makes way for storms into his rest,

Then bless thy secret growth, nor catch
At noise, but thrive unseen and dumb ;
Keep clean, bear fruit, earn life, and watch,
Till the white-wingèd reapers come !¹

¹ St. Matthew xiii. 39. G.

[MOURNING FOR THE YOUNG DEAD.]



AS Time one day by me did pass,
 Through a large dusky glasse
 He held, I chanc'd to look,
 And spyed his curious book
 Of past days, where sad Heav'n did shed
 A mourning light upon the dead.

Many disordered lives I saw,
 And foul records, which thaw
 My kinde eyes still, but in
 A fair, white page of thin
 And ev'n, smooth lines, like the sun's rays,
 Thy name was writ, and all thy days.

O bright and happy kalendar !
 Where youth shines like a star
 All pearl'd with tears, and may
 Teach age the holy way ;

Where through thick pangs, high agonies,
 Faith into life breaks, and Death dies.

As some meek night-piecc¹ which day quails,
 To candle-light unvcils :

¹ Query = silk-sewn piece of a Night-scene? G.

So by one beamy line
 From thy bright lamp, did shine
 In the same page thy humble grave,
 Set with green herbs, glad hopes and brave.

Here slept my thought's dear mark ! which
 dust

Seem'd to devour, like rust ;
 But dust— I did observe—
 By hiding doth preserve ;
 As we for long and sure recruits,¹
 Candy with sugar our choice fruits.

O calm and sacred bed, where lies
 In death's dark mysteries
 A beauty far more bright
 Than the noon's cloudless light ;
 For whose dry dust green branches bud,
 And robes are bleach'd in the Lamb's blood.

Sleep, happy ashes !—blessed sleep !—
 While haplesse I still weep ;
 Weep that I have out-liv'd
 My life, and unreliev'd
 Must—soul-lesse shadow !—so live on,
 Though life be dead, and my joys gone.

¹ = literally, that which re-encreases or re-grows : apparently used here and elsewhere for 'preserves'. G.

¶ [RELIGION.]

AIR and yong light ! my guide to holy
 Grief and soul-curing melancholy ;
 Whom living here I did still shun

As sullen night-ravens do the sun,
 And lead by my own foolish fire
 Wandred through darkness, dens, and mire.
 How am I now in love with all
 That I term'd then meer bonds and thrall !
 And to Thy name—which still I keep —
 Like the surviving turtle, weep !
 O bitter curs'd delights of men !
 Our soul's diseases first. and then
 Our bodies ; poysons that intreat
 With fatal sweetness, till we eat ;
 How artfully do you destroy,
 That kill with smiles and seeming joy !
 If all the subtilities of Vice
 Stood bare before unpractic'd eyes,
 And every act she doth commence
 Hud writ down its sad consequence,
 Yet would not men grant their ill fate
 Lodged in those false looks, till too late.
 O holy, happy, healthy heaven,
 Where all is pure, where all is even,

P

Plain, harmless, faithful, fair, and bright,
But what Earth breaths against thy light !
How blest had men been, had their sire
Liv'd still in league with thy chaste fire ;
Nor made life through her long descents
A slave to lustful elements !
I did once read in an old book,
Soil'd with many a weeping look,
' That the seeds of foul sorrows be
The finest things that are, to see.'
So that fam'd fruit, which made all dye
Seem'd fair unto the woman's eye.¹
If these supplanters, in the shade
Of Paradise could make man fade,
How in this world should they deter
This world, their fellow-murtherer !
And why then grieve we to be sent
Home by our first fair punishment,
Without addition to our woes
And ling'ring wounds from weaker foes ;
Since that both quickly freedom win,
' For he that's dead is freed from sin ' ?²
O that I were wingèd and free
And quite undrest just now with Thee,

Genesis iii. 6. G. ² Romans vi. 7. G.

Where freed souls dwel by living fountains
 On everlasting, spicy mountains !¹
 Alas ! my God ! take home Thy sheep ;
 This world but laughs at those that weep.

THE STONE.

JOSH[UA] CHAP. 24. VER, 27.



HAVE it now :
 But where to act that none shall
 know ;
 Where I shall have no cause to fear
 An eye or ear,
 What man will show ?
 If nights, and shades, and secret rooms,
 Silent as tombs,
 Will not conceal nor assent to
 My dark designs, what shall I do ?
 Man I can brite, and woman will
 Consent to any gainful ill,
 But these dumb creatures are so true,
 No gold nor gifts can them subdue.
 'Hedges have ears,' said the old sooth,

¹ Reminiscences of Song of Solomon : vi. 2 : viii. 14. G.

' And ev'ry bush is something's booth ;'
 This cautious fools mistake, and fear
 Nothing but man, when ambush'd there.

But I—alas!—
 Was shown one day in a strange glass
 That busie commerce kept between
 God and His creatures, though unseen.
 They hear, see, speak,
 And into loud discoveries break,
 As loud as blood.¹ Not that God needs
 Intelligence, Whose Spirit feeds
 All things with life, before Whose eye,
 Hell and all hearts stark naked lye.
 But He² that judgeth us He hears,
 He that accuseth none, so steers
 His righteous course, that though He knows
 All that man doth, conceals or shows,
 Yet will not He by his own light
 —Though both all-seeing and all right—
 Condemn men ; but will try them by
 A process, which ev'n man's own eye
 Must needs acknowledge to be just.

¹ Genesis iv. 10 : Revelation vi. 10. Cf. Death of Abel,
 onward. G.

² John chap. 5. ver. 30. 46. V.

Hence sand and dust
Are shak'd for witnesses, and stones,
Which some think dead, shall all at once
With one attesting voice detect
Those secret sins we least suspect.
For know, wille men, that when you erre
Each thing turns scribe and register,
And, in obedience to his Lord,
Doth your most private sins record.

The Law delivered to the Jews,
Who promis'd much, but did refuse
Performance, will for that same deed
Against them by a stone proceed ;
Whose substance, though 'tis hard enough,
Will prove their hearts more stiff and tuff.
But now, since God on Himself took
What all mankinde could never brook,
If any—for He all invites—
His easie yoke rejects or slights,
The Gospel then—for 'tis His Word,
And not Himself¹ shall judge the world—
Will by loose dust that man arraign,
As one than dust more vile and vain.

¹ S. John, chap. 12. ver. 47, 48. V.

THE DWELLING-PLACE.

St. John, chap. 1. ver. 38, 39.


THAT happy, secret fountain,
 Fair shade, or mountain,
 Whose undiscover'd virgin glory¹
 Boasts it this day, though not in story,
 Was then Thy dwelling? did some cloud,
 Fix'd to a tent,² descend and shroud
 My distrest Lord? or did a star,
 Beckon'd by Thee, though high and far,
 In sparkling smiles haste gladly down
 To lodge light, and increase her own?
 My dear, dear God! I do not know
 What lodged Thee then, nor where, nor how;
 But I am sure Thou dost now come
 Oft to a narrow, homely room,
 Where Thou too hast but the least part;
 My God, I mean my 'sinful heart.'

¹ So in 'The Night' onward, 'virgin-shrine': but Vaughan unlike Crashaw, as elsewhere remarked, does not affect compounds. G.

² Fix'd in manner of, or in likeness to, a tent. G.

THE MEN OF WAR.

S. Luke, chap 23. ver. 11.


 F any have an ear,
 Saith holy John,¹ 'then let him hear!
 He, that into captivity
 Leads others, shall a captive be.
 Who with the sword doth others kill
 A sword shall his blood likewise spill.
 Here is the patience of the saints,
 And the true faith, which never faints.'²

Were not Thy word—dear Lord!— my light,
 How would I run to endless night,
 And persecuting Thee and Thine,
 Enact² for saints my self and mine!
 But now enlighten'd thus by Thee,
 I dare not think such villany;
 Nor for a temporal self-end
 Successful wickedness commend.
 For in this bright, instructing verse
 Thy saints are not the conquerers;
 But patient, meek, and overcome
 Like Thee, when set at naught and dumb.
 Armies Thou hast in Heaven, which fight

¹ Revel. cap. 13. ver. 10. V.

² = decree themselves as. G.

And follow Thee all cloath'd in white ;
But here on Earth—though Thou hadst need—
Thou wouldst no legions, but wouldst bleed.
The sword wherewith Thou dost command
Is in Thy mouth, not in Thy hand,¹
And all Thy saints do overcome
By Thy blood, and their martyrdom.
But seeing soldiers long ago
Did spit on Thee, and smote Thee too ;
Crown'd Thee with thorns, and bow'd the knee,
But in contempt, as still we see,
I'le marvel not at ought they do,
Because they us'd my Saviour so ;
Since of my Lord they had their will,
Thy servant must not take it ill.

Dear Jesus, give me patience here,
And faith to see my crown as near,
And almost reach'd, because 'tis sure
If I hold fast, and slight the lure.
Give me humility and peace,
Contented thoughts, innoxious ease,
A sweet, revengeless, quiet minde,
And to my greatest haters, kinde.
Give me, my God ! a heart as milde

¹ Cf. Revelation xix. 14-15 and parallel passages. G.

And plain, as when I was a childe.
 That when 'Thy throne is set',¹ and all
 These 'conquerors' before it fall,
 I may be found—preserv'd by Thee—
 Amongst that chosen company,
 Who by no blood—here—overcame
 But the blood of the blessed Lamb.

THE ASS.

ST. MATT. [CAP.] 21.



THOU who didst place me in this busie
 street
 Of flesh and blood, where two ways
 meet :

The one of goodness, peace, and life,
 The other of death, sin, and strife ;
 Where frail visibles rule the minde,
 And present things finde men most kinde ;
 Where obscure cares the mean defeat,
 And splendid vice destroys the great ;
 As Thou didst set no law for me,
 But that of perfect liberty,

¹ Revelation iv. 2. G.

² Romans viii. 36-37 and Revelation iv. 9 and xii.
 11. G.

Which neither tyres, nor doth corrode,
But is a pillow, not a load ;
So give me grace ever to rest,
And build on it, because the best ;
Teach both mine eyes and feet to move
Within those bounds set by Thy love ;
Grant I may soft and lowly be,
And minde those things I cannot see ;
Tye me to faith, though above reason ;
Who question Power, they speak treason ;
Let me, Thy ass, be onely wise
To carry, not search, mysteries.
Who carries Thee, is by Thee lead ;
Who argues, follows his own head.
To check bad motions, keep me still
Amongst the dead, where thriving Ill,
Without his brags and conquests lies,
And Truth—opprest here— gets the prize,
At all times, whatsoe'r I do
Let me not fail to question, who
Shares in the act, and puts me to't ?
And if not Thou, let not me do't.
Above all, make me love the poor ;
Those burthens to the rich man's door ;
Let me admire those, and be kinde ;
To low estates and a low minde.
If the world offers to me ought,

That by Thy book must not be sought,
 Or, though¹ it should be lawful, may
 Prove not expedient for Thy way,
 To shun that peril let Thy grace
 Prevail with me to shun the place ;
 Let me be wise to please Thee still,
 And let men call me what they will.

When thus Thy milde, instructing hand
 Findes Thy poor foal at Thy command,
 When he from wilde is become wise,
 And slights that most, which men most prize ;
 When all things here to thistles turn
 Pricking his lips, till he doth mourn
 And hang the head, sighing for those
 Pastures of life, where the Lamb goes :

O then, just then ! break or untye
 These bonds, this sad captivity,
 This leaden state, which men miscal
 Being and life, but is dead thrall.
 And when—O God ! the ass is free,
 In a state known to none but Thee,
 O let him by his Lord be led
 To living springs, and there be fed,
 Where light, joy, health, and perfect peace

¹ Misprinted 'though't' G.

Shuts out all pain and each disease ;
 Where death and frailty are forgotten
 And bones rejoyce, which once were broken !

THE HIDDEN TREASURE.

S. Matt. [cap.] 13. [ver.] 44.



WHAT can the man do that succeeds the
 king ?

Even what was done before, and no new
 thing.¹

Who shews me but one grain of sincere light ?
 False stars and fire-drakes,² the deceits of Night
 Set forth to fool and foil thee, do not boast ;
 Such coal-flames shew but kitchin-rooms at most.
 And those I saw search'd through ; yea those and
 all

That these three thousand years Time did let fall
 To blinde the eyes of lookers-back, and I

¹ Ecclesiastes chap. 2. 12. G.

² Fiery meteors or exhalations : once by Shakespeare in a personal sense, "a *fredrake*, did I hit it" (Henry VIII. v. 3.) in probable allusion to the fire-work so called. The *ignes fatui* or Wills o' the Wisp are the 'deceits of night'. G.

Now all is done, finde all is vanity.
 Those secret searches which afflict the wise,
 Paths that are hidden from the vultur's eyes,
 I saw at distance, and where grows that fruit
 Which others onely grope for and dispute.

The world's lov'd wisdom—for the world's
 friends think

There is none else—did not the dreadful brink
 And precipice it leads to bid me flie,
 None could with more advantage use then I.

Man's favorite sins, those tainting appetites,
 Which Nature breeds, and some fine clay invites,
 With all their soft, kinde arts and easie strains,
 Which strongly operate, though without pains,
 Did not a greater beauty rule mine eyes,
 None would more dote on, nor so soon entice.
 But since these sweets are sowre and poyson'd
 here,

Where the impure seeds flourish all the year,
 And private tapers will but help to stray
 Ev'n those, who by them would finde out the day,
 I'le seal my eyes up, and to Thy commands
 Submit my wilde heart, and restrain my hands ;
 I will do nothing, nothing know, nor see
 But what Thou bidst, and shew'st, and teachest
 me.

Look what Thou gav'st; all that I do restore,
 But for one thing, though purchas'd once before.

CHILDE-HOOD.



CANNOT reach it; and my striving eye
Dazles at it, as at eternity.

Were now that Chronicle alive,
Those white designs which children drive,
And the thoughts of each harmless hour,
With their content too in my pow'r,
Quickly would I make my path ev'n,
And by meer playing go to Heaven.

Why should men love
A wolf, more than a lamb or dove?
Or choose hell-fire and brimstone streams
Before bright-stars and God's own beams?
Who kisseth thorns will hurt his face,
But flowers do both refresh and grace;
And sweetly living—fie on men!—
Are, when dead, medicinal then;
If seeing much should make staid eyes,
And long experience should make wise;
Since all that age doth teach is ill,
Why should I not love childe-hood still?
Why, if I see a rock or shelf,
Shall I from thence cast down my self?
Or by complying with the world,
From the same precipice be hurl'd?

Those observations are but foul,
Which make me wise to lose my soul.

And yet the practice, worldlings call
Business, and weighty action all,
Checking the poor childe for his play,
But gravely cast themselves away.

Dear, harmless age! the short, swift span
Where weeping Virtue parts with man ;
Where love without lust dwells, and bends ,
What way we please without self-ends.

An age of mysteries! which he
Must live twice¹ that would God's face see ;
Which angels guard, and with it play,
Angels! which foul men drive away.

How do I study now, and scan
Thee more than ere I studyed man,
And onely see through a long night
Thy edges and thy bordering light!
O for thy center and mid-day!
For sure that is 'the narrow way!'

¹ St. Mark x. 18. G.

THE NIGHT.

JOHN [CAP] III. 2¹

THROUGH that pure virgin shrine,²
 That sacred veil³ drawn o'er Thy glorious
 noon,
 That men might look and live, as glo-worms shine,
 And face the moon :
 Wise Nicodemus saw such light
 As made him know his God by night

Most blest believer he !
 Who in that land of darkness and blinde eyes
 Thy long expected healing wings could see,
 When Thou didst rise !
 And, what can never more be done,
 Did at mid-night speak with the Sun !

O who will tell me, where
 He found Thee at the dead and silent hour ?
 What hallow'd solitary ground did bear

¹ Misprinted 2. 3. G.

² = night, as being that in which the virgin (Diana) moon is shrined, and in agreement with what the Poet says afterwards of the innocence of Night as compared with the 'remorseful day'. G

³ = His flesh or human nature. G.

So rare a flower ;
 Within whose sacred leaves did lie
 The fulness of the Deity ?

No mercy-seat of gold,
 No dead and dusty cherub, nor carved stone,
 But His own living works did my Lord hold
 And lodge alone ;
 Where trees and herbs did watch and peep
 And wonder, while the Jews did sleep.

Dear Night ! this world's defeat ;
 The stop to busie fools ; Care's check and curb ;
 The day of spirits ; my soul's calm retreat
 Which none disturb !
 Christ's¹ progress, and His prayer time ;²
 The hours to which high Heaven doth
 chime.³

¹ Mark, chap. 1 35. S. Luke, chap. 21. 37. V.

² The word *time* must be associated both with *progress* and *prayer*—His walking-time and prayer-time. Dr. George Macdonald in "Antiphon" (p 258). G.

³ This is an allusion to the sphere music: the great heavens is a clock whose hours are those when Jesus retires to His Father ; and to these hours the sphere-music gives the chime. Dr. Macdonald, as before. G.

God's silent, searching flight ;
 When my Lord's head is filled with dew, and all
 His locks are wet with the clear drops of Night ;
 His still, soft call ;
 His knocking time ;¹ the soul's dumb
 watch,
 When spirits their fair kinred catch.

Were all my loud, evil days
 Calm and unhaunted as is thy dark tent,
 Whose peace but by some angel's wing or voice
 Is seldom rent ;
 Then I in Heaven all the long year
 Would keep, and never wander here.

But living where the sun
 Doth all things wake, and where all mix and tyre
 Themselves and others, I consent and run
 To ev'ry myre ;
 And by this world's ill guiding light,
 Erre more than I can do by night.

There is in God—some say—
 A deep, but dazzling darkness; as men here

¹ "Behold I stand at the door and knock": Revelation
 iii. 20. G.

Say it is late and dusky, because they
 See not all clear.
 O for that Night! where I in Him
 Might live invisible and dim!

ABEL'S BLOOD.



AD, purple well! whose bubbling eye
 Did first against a murth'rer cry;
 Whose streams still vocal, still complain
 Of bloody Cain;
 And now at evening are as red
 As in the morning when first shed.
 If single thou
 — Though single voices are but low, —
 Could'st such a shrill and long cry rear
 As speaks still in thy Maker's ear,
 What thunders shall those men arraign
 Who cannot count those they have slain.
 Who bath not in a shallow flood,
 But in a deep, wide sea of blood?
 A sea, whose lowd waves cannot sleep,
 But deep still calleth upon deep:
 Whose urgent sound, like unto that
 Of many waters, beateth at
 The everlasting doors above,

Where souls behinde the altar move,
 And with one strong, incessant cry
 Inquire 'How long?' of the Most High'
 Almighty Judge!

At Whose just laws no just men grudge;
 Whose blessed, sweet commands do pour
 Comforts, and joys, and hopes each hour
 On those that keep them; O accept
 Of his vow'd heart, whom Thou hast kept
 From bloody men! and grant, I may
 That sworn memorial duly pay
 To Thy bright arm, which was my light
 And leader through thick death and night!

I² may that flood,
 That proudly spilt and despis'd blood,
 Speechless³ and calm, as infant's sleep!
 Or if it watch, forgive and weep
 For those that spilt it! May no cries
 From the low Earth to high Heaven rise,
 But what,—like His whose blood peace brings—
 Shall—when they rise—'speak better things'
 Then Abel's doth! May Abel be

¹ Revelation vi. 10. G.

² = aye, as before. G.

³ Supply 'be', understood. G.

Still single heard, while these agree
 With His milde blood in voice and will,
 Who pray'd for those that did Him kill !

RIGHTEOUSNESS.



AIR, solitary path ! whose blessed shades
 The old, white prophets planted first
 and drest ;
 Leaving for us — whose goodness quickly fades, —
 A shelter all the way, and bowers to rest ;

Who is the man that walks in thee ? who loves
 Heav'n's secret solitude, those fair abodes,
 Where turtles build, and carelese sparrows move,
 Without to morrow's evils and future loads ?

Who hath the upright heart, the single eye,
 The clean, pure hand, which never medled
 pitch ?

Who sees invisibles, and doth comply
 With hidden treasures that make truly rich ?

He that doth seek and love
 The things above,
 Whose spirit ever poor, is meek and low ;
 Who simple still and wise,

Still homewards flies,
Quick to advance, and to retreat most slow.

Whose acts, words, and pretence,
Have all one sense,
One aim and end ; who walks not by his sight ;
Whose eyes are both put out,
And goes about
Guided by faith, not by exterior light,

Who spills no blood, nor spreads
Thorns in the beds
Of the distrest, hasting their overthrow ;
Making the time they had
Bitter and sad,
Like chronic pains,¹ which surely kill, though
slow

Who knows Earth nothing hath
Worth love or wrath,
But in his Hope and Rock is ever glad :
Who seeks and follows peace,
When with the ease
And health of conscience it is to be had.


¹ Oddly misprinted 'prayers'—the printer's eye catching it in onward stanza. G.

Who bears his cross with joy,
 And doth imploy
 His heart and tongue in prayers for his foes ;
 Who lends, not to be paid.
 And gives full aid
 Without that bribe which userers impose.

Who never looks on man
 Fearful and wan,
 But firmly trusts in God ; the great man's measure
 Though high and haughty must
 Be ta'en in dust ;
 But the good man is God's peculiar treasure.

Who doth thus, and doth not
 These good deeds blot
 With bad, or with neglect ; and heaps not wrath
 By secret filth, nor feeds
 Some snake, or weeds,
 Cheating himself ; That man walks in this path.

ANGUISH.

Y God and King! to Thee
 I bow my knee ;
 I bow my troubled soul, and greet
 With my foul heart Thy holy feet.

Cast it, or tread it! it shall do
Even what Thou wilt, and praise Thee too.

My God, could I weep blood,
Gladly I would,
Or if Thou wilt give me that art,
Which through the eyes pours out the hart,
I will exhaust it all, and make
My self all tears, a weeping lake.

O! 'tis an easie thing
To write and sing;
But to write true, unfeignèd verse
Is very hard! O God, disperse
These weights, and give my spirit leave
To act as well as to conceive!

O my God, hear my cry;
Or let me dye!——

TEARS.



WHEN my God, my Glory, brings
His white and holy train
Unto those clear and holy springs
Where comes no stain.

Where all is light, and flowers, and fruit,
 And joy, and rest,
 Make me amongst them—'tis my suit!—
 The last one, and the least.

And when they all are fed, and have
 Drunk of Thy living stream,
 Bid Thy poor ass—with tears I crave!—
 Drink after them.

Thy love claims highest thanks, my sin
 The lowest pitch :
 But if he pays, who loves much, then
 Thou hast made beggars rich.

JACOB'S PILLOW AND PILLAR.



SEE the Temple in thy pillar rear'd,
 And that dread Glory, which thy chil-
 dren fear'd,
 In milde, clear visions, without a frown,
 Unto thy solitary self is shown.
 'Tis number makes a schism : throngs are rude,
 And God Himself dyed by the multitude,
 This makes Him put on clouds, fire, and smoke ;
 Hence He in thunder to thy off-spring spoke.

The small, still voice at some low cottage knocks,
But a strong wind must break Thy lofty rocks.

The first true worship of the world's great King
From private and selected hearts did spring;
But He most willing to save all mankinde,
Inlarg'd that light, and to the bad was kinde.
Hence catholick or universal came
A most fair notion, but a very name.
For this rich pearl, like some more common stone,
When once made publique, is esteem'd by none.
Man slights his Maker when familiar grown,
And sets up laws to pull his Honor down.
This God foresaw : and when slain by the crowd,
—Under that stately and mysterious cloud¹
Which His death scatter'd—He foretold the place
And form to serve Him in, should be true grace,
And the meek heart ; not in a Mount,¹ nor at
Jerusalem, with blood of beasts and fat.
A heart is that dread place, that awfull cell,
That secret ark, where the mild Dove doth dwell,
When the proud waters rage : when heathens rule

¹ Cf. Exodus xix 9-18 and see Memorial-Introduction
for parallel in Crashaw. G.

² St. John iv. 21. G.

By God's permission, and man turns a mule.
 This little Goshen—in the midst of night,
 And Satan's seat—in all her coasts hath light;¹
 Yea Bethel shall have tithes—saith Israel's stone—
 And vows and visions, though her foes crye 'None.'
 Thus is the solemn Temple sunk agen
 Into a pillar, and conceal'd from men.
 And glory be to His eternal name,
 Who is contented that this holy flame
 Shall lodge in such a narrow pit, till He
 With His strong arm turns our captivity!

But blessed Jacob, though thy sad distress
 Was just the same with ours, and nothing less;
 For thou a brother, and blood-thirsty too,
 Didst flye,² whose children wrought thy children's
 wo:

Yet thou in all thy solitude and grief,
 On stones didst sleep, and found'st but cold relief;
 Thou from the Day-star a long way didst stand,
 And all that distance was Law and command.
 But we a healing sun by day and night,
 Have our sure Guardian, and our leading light.

¹ Exodus x. 22, 23. G.

² Obadiah chap. i. 10 [misprinted 11 G.] Amos, chap.
 i. 11. V.

What thou didst hope for and believe, we finde
 And feel, a friend most ready, sure and kinde.
 Thy pillow was but type and shade at best,
 But we the substance have, and on Him rest.

THE AGREEMENT.

I WROTE it down.¹ But one that saw
 And envyed that record, did since
 Such a mist over my mind draw,
 It quite forgot that purpos'd glimpse,
 I read it sadly oft, but still
 Simply believ'd 'twas not my quill.

At length my life's kinde angel came,
 And with his bright and busie wing
 Scatt'ring that cloud shewd me the flame.
 Which strait like morning-stars did sing
 And shine, and point me to a place,
 Which all the year sees the sun's face.

O beamy book! O my mid-day,
 Exterminating fears and night!

¹ = The New Covenant at Baptism and Confirmation.
 G.

The mount, whose white ascendants may
Be in conjunction with true light !
My thoughts, when towards Thee they move,
Glitter and kindle with Thy love.

Thou art the oyl and the wine-house ;
Thine are the present healing leaves,
Blown from the tree of life to us
By His breath whom my dead heart heaves.
Each page of Thine hath true life in't,
And God's bright minde exprest in print.

Most modern books are blots on Thee,
Their doctrine chaff and windy fits,
Darken'd along, as their scribes be,
With those foul storms, when they wore writ ;
While the man's zeal lays out and blends
Onely self-worship and self-ends.

Thou art the faithful, pearly rock
The hive of beamy, living lights,
Ever the same, whose diffus'd stock
Entire still, wears out blackest nights.
Thy lines are rays the true Sun sheds ;
Thy leaves are healing wings He spreads.

For until Thou didst comfort me
I had not one poor word to say :
Thick busie clouds did multiply,

And said I was no childe of day ;
They said, my own hands did remove
That candle given me from above.

O God ! I know and do confess
My sins are great and still prevail :
Most heynous sins and numberless !
But Thy compassions cannot fail.
If Thy sure mercies can be broken,
Then all is true my foes have spoken.

But while Time runs, and after it
Eternity, which never ends,
Quite through them both, still infinite,
Thy covenant by Christ extends ;
No sins of frailty, nor of youth,
Can foil his merits, and Thy truth.

And this I hourly finde, for Thou
Dost still renew, and purge and heal :
Thy care and love, which joyntly flow,
New cordials, new cathartics deal.
But were I once cast off by Thee,
I know—my God !—this would not be.

Wherefore with tears—tears by Thee sent—
I beg my faith may never fail !
And when in death my speech is spent,

O let that silence then prevail !
 O chase in that cold calm my foes,
 And hear my heart's last private throes !

So Thou Who didst the work begin
 —For I till drawn came not to Thee!—
 Wilt finish it, and by no sin
 Will Thy free mercies hindred be.
 For which, O God, I onely can
 Bless Thee, and blame unthankful man.

THE DAY OF JUDGEMENT.



DAY of life, of light, of love !
 The onely day dealt from above !
 A day so fresh, so bright, so brave,
 'Twill shew us each forgotten grave,
 And make the dead, like flowers, arise
 Youthful and fair to see new skies.
 All other days, compared to thee,
 Are but Light's weak minority ;
 They are but veils, and cypres² drawn
 Like clouds, before thy glorious dawn.

¹ St. John, chap. 6. ver. 44, 65. V.

² Misprinted 'cypers' : altered by Mr. Lyte to 'cyphers' and so continued. It is = cypress, or cipress, crespri-crape,

O come ! arise ! shine ! do not stay,
 Dearly lov'd day !
 The fields are long since white, and I
 With earnest groans for freedom cry ;
 My fellow creatures too say ' Come !'
 And stones, though speechles, are not dumb.
 When shall we hear that glorious voice
 Of life and joys ?
 That voice, which to each secret bed
 Of my Lord's dead,
 Shall bring true day, and make dust see,
 The way to immortality ?
 When shall those first white pilgrims rise,
 Whose holy, happy histories
 —Because they sleep so long—some men
 Count but the blots of a vain pen ?
 Dear Lord ! make haste !
 Sin every day commits more waste ;
 And Thy old enemy, which knows
 His time is short,¹ more raging grows.
 Nor moan I only—though profuse—
 The creature's bondage and abuse ;

or gauze, as in MILTON'S

“ Sable stole of cypres-lawn
 Over thy decent shoulders drawn ’
 (Il Peneoso). G.

¹ Revelation xii. 12. G.

But what is highest sin and shame,
 The vile despight done to Thy name;
 The forgeries, which impious wit
 And power force on Holy Writ,
 With all detestable designs,
 That may dishonor those pure lines.
 O God! though mercy be in Thee,
 The greatest attribute we see,
 And the most needful for our sins;
 Yet, when Thy mercy nothing wins
 But meer disdain, let no man say
 'Thy arm doth sleep'¹ but write this day
 Thy judging one : descend, descend!
 Make all things new, and without end!

PSALM 65.



SION'S true, glorious God! on Thee
 Praise waits in all humility.
 All flesh shall unto Thee repair,
 To Thee, O Thou that hearest prayer!
 But sinful words and works still spread
 And over-run my heart and head;
 Transgressions make me foul each day;

¹ Isaiah li. 9. G.

O purge them, purge them all away!

Happy is he, whom Thou wilt choose
To serve Thee in Thy blessed house ;
Who in Thy holy Temple dwells,
And fill'd with joy Thy goodness tells !
King of Salvation ! by strange things
And terrible, Thy justice brings
Man to his duty. Thou alone
Art the world's hope, and but Thee, none.
Sailors that flote on flowing seas
Stand firm by Thee, and have sure peace.
Thou still'st the loud waves, when most wild,
And mak'st the raging people mild.
Thy arm did first the mountains lay,
And girds their rocky heads this day.
The most remote, who know not Thee,
At Thy great works astonish'd be.

The outgoings of the even and dawn,
In antiphones sing to Thy name :
Thou visit'st the low Earth, and then
Water'st it for the sons of men ;
Thy upper river, which abounds
With fertil streams, makes rich all grounds ;
And by Thy mercies still supplied
The sower doth his bread provide.

Thou water'st every ridge of land,
 And settlest with Thy secret hand
 The furrows of it; then Thy warm
 And opening showers—restrain'd from harm—
 Soften the mould, while all unseen
 The blade grows up alive and green.
 The year is with Thy goodness crown'd,
 And all Thy paths drop fatness round;
 They drop upon the wilderness,
 For Thou dost even the desarts bless,
 And the¹ hills, full of springing pride,
 Wear fresh adornments on each side.
 The fruitful flocks fill every dale,
 And purling² corn doth cloath the vale;
 They shout for joy, and joyntly sing,
 'Glory to the eternal King!'

¹ I have ventured to fill in 'the' before 'hills' as lacking. Mr. Lyte's editor (1858) supplied 'that' after 'hills'. G.

² The allusion is to the wave-like motion and peculiar music of growing corn, swept by a breeze. In Todd's Johnson, one of the meanings given to 'purl' is 'to rise or appear in undulations' quoting from Shakespeare's *Lucrece* 1407:

—— "From his lips did fly

Thin winding breath, which *purl'd* up to the sky."

On the word see our Memorial-Introduction. G.

THE THRONE.

REVEL. CHAP. 20. VER. 11.



WHEN with these eyes, clos'd now by Thee,
 But then restor'd,
 The great and white throne I shall see
 Of my dread Lord ;
 And lowly kneeling—for the most
 Stiff, then must kneel,—
 Shall look on Him, at whose high cost
 —Unseen—such joys I feel.

Whatever arguments or skill
 Wise heads shall use,
 Tears onely and my blushes still
 I will produce.
 And should those speechless beggers fail,
 Which oft have won,
 Then taught by Thee I will prevail,
 And say, ' Thy will be done !'

DEATH.



THOUGH since thy first sad entrance by
 Just Abel's blood,
 'Tis now six thousand years well nigh,
 And still thy sov'rainy holds good ;
 Yet by none art thou understood.

We talk and name thee with much ease,
 As a tryed thing ;
And every one can slight his lease,
As if it ended in a Spring,
Which shades and bowers doth rent-free bring.

To thy dark land these heedless go:
 But there was One,
Who search'd it quite through to and fro,
And then, returning like the sun,
Discover'd all that there is done.

And since His death we throughly see
 All thy dark way ;
Thy shades but thin and narrow be,
Which His first looks will quickly fray :
Mists make but triumphs for the day.

As harmless violets, which give
 Their virtues here
For salves and syrups while they live,
Do after calmly disappear,
And neither grieve, repine, nor fear :

So dye His servants ; and as sure
 Shall they revive.
Then let not dust your eyes obscure,
But lift them up, where still alive,
Though fled from you, their spirits hive.

THE FEAST.



COME away,
 Make no delay,
 Come while my heart is clean and
 stedly!

While faith and grace
 Adorn the place,
 Making dust and ashes ready!

No bliss here lent
 Is permanent,
 Such triumphs, poor flesh cannot merit;
 Short sips and sights
 Endear delights:
 Who seeks for more, he would inherit.

Come then, True Bread,
 Quickning the dead,
 Whose eater shall not, cannot dye!
 Come, antedate,
 On me that state,
 Which brings poor dust the victory.

I¹ victory,
 Which frem Thine eye

¹ = aye. G.

Breaks as the day doth from the East ;
When the spilt dew
Like tears doth shew
The sad world wept to be releast.

Spring up, O wine,
And springing shine
With some glad message from His heart,
Who did, when slain,
These means ordain
For me to have in Him a part.

Such a sure part
In His blest heart,
The well where living waters spring,
That with it fed,
Poor dust, though dead,
Shall rise again, and live, and sing.

O drink and bread,
Which strikes Death dead,
The food of man's immortal being. !
Under veyls here
Thou art my chear,
Present aud sure without my seeing.

How dost thou flye
And search and pry

Through all my parts, and, like a quick
 And knowing lamp,
 Hunt out each damp,
 Whose shadow makes me sad or sick !

O what high joys !
 The turtle's voice
 And songs I hear ! O quickning showers
 Of my Lord's blood,
 You make rocks bud,
 And crown dry hills with wells and flowers !

For this true ease
 This healing peace,
 For this fore-taste¹ of living glory,
 My soul and all,
 Kneel down and fall,
 And sing His sad victorious story !

O thorny crown
 More soft then down !
 O painful Cross, my bed of rest !
 O spear, the key

¹ Mr. Lyte's editor (1858) fills in 'brief' before 'taste'. A word seems certainly lacking, but 'fore' or 'sweet' were better than 'brief'. I venture to introduce 'fore'. G.

Opening the way !
 O Thy worst state, my onely best !


Oh ! all Thy griefs
 Are my reliefs,
 And all my sins Thy sorrows were !
 And what can I
 To this reply ?
 What—O God !—but a silent tear ?

Some toil and sow
 That wealth may flow,
 And dress this Earth for next year's meat :
 But let me heed
 Why Thou didst bleed,
 And what in the next world to eat.

REVEL. CHAP. 19. VER. 9.

Blessed are they which are called unto the marriage Supper of the Lamb !

THE OBSEQUIES.

INCE dying for me, Thou didst crave no
 more
 Then common pay,
 Some few true tears, and those shed for

My own ill way ;
 With a cheap, plain remembrance still
 Of Thy sad death.
 Because forgetfulness would kill
 Even life's own breath :
 I were most foolish and unkinde
 In my own sense,
 Should I not ever bear in minde,
 If not Thy mighty love, my own defense.
 Therefore those loose delights and lusts, which here
 Men call good chear,
 I will, close girt and tyed,
 For mourning sack-cloth wear, all mortified.

Not but that mourners too can have
 Rich weeds and shrouds ;
 For some wore white ev'n in Thy grave.¹
 And Joy. like light, shines oft in clouds :
 But Thou, Who did'st man's whole life earn,
 Dost so invite and woo me still,
 That to be merry I want skill,
 And time to learn.
 Besides those kerchiefs² sometimes shed

¹ Two angels in white. St. John xx. 12. G.

² The allusion is to the *kerchief of plesaunce*, or embroidered cloth given by a lady to her knight, which he was bound to place on his helmet, and wear for her sake. (See THOMAS WRIGHT'S Provincial Dictionary *s.v.*) G.

To make me brave,
 I cannot finde, but where Thy head
 Was once laid for me in Thy grave.
 Thy grave! To which my thoughts shal move
 Like bees in storms unto their hive;
 That from the murd'ring world's false love
 Thy death may keep my soul alive.

THE WATER-FALL.



WITH what deep murmurs, through Time's
 silent stealth,
 Dost thy transparent, cool, and watry
 wealth,
 Here flowing fall,
 And chide and call,
 As if his liquid, loose retinuc staid
 Lingring, and were of this steep place afraid
 The common pass,
 As clear as glass,
 All must descend
 Not to an end,
 But quickned by this dcep and rocky grave,
 Rise to a longer course more bright and brave.

 Dear stream! dear bank! where often I
 Have sate, and pleased my pensive eye;

Why, since each drop of thy quick store
Runs thither where it flow'd before,
Should poor souls fear a shade or night,
Who came—sure—from a sea of light?
Or, since those drops are all sent back
So sure to Thee that none doth lack,
Why should frail flesh doubt any more
That what God takes Hee'l not restore?

O useful element and clear!
My sacred wash and cleanser here;
My first consigner unto those
Fountains of life, where the Lamb goes!
What sublime truths and wholesome themes
Lodge in thy mystical, deep streams!
Such as dull man can never finde,
Unless that Spirit lead his minde,
Which first upon thy face did move
And hatch'd all with His quickning love.
As this loud brook's incessant fall
In streaming rings restagnates all,
Which reach by course the bank, and then
Are no no more seen : just so pass men.
O my invisible estate,
My glorious liberty, still late!
Thou art the channel my soul seeks,
Not this with cataracts and creeks.

QUICKNESS.



FALSE life! a foil and no more, when
 Wilt thou be gone?
 Thou foul deception of all men,
 That would not have the true come on!

Thou art a moon-like toil; a blinde
 Self-posing state;
 A dark contest of waves and winde;
 A meer tempestuous debate.

Life is a fix'd, discerning light,
 A knowing joy;
 No chance, or fit; but ever bright,
 And calm, and full, yet doth not cloy.

'Tis such a blissful thing, that still
 Doth vivifie,
 And shine and smile, and hath the skill
 To please without eternity.

Thou art a toylsom mole, or less,
 A moving mist.
 But life is, what none can express,
 A quickness, which my God hath kist.

THE WREATH.

SINCE I in storms us'd most to be,
And seldom yielded flowers,
How shall I get a wreath for Thee
From those rude, barren hours ?
The softer dressings of the Spring,
Or Summer's later store,
I will not for Thy temples bring,
Which thorns, not roses, wore.

But a twin'd wreath of grief and praise,
Praise soil'd with tears, and tears again
Shining with joy, like dewy days,
This day I bring for all Thy pain ;
Thy causless pain ! and, sad as death,
Which sadness breeds in the most vain,
—O not in vain—now beg Thy breath,
Thy quickning breath, which gladly bears
Through saddest clouds to that glad place,
Where cloudless quires sing without tears,
Sing Thy just praise, and see Thy face.

THE QUEER.¹

TELL me whence that joy doth spring,
 Whose diet is divine and fair,
 Which wears heaven like a bridal ring,
 And tramples on doubts and despair?

Whose Eastern traffique deals in bright
 And boundles empyrean themes,
 Mountains of spice, day-stars and light,
 Green trees of life, and living streams?

Tell me, O tell, who did thee bring,
 And here without my knowledge plac'd;
 Till thou didst grow and get a wing,
 A wing with eyes, and eyes that taste?

Sure, holyness, the magnet is,
 And love the lute that woos thee down;
 Which makes the high transcendent bliss
 Of knowing thee, so rarely known!

¹ In various countries we have the provincialism 'to queer' = to puzzle or pose *e. g.* Scott, in the Heart of Midlothian, uses it in an immortal passage: "Come now Jeanie, ye are but *queering* us" (c, xxv.). This seems to be the substantival form = the puzzle. G.

THE BOOK.

ETERNAL God! Maker of all
 That have liv'd here since the man's fall
 The Rock of Ages! in whose shade
 They live unseen, when here they fade ;

Thou knew'st this papyr. when it was
 Meer seed, and after that but grass ;
 Before 'twas drest or spun, and when
 Made linen, who did wear it then :
 What were their lifes, their thoughts and deeds,
 Whether good corn, or fruitless weeds.

Thou knew'st this tree, when a green shade
 Cover'd it, since a cover¹ made,
 And where it flourish'd, grew, and spread,
 As if it never should be dead.

Thou knew'st this harmless beast, when he
 Did live² and feed by Thy decree
 On each green thing ; then slept—well fed—
 Cloath'd with this skin, which now lies spred
 A covering o're this aged book,
 Which makes me wisely weep, and look

¹ Alluding to the massive wooden side-covers of old books. G.

² Misprinted 'liee'. G

On my own dust ; meer dust it is,
 But not so dry and clean as this.
 Thou knew'st and saw'st them all, and though
 Now scatter'd thus, dost know them so.

O knowing, glorious Spirit ! when
 Thou shalt restore trees, beasts and men,
 When Thou shalt make all new again,
 Destroying onely death and pain,
 Give him amongst thy works a place,
 Who in them lov'd and sought Thy face !

TO THE HOLY BIBLE.



BOOK ! Life's guide ! how shall we part ;
 And thou so long seiz'd¹ of my heart ?
 Take this last kiss ; and let me weep
 True thanks to thee before I sleep.

Thou wert the first put in my hand,
 When yet I could not understand,
 And daily didst my yong eyes lead
 To letters, till I learnt to read.
 But as rash youths, when once grown strong,
 Flye from their nurses to the throng,

¹ A legal term, as before : = put in possession. G.

Where they new consorts choose, and stick
 To those till either hurt or sick ;
 So with that first light gain'd from thee
 Ran I in chase of vanity,
 Cryed dross for gold, and never thought
 My first cheap book¹ had all I sought.
 Long reign'd this vogue² ; and thou cast by
 With meek, dumb looks didst woo mine eye,
 And oft left open, would'st convey
 A sudden and most searching ray
 Into my soul, with whose quick touch
 Refining still, I struggled much.
 By this milde art of love at length
 Thou overcam'st my sinful strength,
 And having brought me home, did'st there
 Shew me that pearl I sought elsewhere
 Gladness, and peace, and hope, and love,

¹ Query—by a simile 'my first cheap book' or my first cheap-book = first book, and that of highest value above all others. Cf (according to Theobald's reading of first-good)

.....: "as merry
 As first-good company, good wine, good welcome,
 Can make good people." (Henry viii. i. 4.) G

² Not probably in our secondary sense of 'fashion' but in the original one of 'course'. Cf. 'ran I in chase', above. G.

The secret favors of the Dove ;
 Her quickning kindness, smiles and kisses,
 Exalted pleasures, crowning blisses,
 Fruition, union, glory, life,
 Thou didst lead to, and still all strife.
 Living, thou wert my soul's sure ease
 And dying mak'st me go in peacc :
 Thy next effects no tongue can tell ;
 Farewel, O book of God ! farewel !

S. Luke, chap. 2. ver. 14.

*Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace,
 good will towards men.*

L'ENVOY.



THE new world's new-quickning Sun !
 Ever the same, and never done !
 The seers of whose sacred light
 Shall all be drest in shining white,
 And made conformable to His
 Immortal shape, Who wrought their bliss ;
 Arise, arise !
 And like old cloaths fold up these skies,
 This long worn veyl : then shine and spread
 Thy own bright self over each head,
 And through Thy creatures pierce and pass,

Till all becomes Thy cloudless glass,
Transparent as the purest day
And without blemish or decay,
Fixt by Thy Spirit to a state
For evermore immaculate ;
A state fit for the sight of Thy
Immediate, pure, and unveil'd eye,
A state agreeing with Thy minde,
A state Thy birth and death design'd :
A state for which Thy creatures all
Travel¹ and groan, and look and call.
O seeing Thou hast paid our score,
Why should the curse reign any more ?
But since Thy number is as yet
Unfinish'd, we shall gladly sit
Till all be ready, that the train
May fully fit Thy glorious reign.
Onely let not our haters brag
Thy seamless coat is grown a rag,
Or that Thy truth was not here known,
Because we forc'd Thy judgements down.
Dry up their arms who vex Thy spouse,
And take the glory of Thy house
To deck their own ; then give Thy saints,
That faithful zeal, which neither faints

¹ = travail. G.

Nor wildly burns, but meekly still
Dares own the truth, and shew the ill.
Frustrate those cancerous, close arts,
Which cause solution in all parts,
And strike them dumb, who for meer words
Wound Thy belovèd more then swords.
Dear Lord, do this ! and then let grace
Descend, and hallow all the place ;
Incline each hard heart to do good,
And cement us with Thy Son's blood ;
That like true sheep, all in one fold
We may be fed, and one minde hold.
Give watchful spirits to our guides :
For sin—like water—hourly glides
By each man's door, and quickly will
Turn in, if not obstructed still.
Therefore write in their hearts Thy law,
And let these long, sharp judgements aw
Their very thoughts, that by their clear
And holy lives Mercy may here
Sit regent yet, and blessings flow
As fast as persecutions now.
So shall we know in war and peace
Thy service to be our sole ease,
With prostrate souls adoring Thee,
Who turn'd our sad captivity !

S. Clemens apud Basil :

*Ζῆ ὁ Θεὸς καὶ ὁ κύριος Ἰησοῦς Χριστός,
καὶ τὸ Πνεῦμα τὸ ἅγιον.*



Sacred Poetry.

PART III.

Thalia Rediviva :

1678.

Note.

As a fitting sequel to 'Silex Scintillans' I follow Mr. Lyte in giving here the kindred Poetry from a volume published in 1678, entitled 'Thalia Rediviva: the Pass-Times and Diversions of a Countrey-Muse'. For the full title-page see in its place in Vol II^d. 'Secular Poetry'. As there stated, our exemplar of 'Thalia Rediviva' with which we have been favoured by the Rev. Thomas Corser M.A., Stand Rectory, near Manchester, is believed to be *unique*. G.



Pious Thoughts and Ejaculations

TO HIS BOOKS.

BRIGHT books! the perspectives to our
weak sights :
The clear projections of discerning lights.
Burning and shining thoughts, man's posthume
day :
The track of fled souls, and their Milkie Way.
The dead, alive and busie, the still voice
Of inlarg'd spirits, kind Heav'ns white decoys.
Who lives with you, lives like those knowing
flow'rs,
Which in commerce with light, spend all their
hours :
Which shut to clouds, and shadows nicely shun,
But with glad haste unveil to kiss the sun.
Beneath you, all is dark, and a dead night ;
Which whoso lives in, wants both health and
sight.
By sucking you, the wise—like bees—do grow

Healing and rich, though this they do most slow,
 Because most choicely ; for as great a store
 Have we of books, as bees of herbs, or more :
 And the great task, to try, then know, the good ;
 To discern weeds, and judge of wholesome food,
 Is a rare, scant performance : for man dyes
 Oft e're 'tis done, while the bee feeds and flies.
 But you were all choice flow'rs, all set and drest
 By old sage florists, who well knew the best :
 And I amidst you all am turned a weed !
 Not wanting knowledge, but for want of heed.
 Then thank thyself, wild fool, that would'st not
 be
 Content to know, — what was too much for thee !

LOOKING BACK.



RAIR, shining mountains of my pilgrim-
 mage
 And flowery vales, whose flow'rs were
 stars !
 The days and nights of my first happy age ;
 An age without distaste and warrs !
 When I by thoughts ascend your sunny heads,
 And mind those sacred midnight lights

By which I walk'd, when curtain'd rooms and
 beds
 Confin'd or seal'd up others' sights :

O then, how bright,
 And quick a light
 Doth brush my heart and scatter night ;
 Chasing that shade,
 Which my sins made,
 While I so spring, as if I could not fade !
 How brave a prospect is a bright backside !
 Where flow'rs and palms refresh the eye !
 And days well spent like the glad East abide,
 Whose morning-glories cannot dye !

THE SHOWER.



WATERS above ! eternal springs !
 The dew that silvers the Dove's wings !
 O welcom, welcom to the sad !
 Give dry dust drink ; drink that makes glad !

¹ See Memorial-Introduction for notice and illustrations of this odd word, together with Mr. Lyte's extraordinary alteration of the text. Consult also Mr. W. Aldis Wright's Bible Word-Book, as before, illustrative of Exodus III. 1. G.

Many fair ev'nings, many flowr's
 Sweeten'd with rich and gentle showers,
 Have I enjoy'd, and down have run
 Many a fine and shining sun ;
 But never, till this happy hour,
 Was blest with such an evening-shower ?

DISCIPLINE.



AIR Prince of Life ! Light's living well !

Who hast the keys of death and Hell !

If the mole¹ man despise Thy day,

Put chains of darkness in his way.

Teach him how deep, how various are

The counsels of Thy love and care.

¹ Misprinted 'mule'. The error detected and corrected for me by my accomplished friend Dr. Brinsley Nicholson—one of many helps from him. He writes as follows: "He has before called man a 'mule': but query, is it not here a misprint for 'mole'? I ground this not merely on the line below, but because a 'mule' does not 'despise the day, and a 'mole' does: and because putting 'chains of darkness' across a mole's track is an expression that can be understood, meaning an obstruction that he cannot get round as he would a stone, while the putting chains of darkness before a mule is not to be understood." Cf. also the 'mole' in the 'World' stanza 2nd. G.

When acts of grace and a long peace,¹
 Breed but rebellion, and displeas,
 Then give him his own way and will,
 Where lawless he may run, until
 His own choice hurts him, and the sting
 Of his foul sins full sorrows bring.
 If Heaven and angels, hopes and mirth,
 Please not the mole so much as earth :
 Give him his mine to dig, or dwell,
 And one sad scheme of hideous Hell.

THE ECCLIPSE.



HITHER, O whither did'st thou fly!
 When did I grieve Thine holy eye?²
 When Thou did'st mourn to see me lost,
 And all Thy care and counsels crost.
 O do not grieve, where'er Thou art !
 Thy grief is an undoing smart,
 Which doth not only pain, but break
 My heart, and makes me blush to speak.
 Thy anger I could kiss, and will ;
 But-O-Thy grief, Thy grief, doth kill !

¹ A general remark but an allusion also to the long peace during the reigns of James I, and Charles I., and what the Poet considered their acts of grace. G.

² = What particular act? G.

AFFLICTION.



COME, and welcom! come, refine!
 For moors, if wash'd by Thee, will shine
 Man blossoms at Thy touch; and he,
 When Thou draw'st blood is Thy rose-tree,
 Crosses make straight his crooked ways,
 And clouds but cool his dog-star days;
 Diseases too, when by Thee blest,
 Are both restoratives and rest.
 Flow'rs that in sunshines,¹ riot still,
 Dye scorch'd and sapless; though storms kill.
 The Fall' is fair, ev'n to desire,
 Where in their sweetness all expire.
 O come, pour on! what calme can be
 So fair as storms, that appease Thee?

RETIREMENT.



FRESH fields and woods! the Earth's fair
 face!
 God's footstool! and man's dwelling
 place!

¹ Autumn, as before explained. G.

I ask not why the first believer
Did love to be a country liver ?¹
Who to secure pious content
Did pitch by groves and wells his tent ;
Where he might view his boundless skie,
And all those glorious lights on high :
With flying meteors, mists, and show'rs :
Subjected hills, trees, mcads, and flow'rs :
And ev'ry minute bless the King,
And wise Creatour of each thing.

I ask not why he did remove
To happy Mamre's holy grove,
Leaving the cities of the plain
To Lot and his successless train ?
All various lusts in cities still
Are found ; they are the thrones of ill ;
The dismal sinks, where blood is spill'd,
Cages with much uncleanness filled :
But rural shades are the sweet sense
Of piety and innocence ;
They are the meek's calm region, where
Angels descend, and rule the sphere ;
Where Heaven lies leiguer, and the Dove
Duelly as dew comes from above.

¹ Abraham, the father of the faithful. V.

If Eden be on Earth at all,
'Tis that which we the country call.

THE REVIVAL.



NFOLD! unfold! Take in His light,
Who makes thy cares more short than
night.

The joys which with His day-star rise
He deals to all but drowsie eyes ;
And, what the men of this world miss,
Some drops and dews of future bliss.

Hark ! how the winds have chang'd their note !
And with warm whispers call thee out ;
The frosts are past, the storms are gone,
And backward life at last comes on.
The lofty groves in express joyes
Reply unto the turtle's voice ;
And here in dust and dirt, O here
The lilies of His love appear !

THE DAY SPRING.



ARLY, while yet the dark was gay
And gilt with stars, more trim than day,
Heavn's Lily, and the Earth's chaste
Rose,

The green immortal BRANCH, arose ;
 And in a solitary place
 Bow'd to His Father His bless'd face.¹

If this calm season pleased my Prince,
 Whose fulness no need could evince,
 Why should not I, poor silly sheep,
 His hours, as well as practice, keep ?
 Not that His hand is tyed to these,
 From whom Time holds his transient lease ;
 But mornings, new creations are,
 When men, all night sav'd by His care,
 Are still reviv'd ; and well He may
 Expect them grateful with the day.
 So for that first drawght of His hand,
 Which finish'd heav'n, and sea, and land,
 The sons of God their thanks did bring,
 And all the morning stars did sing.²
 Besides, as His part heretofore
 The firstlings were of all that bore :
 So now each day from all He saves
 Their soul's first thoughts and fruits He craves.
 This makes Him daily shed and shower
 His graces at this early hour ;
 Which both His care and kindness show,

¹ S. Mark. c 1. v. 35. V. ² Job c 38. v 7. V.

Cheering the good, quickening the slow.
As holy friends mourn at delay,
And think each minute an hour's stay,
So His Divine and loving Dove
With longing throws¹ doth heave and move,
And soare about us, while we sleep :
Sometimes quite through that lock doth peep,
And shine, but always without fail
Before the slow sun can unveile,
In new compassions breaks, like light,
And morning-looks, which scatter night.
And wilt Thou let Thy creature be,
Where Thou hast watch'd, asleep to Thee ?
Why to unwellcome loath'd surprises
Do'st leave him, having left his vices ?
Since these, if suffer'd, may again
Lead back the living to the slain.
O change this Scourge ; or, if as yet
None less will my transgression's fit,
Dissolve, dissolve ! Death cannot do
What I would not submit unto.

¹ Throes. G.

THE RECOVERY.

I.



AIR vessel of our daily light, whose
proud
And previous glories gild that blushing
cloud ;

Whose lively fires in quick projections glance
From hill to hill, and by refracted chance
Burnish some neighbour-rock, or tree, and then
Fly off in coy and wingèd flames agen :

If thou this day

Hold on thy way,

Know, I have got a greater light than thine ;
A light, whose shade and back-parts thee outshine.

Then get thee down ! then get thee down !

I have a Sun now of my own.

II.

Those nice livers, who without thy rays^d
Stirr not abroad, those may thy lustre praise ;
And wanting light—light, which no wants doth
know—
To thee—weak shiner !—like blind Persians bow :
But where that Sun, which tramples on thy head,
From His own bright eternal eye doth shed

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Rise?—should all fall, we cannot be
 In more extremeties than He.
 Great type of passions! Come what will,
 Thy grief exceeds all copies still.
 Thou cam'st from heav'n to Earth, that we
 Might go from Earth to heav'n with Thee:
 And though Thou found'st no welcome here,
 Thou didst provide us mansions there.
 A stable was Thy Court, and when
 Men turned to beasts, beasts would be men:
 They were Thy courtiers; others none;
 And their poor manger was Thy throne.
 No swadling silks Thy limbs did fold,
 Though Thou couldst turn Thy rags to gold.
 No rockers² waited on Thy birth,
 No cradles stirr'd, nor songs of mirth;
 But her chaste lap and sacred brest,
 Which lodg'd Thee first, did give Thee rest.

But stay: what light is that doth stream
 And drop here in a gilded beam?
 It is Thy star runs page, and brings
 Thy tributary Eastern kings.
 Lord! grant some light to us, that we
 May find with them the way to Thee!

¹ Nurses. G.

Behold what mists eclipse the day :
 How dark it is ! Shed down one ray,
 To guide us out of this dark night,
 And say once more, " Let there be light !"

THE TRUE CHRISTMAS.

SO, stick up ivie and the bays,
 And then restore the heathen ways.
 Green will remind you of the Spring,
 Though this great day denies the thing ;
 And mortifies the Earth, and all
 But your wild revels, and loose Hall.
 Could you wear flow'rs, and roses strow
 Blushing upon your breast's warm snow,
 That very dress your lightness will
 Rebuke, and wither at the ill.
 The brightness of this day we owe
 Not unto musick, masque, nor showe,
 Nor gallant furniture, nor plate,
 But to the manger's mean estate.
 His life while here, as well as birth,
 Was but a check to pomp and mirth ;
 And all man's greatness you may see
 Condemned by His humility.

Then leave your open house and noise,
 To welcome Him with holy joys,
 And the poor shepherds' watchfulness,
 Whom light and hymns from heav'n did bless.
 What you abound with, cast abroad
 To those that want, and ease your loads.
 Who empties thus, will bring more in ;
 But riot is both loss and sin.
 Dress finely what comes not in sight,¹
 And then you keep your Christmas right.

THE REQUEST.



THOU who did'st deny to me
 This world's ador'd felicity,
 And ev'ry big imperious lust,
 Which fools admire in sinful dust,
 With those fine subtile twists, that tye
 Their bundles of foul gallantry,—
 Keep still my weak eyes from the shine
 Of these gay things which are not Thine !
 And shut my ears againt the noise
 Of wicked, though applauded, joys.
 For Thou in any land hast store

¹ = the soul. G.

Of shades and coverts for Thy poor ;
 Where from the busie dust and heat,
 As well as storms, they may retreat.
 A rock or bush are downy beds,
 When Thou art there, crowning their heads
 With secret blessings, or a tire¹
 Made of the Comforter's live-fire.
 And when Thy goodness in the dress
 Of anger, will not seem to bless,
 Yet dost Thou give them Thy rich rain,
 Which as it drops, clears all again.

O what kind visits daily pass
 'Twixt Thy great Self and such poor grass !
 With what sweet looks doth Thy love shine
 On those low violets of Thine,
 While the tall tulip is accurst,
 And crowns imperial² dye with thirst.
 O give me still those secret meals,
 Those rare repasts which Thy love deals !
 Give me that joy, which none can grieve,
 And which in all griefs doth relieve.
 This is the portion Thy child begs ;
 Not that of rust, and rags, and dregs.³

¹ = tiara, as before. G.

² The flower so named. G.

³ There follow here these three Latin poems: (1) Jor-

THE WORLD.



CAN any tell me what it is? Can you
 That wind your thoughts into a clue,
 To guide out others, while yourselves
 stay in,
 And hug the sin?
 I, who so long have in it liv'd,
 That, if I might,
 In truth I would not be reprov'd:
 Have neither sight
 Nor sense that knows
 These ebbs and flows:
 But since of all, all may be said,
 And likelines doth but upbraid
 And mock the Truth, which still is lost
 In fine conceits, like streams in a sharp frost;
 I will not strive, nor the rule break,
 Which doth give losers leave to speak.
 Then false and foul world, and unknown
 Ev'n to thy own:

danis: (2) Servilii Fatum, sive Vindicta divina: (3) De Salmone. See the two former in the original and our translation in *Folia Silvulæ*, or part IV. of the Sacred Poetry in the present volume: and the third in the Secular Poetry in Vol. II. G.

Here I renounce thee, and resign
Whatever thou can'st say is thine.

Thou art not Truth! for he that tries
Shall find thee all deceit and lyes.
Thou art not Friendship! for in thee
'Tis but the bait of policy;
Which like a viper lodg'd in flow'rs,
Its venom through that sweetness pours;
And when not so, then always 'tis
A fading paint, the short-liv'd bliss
Of air and humour; out and in,
Like colours in a dolphin's skin:
But must not live beyond one day,
Or for convenience; then away.
Thou art not Riches! for that trash,
Which one age hoords, the next doth wash,
And so severely sweep away,
That few remember where it lay.
So rapid streams the wealthy land
About them have at their command;
And shifting channels here restore,
There break down, what they bank'd before.
Thou art not Honour! for those gay
Feathers will wear and drop away;
And princes to some upstart line
Give new ones, that are full as fine.

Thou art not Pleasure! for thy rose
 Upon a thorn doth still repose ;
 Which, if not cropt, will quickly shed,
 But soon as cropt, grows dull and dead.

Thou art the sand, which fills one glass,
 And then doth to another pass ;¹
 And could I put thee to a stay,
 Thou art but dust ! Then go thy way,
 And leave me clean and bright, though poor ;
 Who stops thee doth but dawb his floor ;
 And, swallow-like, when he hath done,
 To unknown dwellings must be gone !

Welcome, pure thoughts, and peaceful hours,
 Enrich'd with sunshine and with show'rs ;
 Welcome fair hopes, and holy cares,
 The not to be repented shares
 Of Time and business : the sure roade
 Unto my last and loved abode !

O supreme Bliss :
 The Circle, Center and Abyss
 Of blessings, never let me miss
 Nor leave that path, which leads to Thee,
 Who art alone all things to me !
 I hear, I see, all the long day

¹ Sand or hour-glass. G.

The noise and pomp of the "broad way."
 I note their course¹ and proud approaches,
 Their silks, perfumes, and glittering coaches.
 But in the "narrow way" to Thee
 I observe only poverty,
 And despis'd things; and all along
 The ragged, mean, and humble throng
 Are still on foot; and as they go
 They sigh, and say, their Lord went so.
 Give me my staff then, as it stood
 When green and growing in the wood.
 —Those stones, which for the altar serv'd,
 Might not be smooth'd, nor finely carv'd :—
 With this poor stick I'll pass the foord,
 As Jacob did; and Thy dear word,
 As Thou hast dress'd it, not as witt
 And deprav'd tastes have poyson'd it,
 Shall in the passage be my meat,
 And none else, will Thy servant eat.
 Thus, thus, and in no other sort,
 Will I set forth, though laugh'd at for't;
 And leaving the wise world their way,
 Go through, though judg'd to go astray.

¹ = coarse. G.

THE BEE.



FROM fruitful beds and flow'ry borders,
 Parcell'd to wasteful ranks and orders :
 Where State grasps more than plain Truth
 needs,

And wholesome herbs are starv'd by weeds ;
 To the wild woods I will be gone,
 And the course meals of great Saint John.¹

When truth and piety are mist
 Both in the rulers and the priest ;
 When pity is not cold, but dead,
 And the rich eat the poor like bread ;²
 While factious heads with open coile
 And force, first make, then share, the spoile ;
 To Horeb then Elias goes,
 And in the desert grows the rose.

Haile christal fountaines and fresh shades,
 Where no proud look invades,
 No busie worldling hunts away
 The sad retirer all the day :
 Haile, happy, harmless solitude !
 Our sanctuary from the rude
 And scornful world ; the calm recess

¹ St. John the Baptist : St. Matthew, iii. 4. G.

² Psalm xix. 4. G.

Of faith, and hope, and holiness
Here something stil like Eden looks ;
Hony in woods, julips in brooks :
And flow'rs, whose rich, unrifed sweets
With a chast kiss the cool dew greets,
When the toyls of the day are done,
And the tir'd world sets with the sun.
Here flying winds, and flowing wells,
Are the wise, watchful hermit's bells ;
Their busie murmurs all the night
To praise or prayer do invite,
And with an awful sound arrest,
And piously employ his breast.

When in the East the dawn doth blush,
Here cool, fresh spirits the air brush ;
Herbs strait get up, flow'rs peep and spread,
Trees whisper praise, and bow the head :
Birds, from the shades of night releast
Look round about, then quit the neast,
And with united gladness sing
The glory of the morning's King.
The hermit hears, and with meek voice
Offers his own up, and their joys :
Then prays, that all the world may be
Blest with as sweet an unity.

If sudden storms the day invade,
 They flock about him to the shade :
 Where wisely they expect the end,
 Giving the tempest time to spend ;
 And hard by shelters on some bough
 Hilarion's servant, the sage crow.¹

O purer years of light and grace !
 The difference is great as the space
 'Twixt you and us, who blindly run
 After false-fires, and leave the sun.
 Is not fair Nature of herself
 Much richer than dull paint or pelf ?
 And are not streams at the spring-head
 More sweet than in carv'd stone or lead ?
 But fancy and some artist's tools
 Frame a religion for fools.

The truth, which once was plainly taught,

¹ A parallel passage in the "Mount of Olives" sheds light on this obscure line: "I do not so much admire Apitius, his feasts and Cleopatra's banquets of dissolved pearls, as I do the raven of Elias and *Hilarion's crow*." (Man in Darkness or a Discourse of Death in Mount of Olives (in our Vol. IIIId.); and see index of names under Hilarion. Our Worthy refers to some legend of St. Hilarion not found in Jerome's "Life" of him, wherein a crow figured. G.

With thorns and briars now is fraught.
 Some part is by bold fables spotted,
 Some by strange comments wildly blotted;
 And Discord—old Corruption's crest—
 With blood and blame hath stain'd the rest.
 So snow, which in its first descents
 A whiteness, like pure Heav'n, presents,
 When touched by man is quickly soil'd,
 And after, trodden down and spoil'd.

O lead me, where I may be free
 In truth and spirit to serve Thee !
 Where undisturb'd I may converse
 With Thy great Self ; and there rehearse
 Thy gifts with thanks ; and from Thy store,
 Who art all blessings, beg no more.
 Give me the wisdom of the bee,
 And her unwearied industry !
 That from the wild gourds of these days,
 I may extract health, and Thy praise,
 Who canst turn darkness into light,
 And in my weakness shew Thy might.

Suffer me not in any want
 To seek refreshment from a plant
 Thou did'st not set ; since all must be
 Pluck'd up, whose growth is not from Thee.
 'Tis not the garden, and the bowrs,

Nor sense and forms, that give to flow'rs
 Their wholsomness ; but Thy good will,
 Which truth and pureness purchase still.

Then since corrupt man hath driv'n hence
 The kind and saving influence,
 And balm is no more to be had
 In all the coasts of Gilead ;
 Go with me to the shade and cell,
 Where Thy best servants once did dwell.
 There let me know Thy will, and see
 Exil'd Religion own'd by Thee ;
 For Thou can'st turn dark grots to halls,
 And make hills blossome like the vales ;
 Decking their untill'd heads with flow'rs,
 And fresh delights for all sad hours ;
 Till from them, like a laden bee,
 I may flye home, and hive with Thee !

TO CHRISTIAN RELIGION.



FAREWEL thou true and tried refection
 Of the still poor, and meek election :
 Farewel, soul's joy, the quickning health
 Of spirits, and their surest wealth !
 Farewel, my morning-star, the bright

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And dawning looks of the True Light !
 O blessed Shiner, tell me whither
 Thou wilt¹ be gone, when night comes hither !
 A Seër that observ'd thee in
 Thy course, and watch'd the growth of sin,
 Hath giv'n his judgment, and foretold,
 That Westward hence thy course will hold ;
 And when the day with us is done,
 There fix, and shine a glorious sun.²
 O hated shades and darkness ! when
 You have got here the sway agen,
 And like unwholsome fogs withstood
 The light, and blasted all that's good,
 Who shall the happy shepherds be,
 To watch the next nativity
 Of truth and brightness, and make way
 For the returning, rising day ?
 O what year will bring back our blise ?
 Or who shall live, when God doth this ?

Thou Rock of Ages ! and the Rest
 Of all, that for Thee are opprest !
 Send down the Spirit of Thy truth,

¹ Misprinted 'will'. G.

² GEORGE HERBERT. See our Essay in Volume IId.
for the poem. G.

That Spirit, which the tender youth,
And first growths of Thy Spouse did spread
Through all the world, from one small head !
Then if to blood we must resist,
Let Thy mild Dove, and our High-Priest,
Help us, when man proves false, or frowns,
To bear the Cross, and save our crowns.
O honour those that honour Thee !
Make babes to still the enemy !
And teach an infant of few days
To perfect by his death Thy praise !
Let none defile what Thou didst wed,
Nor tear the garland from her head !
But chaste and chearful let her dye,
And pretious in the Bridegroom's eye !
So to Thy glory and her praise,
These last shall be her brightest dayes.¹

REVEL[ATION] CHAP. LAST, VER, 17.
“ *The Spirit and the Bride say Come.*”

¹ In Mr. Lyte's edition (1847) and in the reprint of 1858, there follows here, “ Daphnis, an elegiac Eclogue ” : but it finds more fitting place among the Secular Poems in Vol. IId., whither accordingly we refer the Reader. G.

Sacred Poetry.

—
PART IV.
—

Folia Silbulæ

1650—1678.

Note.

I have brought together under the title '*Folia Silvula*', a number of scattered poems by VAUGHAN, hitherto indited and uncollected. The source of each is given in relative foot-notes. I have followed chronological order in arranging the successive pieces, and the pagination from first to last, of the several Volumes whence they are taken. In Vol. II. d. in like manner, will be found secular minor poems placed under the heading of '*Aurea Grana*.' In our Translations from VAUGHAN's Latin—three in number in the present volume, and none of which has been before translated,—we have tried to be close to the thought rather than to give a bald literality. I have right heartily to acknowledge most willing, helpful and modest cooperation herein, and elsewhere, from my excellent friend the Rev. J. H. CLARK, M. A., of West Dereham, Norfolk. G.



I. LATIN SACRED POEMS, WITH
TRANSLATIONS.

AN EMBLEM OF THE AUTHOR (CON-
CERNING HIMSELF).¹



WORD! Thou hast sought me I must own
Full oft by gentleness alone ;
Full oft Thy voice without reply

—Like a soft whisper breathing bye—
Has striv'n to win my heart to Thee
Into Thy 'glorious liberty' :
Still deaf and dumb as flint, to all,
Vainly Thou didst upon me call ;
But such Thy love where it is set
Thou patient One, leav'st me not yet ;
Resisted, Thou another way
Dost take with me, and dost essay,
Since all the arts of love are vain,
My stubborn force by force to gain ;

¹ See the original Latin of the 'Emblem', page 6 *ante*,
and in large paper and quarto editions, reproduction of
the engraved (first) title-page of *Silex Scintillans*, con-
taining the 'Emblem'. G.

And so Thou drawest still more nigh
 And breakest in Thy mastery
 My rocky breast, till Thou canst own
 As flesh what was but late a stone.
 Behold Thy victim Lord! and see
 These sparks that flash to heav'n and Thee!
 These cheeks bedew'd with tears, that pour
 From adamant—as Thou of yore,
 From flinty rocks full floods didst send,
 Loving Thy people to the end.
 O wondrous is Thy hand: for dead
 I live again, astonishèd.
 And mid the wreck of worldly store
 Am wealthier than I was poor.

JORDANIS.

Quid celebras auratam undam, et combusta
 pyropis

Flumina, vel medio quæ serit æthra salo?
 Æternum refluxis si pernoctaret in undis
 Phœbus, et incertam sydera suda Tethyn
 Si colerent, tantæ gemmæ! nil cærulea librem:
 Sorderet rubro in littore dives Eos.
 Pactoli mea lympha macras ditabit arenas,
 Atque universum gutta minuta Tagum.
 O charum caput! O cincinnos unda beatos

Libata ! O Domini balnea sancta mei !
 Quod fortunatum voluit spectare canalem,
 Hoc erat in laudes area parva tuas.
 Jordanis in medio perfusus flumine lav t,
 Divinoque tuas ore beavit aquas.
 Ah ! Solyma infælix rivis obsessa¹ prophanis !
 Amisit genium porta Bethesda suum.
 Hic Orientis aquæ currunt, et apostata Parphar,
 Atque Abana immundo tumidus amne fluit.
 Ethnica te totam cum fædavere amne fluenta,
 Mansit Christicolâ Jordanis unus aqua.²

OF JORDAN : TRANSLATION.

WHY sing of waves with gold and gems a-glow ?
 Or streams, sky-fed, that in mid-ocean flow ?
 Should Phœbus in the ebbing sea aye sleep
 And the clear stars o'er changeful Tethys keep,
 Still with her tarrying—what gems wore there,
 Flaming with splendors manifold as rare !
 By all their splendors I would set light store,
 Nor heed tho' either Ind purpled the shore :
 My wave would meagre make Pactolus' stream
 And Tagus far-renown'd, with one drop's gleam.

¹ Misprinted 'obessa'. G.

² See pages 312-13 *ante*. G.

O precious fount ! O blessed waters pour'd
 O'er those rich-locks ! Bath hallow'd by my Lord !
 That He fair stream should seek to see thy tide,
 Is only half thy praise : it is thy pride
 That 'mid thy waves He stood, that they might be
 Beatified by His divinity !
 Lorn Solyma, by pagan waves oer-run !
 The angel from Bethesda's porch is gone :
 Here flow the East's black waters, Pharpar's
 brood
 Apostate, Abana's defiling flood :
 Since o'er thee swept the deluge of thy fœs,
 Only in Christian water Jordan flows.

SERVILII FATUM, SIVE VINDICTA
 DIVINA.

Et sic in cythara, sic in dulcedine vitæ
 Et facti et luctus regnat amarities.
 Quam subito in fastum extensos atque esseda¹ vultus
 Ultrici oppressit vilis arena sinu !
 Si violæ, spiransque crocus : si liliū *ἀέρον*
 Non nisi justorum nascitur e cinere :
 Spinarum, tribulique atque infœlicis avenæ
 Quantus in hoc tumulto et qualis acervus erit ?

¹ Misprinted 'œœra'. G.

Dii superi ! damnosa piis sub sydera longum
 Mansuris stabilem conciliate fidem !
 Sic olim in cœlum post nimbos clarius ibunt,
 Supremo ocidui tot velut astra die.
 Quippe ruunt horæ, qualisque in corpore vixit,
 Talis it in tenebras bis moriturus homo.¹

THE DOOM OF SERVILIUS OR THE
 DIVINE MANUMISSION-ROD.²

E'EN thus comes discord from the cithern's
 strings,
 And thus in Life's cup, Grief its bitter flings :
 O'er all the stern Fact rules, all, Sorrow stings.

How soon the vile earth on that haughty crest
 Lies with the weight of its avenging breast !

If pansies, lilies, springing crocus blow,
 Only when just men's ashes sleep below,

¹ See p 313 *ante*. G.

² Probably Q. Servilius, pro-consul, who was slain by the inhabitants of Asculum on the breaking out of the Social War in B. C. 90. (Appian, B. C. i. 38 : Livy, *Epit.* 72 : Vell. Pat. ii. 15). Query—is the name a mask, not now to be raised, for some contemporary of the Poet's? G.

What thorns and foulest tares the Fates must
doom
To heap their tangled rankness on this tomb !

Ye heavenly Powers, grant faith serene and strong,
To pious souls whom Evil blights so long,
That, star-like, brighter when the clouds are
pass'd
They set in Life's calm even-tide at last !

Time speeds ; and as he lived beneath the sky,
Such to the shades goes he who twice must die.

II. TRANSLATIONS &c., FROM ' MOUNT OF OLIVES.'¹

1. THE LORD'S SUPPER.

O_what pure things, most pure, must those hands
be
which bring my God to me.²

¹ See Vol. III, for ' Mount of Olives ' *in extenso*. G.

² Nos. 1 and 2, apparently original. G.

2. MAN IN DARKNESS OR A DISCOURSE
OF DEATH.

DRAW near, fond man, and dresse thee by this
glasse

Mark how thy bravery and big looks must passe
Into corruption, rottenesse and dust ;
The fraile supporters which betray'd thy trust.
O weigh in time thy last and loathsome state !
To purchase heav'n for tears is no hard rate.
Our glory, greatnesse, wisdome, all we have,
If misimploy'd, but add hell to the grave :
Onely a faire redemption of evill times
Finds life in death, and buryes all our crimes.

3. HADRIAN'S ADDRESS TO HIS
SOUL.

My soul, my pleasant soul, and witty,
The guest and consort of my body.
Into what place now all alone
Naked and sad wilt thou be gone ?
No mirth, no wit, as heretofore,
Nor jests wilt thou afford me more.¹

¹ The original Latin is given in the Mount of Olives :
see Index of Names under 'Hadrian.' G.

4. MAN'S TRANSITORINESS COMPARED
WITH NATURE.

WHAT is't to me that spacious rivers run
Whole ages, and their streams are never done?
Those still remain : but all my fathers di'd,
And I my self but for few days abide.¹

5. THE LONG SLEEP.

IN March birds couple, a new birth
Of herbs and flowers breaks through the earth ;
But in the grave none stirs his head :
Long is the impris'ment of the dead.²

6. EPICUREANISM (JUVENAL).

THERE are that do believe all things succeed
By chance or fortune : and that nought's decreed
By a divine, wise Will ; but blindly call
Old Time and Nature, rulers over all.

¹ The original Latin is given in the same : see Index of Things under 'Nature.' G.

² The original Welsh in the same : see Index of Things under 'Sleep.' G.

7. LOST ETERNITY.¹

FROM the first hour the heavens were made
 Unto the last, when all shall fade,
 Count—if thou cans't—the drops of dew,
 The stars of heav'n and streams that flow ;
 The falling snow, the dropping showres,
 And in the moneth of May, the flowres,
 Their scents² and colours, and what store
 Of grapes and apples Autumne bore ;
 How many grains the Summer beares
 What leaves the wind in Winter tears ;
 Count all the creatures in the world,
 The motes which in the air are hurl'd,
 The haire of beasts and mankind, and
 The shore's innumerable sand.
 The blades of grasse, and to these last
 Adde all the yeers which now are past,
 With those whose course is yet to come,
 And all their minutes in one summe.
 When all is done, the damned's state
 Out-runs them still, and knows no date.

¹ The original Latin of Nos. 6 and 7 is given in the Mount of Olives. See Index of Names under Juvenal and of Things under 'Eternity'. G.

² = scents. G.

8. 'HOLY' ANSELM.¹

HERE holy Anselme lives in ev'ry page,
 And sits arch-bishop still, to vex the age.
 Had he foreseen—and who knows but he did?—
 This fatal wrack, which deep in time lay hid,
 'Tis but just to believe, that little hand
 Which clouded him, but now benights our Land,
 Had never—like Elias—driv'n him hence,
 A sad retirer for a slight offence.
 For were he now, like the returning year,
 Restor'd, to view these desolations here,
 He would do penance for his old complaint,
 And—weeping—say, That Rufus was a saint.

III. TRANSLATIONS FROM "FLORES
 SOLITUDINIS." (1654).²1. REMONSTRANCE — AUSONIUS TO
 PAULINUS ON BECOMING A MONK.

SWEET Paulinus, is thy nature turn'd ?

¹ From "Primitive Holiness set forth in the Life of Paulinus" pp. 82-86. G.

² Lines 5-6, in Mount of Olives are misplaced after instead of before lines 7-8. The Editor of Mr. Lyte's *Silex Scintillans* (1858) silently makes the correction. Like 1 and 2. this seems to be original. G.

³ The original Latin wherever given will be found

Have I so long in vaine, thy absence mourn'd ?
 Wilt thou, my glory, and great Rome's delight,
 The Senate's prop, their oracle, and light,
 In Bilbilis and Calagurris dwell,
 Changing thy ivorie-chair for a dark cell ?
 Wilt bury there thy purple, and contemn
 All the great honours of thy noble stem ?

To this Roman magick, and most pernicious
 elegancy, Paulinus replyed with a certain and
 serene simplicity, which proved so piercing, and
 powerful, that he was never after troubled with
 the poetry of Ausonius.

2. REPLY OF PAULINUS TO AUSONIUS.

SHALL I beleeve you can make me return,
 Who pour your fruitless prayers when you mourn,
 Not to your Maker Who can hear you cry,
 But to the fabled nymphs of Castalie ?
 You never shall by such false gods bring me
 Either to Rome, or to your company.
 As for those former things you once did know,

in the places in Vol. IV. See Index under Ausonius,
 Paulinus : and the several headings of the Verses. G.

W

And which you still call mine, I freely now
Confesse, I am not he, whom you knew then ;
I have dyed since, and have been borne agen.
Nor dare I think my sage instructor can
Believe it errour, for redeemed man
To serve his great Redeemer. I grieve not
But glory so to erre. Let the wise knot
Of worldlings call me fool ; I slight their noise,
And heare my God approving of my choice.
Man is but glass, a building of no trust,
A moving shade, and, without Christ, meer dust :
His choice in life concerns the chooser much :
For when he dyes, his good or ill—just such
As here it was—goes with him hence, and staies
Still by him, his strict judge in the last dayes.
These serious thoughts take up my soul, and I
While yet 'tis day-light, fix my busie eye
Upon His sacred rules, life's precious sun
Who in the twilight of the world shall come
To judge the lofty looks, and shew mankind
The diff'rence 'twixt the ill and well inclin'd.
This second coming of the World's great King
Makes my heart tremble, and doth timely bring
A saving care into my watchfull soul
Lest in that day all vitiated and foul
I should be found : That day, Time's utmost line,
When all shall perish but what is divine :

When the great trumpet's mighty blast shall shake
The Earth's foundations, till the hard rocks quake
And melt like piles of snow, when lightnings move
Like hail, and the white thrones are set above :
That day, when sent in glory by the Father,
The Prince of Life His blest elect shall gather ;
Millions of angels round about Him flying,
While all the kindreds of the Earth are crying,
And He enthron'd upon the clouds shall give
His last just sentence, who must die, who live.

This is the fear, this is the saving care
That makes me leave false honours, and that share
Which fell to mee of this fraile world, lest by
A frequent use of present pleasures, I
Should quite forget the future, and let in
Foul atheism, or some presumptuous sin.
Now by their loss I have secur'd my life,
And bought my peace ev'n with the cause of strife.
I live to Him Who gave me life and breath,
And without feare expect the houre of death.
If you like this, bid joy to my rich state
If not, leave me to Christ at any rate.

3. TWO SAINTS: AFTER PAULINUS.¹

SEVERUS, in another of his epistles to PAULINUS, earnestly intreated him to suffer his picture to be taken by a limner which he had sent to him for that purpose, that he might have it to set up, together with the picture of St. MARTIN, before that sacred font in a fair church which Severus was then in building. This friendly motion Paulinus was very much offended with, and would by no means consent unto, teling Severus that 'too much love had made him mad'; and in his 8th epistle, reasoning with him about this request, 'What kind of picture,' saith he, 'would you have from me? the picture of the earthly or the heavenly man? I know you love only that in a corruptible image, which the King of Heaven doth love in you. I am ashamed to picture what I am not.' But Severus resolving to force it from him, would not be satisfied with any other returne; wherupon he sent it to him with these following verses, the elegant expresse of his unfeigned humility. The first cobby relates to the pictures and the latter to the font.

¹ *Ibid* p 127-129.

Abluitis &c.

You that to wash your flesh and soules draw near,
 Ponder these two examples for you here :
 Great MARTIN shewes the holy life, and white,
 PAULINUS to repentance doth invite ;
 Martin's pure, harmlesse life, tooke heaven by
 force,
 Paulinus tooke it by teares and remorse ;
 Martin leads through victorious palms and flowers,
 Paulinus leades you through the pooles and
 showres.
 You that are sinners, on Paulinus look,
 You that are saints, great Martin is your book ;
 The first example bright and holy is,
 The last, though sad and weeping, leads to blisse.

4. THE FONT. *Ibid.*¹

The Verses relating to the Font were these :

Hic reparendarum, &c.

HERE the great well-spring of wash'd soules, with
 beams
 Of loving light quickens the lively streams ;
 The Dove descends, and stirs them with her wings,
 So weds these waters to the upper springs,

¹ *Ibid* pp. 119—120. G.

They strait conceive ; a new birth doth proceede
 From the bright streams by an immortal seed.
 O the rare love of God ! sinners wash'd here,
 Come forth pure saints, all justified and clear.
 So blest in death and life, man dyes to sins,
 And lives to God : sin dies, and life begins
 To be reviv'd : old Adam falls away
 And the new lives, born for eternal sway.

5. A FLOWER AND DOVE CROWNED
 CROSS. *Ibid.*¹

THE painfull crosse with flowers and palms is
 crown'd,
 Which prove it springs, though all in blood 'tis
 drown'd :
 The doves above it shew with one consent,
 Heaven opens onely to the innocent.

6. THE LORD JESUS, OUR REDEEMER :
 A PAINTING. *Ibid.*²

THE paines of saints and saints rewards, are twious,
 The sadde crosse and the crowne which the crosse
 wins.

¹ *Ibid* p. 142. G.

² *Ibid* pp. 145-6. G.

Here Christ, the Prince both of the cross and crown
 Amongst fresh groves and lillies fully blown,
 Stands, a white Lamb bearing the purple crosse :
 White shews His purenesse, red His blood's dear
 losse.

To ease His sorrowes the chast turtle sings,
 And fans Him, swetting blood, with her bright
 wings ;

While from a shining cloud the Father eyes
 His Son's sad conflict with His enemies,
 And on His blessed head lets gently down
 Eternal glory made into a crown.

About Him stand two flocks of differing notes,
 One of white sheepe, and one of speckled goates ;
 The first possesse His right hand, and the last
 Stand on His left ; the spotted goates are cast
 All into thick, deep shades, while from His right
 The white sheepe passe into a whiter light.

7. FESTIVAL AND SAINTS' DAYS. *Ibid.*¹

THOSE sacred daies by tedious Time delai'd,
 While the slow years' bright line about is laid,
 I patiently expect, though much distrest
 By busie longing and a love-sicke breast

¹ *Ibid* pp. 150-2. G.

I wish they may outshine all other daies,
 Or when they come, so recompence delaies
 As to outlast the Summer-hours' bright length ;
 Or that fam'd day, when stopt by divine strength,
 The sun did tyre the world with his long light,
 Doubling mens labours, and adjourning night.

As the bright skye with stars, the field with
 flowers,
 The years with diff'ring seasons, months and
 heures

God hath distinguishèd and mark'd. so He,
 With sacred feasts did ease and beautifie
 The working dayes : because that mixture may
 Make men—loath to be holy—ev'ry day,
 After long labours, with a freer will
 Adore their Maker, and keepe mindfull still
 Of holyness, by keeping holy daies :
 For otherwise they would dislike the wayes
 Of piety as too severe. To cast
 Old customes quite off, and from sinne to fast
 Is a great work. To runne which way we will,
 On plaines is easie, not so up a hill.

Hence 'tis our good God—Who would all men
 bring
 Under the covert of His saving wing—
 Appointed at set times His solemne feasts,
 That by mean services, men might at least

Take hold of Christ as by the hemme, and steal
 Helps from His lowest skirts, their soules to heal.

For the first step to heaven, is to live well
 All our life long, and each day to excel
 In holynesse; but since that tares are found
 And prick my heart with vaine cares, I will
 strive

To weed them out on feast-daics, and so thrive
 By handfult, 'till I may full life obtaine,
 And not be swallow'd of eternall paine.

ST. PAULINUS TO HIS WIFE THERASIA.¹

COME my true consort in my joyes and care!
 Let this uncertaine and still weeping share
 Of our fraile life be giv'n to God. You see
 How the swift dayes drive hence incessantlie,
 And the fraile, drooping world—though still
 thought gray—

In secret, slow consumption weares away.
 All that we have, passe from us: and once past
 Returne no more; like clouds, they seeme to last,
 And so delude loose, greedy mindes. But where

¹ *Ibid*: pp 161-166. Hitherto very imperfectly and inaccurately given, *s. g.* Mr. Lyte omitted very many lines, and these among the finest. G.

Are now those trim deceits? to what darke sphere
 Are all those false fires sunck, which once so shin'd,
 They captivated soules, and rul'd mankind?
 He that with fifty ploughes his lands did sow,
 Will scarce be trusted for two oxen now;
 His rich, lowd coach, known to each crowded
 street,
 Is sold, and he quite tir'd_walkes on his feet.
 Merchants that—like the sun—their voyage made
 From East to West, and by whole-sale did trade,
 Are now turn'd sculler-men,¹ or sadly swett
 In a poore fisher's boat, with line and nett.
 Kingdomes and cities to a period tend;
 Earth nothing hath, but what must have an end;
 Mankind by plagues, distempers, dearth and
 warre,
 Tortures and prisons dye both neare and farre;
 Furie and hate rage in each living brest,
 Princes with princes, States with States contest;
 An universall discord mads each Land,
 Peace is quite lost, ' the last times' are at hand;
 But were these dayes from the Last Day secure,
 So that the world might for more years endure,
 Yet we—like_hirelings²—should our terme expect,
 And on our day of death each day reflect.

¹ Boat-men. G.

² Job vii., 2. G.

For what—Therasia—doth it us availe
 That spacious streames shall flow and never faile,
 That aged forrests hie to tyre the winds,
 And flowers each Spring returne and keepe their
 kinds!

Those still remaine : but all our fathers dyed,
 And we our selves but for few dayes abide.

This short time then was not giv'n us in vaine,
 To whom Tyme dyes, in which we dying gaine,
 But that in time eternall life should be
 Our care, and enllesse rest our industrie.
 And yet, this tasko, which the rebellious deeme
 Too harsh, who God's mild lawes for chaines esteem,
 Suites with the meeke and harmlesse heart so right
 That 'tis all ease, all comfort and delight.

' To love our God with all our strength and will ;
 ' To covet nothing ; to devise no ill
 ' Against our neighbours ; to procure or doe
 ' Nothing to others, which we would not to
 ' Our very selves ; not to revenge our wrong ;
 ' To be content with little, not to long
 ' For wealth and greatnesse ; to despise or jeare
 ' No man, and if we be despised, to bear ;
 ' To feede the hungry ; to hold fast our crown ;
 ' To take from others naught ; to give our owne :
 These are His precepts: and—alas!—in these

What is so hard, but faith can doe with ease ?
 He that the holy prophets doth beleeve,
 And in God's words relies, words that still live
 And cannot dye ; that in his heart hath writ
 His Saviour's death and tryumph, and doth yet
 With constant care, admitting no neglect,
 His second, dreadful comming still expect :
 To such a liver earthy things are dead,
 With Heav'n alone, and hopes of heav'n, hee's
 fed ;
 He is no vassall unto worldly trash,
 Nor that black knowledge, which pretends to
 wash,
 But doth defile : a knowledge, by which men
 With studied care loose Paradise agen.
 Commands and titles, the vaine world's device,
 With gold—the forward seed of sin and vice—
 He never minds : his ayme is farre more high,
 And stoopes to nothing lower than the skie ;
 Nor grieffe, nor pleasures breed him any pain,
 He nothing feares to loose, would nothing gaine ;
 What ever hath not God, he doth detest,
 He lives to Christ, is dead to all the rest.
 This Holy One sent hither from above
 A virgin brought forth, shadow'd by the Dove ;
 His skin with stripes, with wicked hands His
 face,

And with foule spittle soyl'd and beaten was ;
A crown of thornes His blessed head did wound,
Nayles pierc'd His hands and feet, and He fast
bound
Stuck to the painefull Crosse, where hang'd till
dead,
With a cold speare His heart's dear blood was shed.
All this for man, for bad, ungratefull man
The true God suffer'd ! not that sufferings can
Adde to His glory ought, Who can receive
Accesse from nothing, Whom none can bereave.
Of His all-fullnesse : but the blest designe
Of His sad death was to save me from mine :
He dying bore my sins, and the third day
His early rising rais'd me from the clay.
To such great mercies what shall I preferre,
Or who from loving God shall me deterre ?
Burne me alive, with curious, skilfull paine,
Cut up and search each warme and breathing vaine,
When all is done, death brings a quick release,
And the poore mangled body sleeps in peace.
Hale me to prisons, shut me up in brasse,
My still free soul from thence to God shall passe ;
Banish or bind me, I can be no where
A stranger, nor alone ; my God is there.
I feare not famine ; how can he be sed

To sterve, who feedes upon the living bread ?
 And yet this courage springs not from my store,
 Christ gave it me, Who can give much, much
 more ;

I of my selfe can nothing dare or doe,
 He bids me fight, and makes me conquer too,
 If—like great Abr'ham—I should have command
 To leave my father's house and native Land,
 I would with joy to unknown regions run,
 Bearing the banner of His blessed Son.
 On worldly goods I will have no designe,
 But use my owne, as if mine were not mine ;
 Wealth I'le not wonder at, nor greatnesse seeke,
 But chuse—though laugh'd at—to be poore and
 meeke.

In woe and wealth I'le keepe the same stay'd
 mind,
 Griefe shall not breake me, nor joyes make me
 blind :

My dearest Jesus I'le still praise, and He
 Shall with songs of deliverance compasse me.

Then come my faithfull consort ! joyne with me
 In this good fight, and my true helper be ;
 Cheare me when sad, advise me when I stray,
 Let us be each the other's guide and stay ;
 Be your lord's guardian : give joynt ayde and due,

Helpe him when falne, rise, when he helpeth you,
That so we may not onely one flesh be,
But in one Spirit, and one Will agree.

End of Vol. I.



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